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1876

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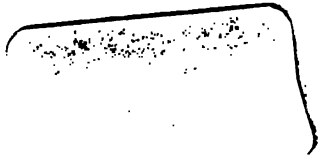

Anna M. Waller
1876

WORKS

OF

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THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

FAIRY-QUEEN:

CONTAINING

The Legend of *Cambel* and *Telamond*, or of Friendſhip.

1.

THE rugged Forehead, that with grave Foreſight,
Wields Kingdoms Cauſes, and Affairs of State,
My looſer Rimes, I wote, doth ſharply wite,
For praiſing Love as I have done of late,
And magnifying Lovers dear Debate;
By which frail Youth is oft to Folly led,
Thro falſe Allurement of that pleaſing Bait,
That better were in Virtues diſcipled,
Than with vain Poems Weeds to have their Fancies fed.

II.

Such ones ill judg of Love, that cannot love,
Ne in their frozen Hearts feel kindly Flame:
For-thy they ought not thing unknown reprove,
Ne natural Affection faultleſs blame,
For fault of few that have abus'd the ſame.
For, it of Honour and all Vertue is
The Root, and brings forth glorious Flowers of F
That crown true Lovers with immortal Bliſs;
The Meed of them that love, and do not live amiſs.

III.

Which whoſo liſt look back to former Ages,
And call to count the things that then were done
Shall find, that all the Works of thoſe wiſe Sage
And brave Exploits which great Heroes won,
In Love were either ended or begun:
Witneſs the Father of Philoſophy,
Which to his *Critias*, ſhaded oft from Sun,
Of Love full many Leſſons did apply,
The which theſe Stoick Cenſours cannot well deny.

IV.

To ſuch therefore I do not ſing at all;
But to that ſacred Saint my ſovereign Queen,
In whoſe chaſte Breaſt all Bounty natural,
And Treaſures of true Love enlocked been,
'Bove all her Sex that ever yet was ſeen.
To her I ſing of Love, that loveth beſt,
And beſt is lov'd of all alive I ween:
To her this Song moſt fitly is addreſt,
The Queen of Love, and Prince of Peace from Heave

V.

Which that ſhe may the better deign to hear,
Do thou, dread Infant, *Venus* dearling Dove,
From her high Spirit chace imperious Fear,
And Uſe of aweful Majeſty remove:
Inſtead thereof with Drops of melting Love,
Dew'd with ambroſial Kiſſes, by thee gotten
From thy ſweet ſmiling Mother from above,
Sprinkle her Heart, and haughty Courage ſoften,
That ſhe may hearken to Love, and read this Leſſon

CANTO I.

ir Britomart *ſaves* Amoret: .
Dueſſa *Diſcord breeds*
wixt Scudamore *and* Blandamore:
Their Fight and warlike Deeds.

I.

Lovers ſad Calamities of old,
'ull many piteous Stories do remain;
ne more piteous ever was ytold,
hat of *Amoret*'s heart-binding Chain,
iis of *Florimel*'s unworthy Pain:
ar Compaſſion of whoſe bitter Fit
tned Heart ſo ſorely doth conſtrain,
with Tears full oft do pity it,
itimes do wiſh it never had been writ.

II.

m the time that *Scudamore* her bought
lous Fight, ſhe never joyed day;
ous Fight, when he with Force her brought
wenty Knights, that did him all aſſay:
rly well he did them all diſmay;
ith great Glory both the Shield of Love,
:e the Lady ſelf he brought away:
having wedded, as did him behove,
ıknowen Miſchief did from him remove.

III.

ıt ſame vile Enchaunter *Buſiran*,
ry ſelf-ſame day that ſhe was wedded,
: the bridal Feaſt, whilſt every Man
rg'd with Wine, were heedleſs and ill-headed,
ıt to Mirth before the Bride was bedded,
ıt in that Maſk of Love which late was ſhown:
ere the Lady ill of Friends beſtedded,
of Sport, as oft in Maſks is known,
quite away to living Wight unknown.

IV.

Seven Months he ſo her kept in bitter Smart,
Becauſe his ſinful Luſt ſhe would not ſerve,
Until ſuch time as noble *Britomart*
Releaſed her, that elſe was like to ſtarve,
Thro cruel Knife that her dear Heart did kerve.
And now ſhe is with her upon the way,
Marching in lovely wiſe, that could deſerve
No ſpot of Blame, tho Spite did oft aſſay
To blot her with Diſhonour of ſo fair a Prey.

V.

Yet ſhould it be a pleaſant Tale, to tell
The diverſe Uſage and Demeanure daint,
That each to other made, as oft befel.
For *Amoret* right fearful was and faint,
Leſt ſhe with Blame her Honour ſhould attaint,
That every Word did tremble as ſhe ſpake,
And every Look was coy, and wondrous quaint,
And every Limb that touched her did quake:
Yet could ſhe not but courteous Countenance to her r

VI.

For well ſhe wiſt, as true it was indeed,
That her Life's Lord, and Patron of her Health,
Right well deſerved, as his dueful Meed,
Her Love, her Service, and her utmoſt Wealth.
All is his juſtly, that all freely dealth:
Nathleſs her Honour, dearer than her Life,
She ſought to ſave, as thing reſerv'd from Stealth
Die had ſhe liefer with Enchanter's Knife,
Than to be falſe in Love, profeſs'd a virgin Wife.

VII.

Thereto her Fear was made ſo much the greater,
Thro fine Abuſion of that *Briton* Maid;
Who, for to hide her feigned Sex the better,
And maſk her wounded Mind, both did and ſaid
Full many things ſo doubtful to be weigh'd,
That well ſhe wiſt not what by them to gueſs:
For other whiles to her ſhe purpoſe made
Of Love, and otherwhiles of Luſtfulneſs,
So much ſhe fear'd his Mind would grow to ſome E

VIII.

His Will ſhe fear'd; for him ſhe ſurely thought
To be a Man, ſuch as indeed he ſeem'd:
And much the more, by that he lately wrought,
When her from deadly Thraldom he redeem'd,
For which no Service ſhe too much eſteem'd;
Yet Dread of Shame, and Doubt of foul Diſhonour,
Made her not yield ſo much, as due ſhe deem'd.
Yet *Britomart* attended duly on her,
As well became a Knight, and did to her all Honour.

IX.

It ſo befel one Evening, that they came
Unto a Caſtle, lodged there to be,
Where many a Knight, and many a lovely Dame
Was then aſſembled, Deeds of Arms to ſee:
Amongſt all which was none more fair than ſhe,
That many of them mov'd to eye her ſore.
The Cuſtom of that place was ſuch, that he
Which had no Love nor Leman there in ſtore,
Should either win him one, or lie without the Door.

X.

Amongſt the reſt there was a jolly Knight,
Who being aſked for his Love, avow'd
That faireſt *Amoret* was his by Right,
And offer'd that to juſtify aloud.
The warlike Virgin ſeeing his ſo proud
And boaſtful Challenge, wexed inly wroth,
But for the preſent did her Anger ſhroud;
And ſaid, her Love to loſe ſhe was full loth,
Yet either he ſhould neither of them have, or both.

XI.

So forth they went, and both together giuſted;
But that ſame Younker ſoon was overthrown,
And made repent, that he had raſhly luſted
For thing unlawful, that was not his own:
Yet ſince he ſeemed valiant, tho unknown,
She that no leſs was courteous than ſtout,
Caſt how to ſalve, that both the Cuſtom ſhown
Were *kept, and yet that* Knight not locked out;
At ſeem'd full hard t' accord two things ſo far in doubt

XII.

The Seneſchal was call'd to deem the Right;
Whom ſhe requir'd, that firſt fair *Amoret*
Might be to her allow'd, as to a Knight,
That did her win, and free from Challenge ſet:
Which ſtraight to her was yielded without Let. (ted,
Then ſith that ſtrange Knight's Love from him was quit-
She claim'd that to her ſelf as Ladies Debt,
He as a Knight might juſtly be admitted:
So none ſhould be out-ſhut, ſith all of Loves were fitted.

XIII.

With that, her gliſtring Helmet ſhe unlac'd;
Which doft, her golden Locks, that were up-bound
Still in a Knot, unto her Heels down trac'd,
And like a ſilken Veil encompaſs round
About her Back and all her Body wound:
Like as the ſhining Sky in Summer's Night,
What time the Days with ſcorching Heat abound,
Is creaſted all with Lines of fiery Light,
That it prodigious ſeems in common Peoples ſight.

XIV.

Such when thoſe Knights and Ladies all about
Beheld her, all were with Amazement ſmit,
And every one 'gan grow in ſecret doubt
Of this and that, according to each Wit.
Some thought, that ſome Enchauntment feigned it;
Some, that *Bellona* in that warlike wiſe
To them appear'd, with Shield and Armour fit;
Some, that it was a Maſk of ſtrange Diſguiſe:
So diverſly each one did ſundry Doubts deviſe.

XV.

But that young Knight, which thro her gentle Deed
Was to that goodly Fellowſhip reſtor'd,
Ten thouſand Thanks did yield her for her Meed,
And doubly overcomen, her ador'd:
So did they all their former Strife accord;
And eke fair *Amoret*, now freed from Fear,
More frank Affection did to her afford,
[illegible] *to her Bed*, which ſhe was wont forbear,
[illegible] *drew*, and found right ſafe Aſſurance there.

XVI.

XVI.

Where, all that Night they of their Loves did treat,
And hard Adventures 'twixt themſelves alone,
That each the other 'gan with Paſſion great,
And grief-ful Pity privately bemoan.
The morrow next, ſo ſoon as *Titan* ſhone,
They both up-roſe, and to their ways them dight:
Long wander'd they, yet never met with one
That to their Wills could them direct aright,
Or to them Tidings tell, that mote their Hearts delight.

XVII.

Lo! thus they rode, till at the laſt they ſpy'd
Two armed Knights, that toward them did pace,
And each of them had riding by his ſide
A Lady, ſeeming in ſo far a ſpace:
But Ladies none they were, albe in Face
And outward Shew fair Semblance they did bear;
For under Maſk of Beauty and good Grace,
Vile Treaſon and foul Falſhood hidden were,
That mote to none but to the wary-wiſe appear.

XVIII.

The one of them, the falſe *Dueſſa* hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonted Hue;
For ſhe could d'on ſo many Shapes in ſight,
As ever could Cameleon Colours new;
So could ſhe forge all Colours, ſave the true.
The other no whit better was than ſhe,
But that ſuch as ſhe was, ſhe plain did ſhew;
Yet otherwiſe much worſe, if worſe might be,
And daily more offenſive unto each degree.

XIX.

Her Name was *Ate*, Mother of Debate,
And all Diſſenſion, which doth daily grow
Amongſt frail Men, that many a publick State,
And many a private oft doth overthrow.
Her, falſe *Dueſſa*, who full well did know;
To be moſt fit to trouble noble Knights
Which hunt for Honour, raiſed from below,
Out of *the Dwellings of* the damned Sprights,
There ſhe in Darkneſs waſtes her curſed Days and Nights.

XX.

XX.

Hard by the Gates of Hell her Dwelling is,
There whereas all the Plagues and Harms abound,
Which puniſh wicked Men, that walk amiſs:
It is a darkſom Delve far under ground,
With Thorns and barren Brakes environ'd round,
That none the ſame may eaſily out-win;
Yet many ways to enter may be found,
But none to iſſue forth when one is in:
For Diſcord harder is to end than to begin.

XXI.

And all within, the riven Walls were hung
With ragged Monuments of Times fore-paſt;
All which, the ſad Effects of Diſcord ſung:
There were rent Robes, and broken Scepters plac'd,
Altars defil'd, and holy things defac'd,
Diſhiver'd Spears, and Shields ytorn in twain,
Great Cities ranſack'd, and ſtrong Caſtles ras'd,
Nations captived, and huge Armies ſlain:
Of all which Ruins there ſome Relicks did remain.

XXII.

There was the Sign of antique *Babylon*,
Of fatal *Thebes*, of *Rome* that reigned long,
Of ſacred *Salem*, and ſad *Ilion*;
For Memory of which, on high there hung
The golden Apple (cauſe of all their Wrong)
For which the three fair Goddeſſes did ſtrive:
There alſo was the Name of *Nimrod* ſtrong,
Of *Alexander*, and his Princes five,
Which ſhar'd to them the Spoils that he had got alive.

XXIII.

And there the Relicks of the drunken Fray,
The which amongſt the *Lapithees* befel,
And of the bloody Feaſt, which ſent away
So many *Centaurs* drunken Souls to Hell,
That under great *Alcides'* Fury fell:
And of the dreadful Diſcord which did drive
The noble *Argonauts* to Outrage fell,
That each of Life fought others to deprive,
All mindleſs of the Golden-Fleece, which made the—

XXIV.

And eke of private Perſons many moe,
There were too long a Work to count them all;
Some, of ſworn Friends, that did their Faith forgo;
Some, of born Brethren, prov'd unnatural;
Some, of dear Lovers, Foes perpetual:
Witneſs their broken Bands there to be ſeen,
Their Girlonds rent, their Bowers deſpoiled all;
The Monuments whereof there biding been,
As plain as at the firſt, when they were freſh and green.

XXV.

Such was her Houſe within; but all without,
The barren Ground was full of wicked Weeds,
Which ſhe her ſelf had ſowen all about,
Now growen great, at firſt of little Seeds,
The Seeds of evil Words, and factious Deeds:
Which when to Ripeneſs due they growen are,
Bring forth an infinite Increaſe, that breeds
Tumultuous Trouble, and contentious Jar,
The which moſt often end in Bloodſhed and in War.

XXVI.

And thoſe ſame curſed Seeds do alſo ſerve
To her for Bread, and yield her living Food:
For Life it is to her, when others ſtarve
Thro miſchievous Debate, and deadly Feud,
That ſhe may ſuck their Life, and drink their Blood;
With which ſhe from her Childhood hath been fed:
For ſhe at firſt was born of helliſh Brood,
And by infernal Furies nouriſhed,
That by her monſtrous Shape might eaſily be read.

XXVII.

Her Face moſt foul and filthy was to ſee,
With ſquinted Eyes contrary ways intended,
And loathly Mouth, unmeet a Mouth to be,
That nought but Gall and Venom comprehended,
And wicked Words, that God and Man offended:
Her lying Tongue was in two Parts divided,
And both the Parts did ſpeak, and both contended;
And as her Tongue, ſo was her Heart diſcided,
That never thought one thing, but doubly ſtill was guide

XXV

XXVIII.

Als as ſhe double ſpake, ſo heard ſhe double,
With matchleſs Ears deformed and diſtort,
Fill'd with falſe Rumors and ſeditious Trouble,
Bred in Aſſemblies of the vulgar Sort,
That ſtill are led with every light Report.
And as her Ears, ſo eke her Feet were odd,
And much unlike; th' one long, the other ſhort,
And both miſplac'd; that when th' one forward
The other back retired, and contrary trode.

XXIX.

Likewiſe unequal were her Handes twain:
That one did reach, the other puſh'd away;
That one did make, the other marr'd again,
And ſought to bring all things unto Decay;
Whereby great Riches, gather'd many a day,
She in ſhort ſpace did often bring to nought,
And their Poſſeſſors often did diſmay.
For all her Study was, and all her Thought,
How ſhe might overthrow the things that Concord wrc

XXX.

So much her Malice did her Might ſurpaſs,
That even th' Almighty ſelf ſhe did maligh,
Becauſe to Man ſo merciful he was,
And unto all his Creatures ſo benign,
Sith ſhe her ſelf was of his Grace indign:
For all this World's fair Workmanſhip ſhe try'd,
Unto his laſt Confuſion to bring,
And that great golden Chain quite to divide,
With which it bleſſed Concord hath together ty'd.

XXXI.

Such was that Hag, which with *Dueſſa* rode;
And ſerving her in her malicious Uſe,
To hurt good Knights, was as it were her Baud,
To ſell her borrow'd Beauty to abuſe.
For tho like wither'd Tree, that wanteth Juice,
She old and crooked were, yet now of late
As freſh and fragrant as the Flower-de-luce
She was become, by change of her Eſtate,
And made full goodly Joyance to her new-found Mat

X

XXXII.

Her Mate he was a jolly youthful Knight,
That bore great Sway in Arms and Chivalry,
And was indeed a Man of mickle Might:
His Name was *Blandamore*, that did defery
His fickle Mind full of Inconſtancy.
And now himſelf he fitted had right well,
With two Companions of like Quality,
Faithleſs *Dueſſa*, and falſe *Paridel*,
That whether were more falſe, full hard it is to tell.

XXXIII.

Now when this Gallant, with his goodly Crew,
From far eſpy'd the famous *Britomart*,
Like Knight adventurous in outward View,
With his fair Paragon (his Conqueſts part)
Approaching nigh, eſtſoons his wanton Heart
Was tickled with Delight, and jeſting ſaid;
Lo there! Sir *Paridel*, for your Deſert,
Good luck preſents you with yond lovely Maid,
For pity that ye want a Fellow for your Aid.

XXXIV.

By that, the lovely Pair drew nigh to hond:
Whom when as *Paridel* more plain beheld,
Albe in Heart he like Affection found,
Yet mindful how he late by one was feld,
That did thoſe Arms and that ſame Scutcheon weld,
He had ſmall Luſt to buy his Love ſo dear:
But anſwer'd, Sir, him wiſe I never held,
That having once eſcaped Peril near,
Would afterwards afreſh the ſleeping Evil rear.

XXXV.

This Knight too late his Manhood and his Might
I did aſſay, that me right dearly coſt;
Ne liſt I for Revenge provoke new Fight,
Ne for light Ladies Love, that ſoon is loſt.
The hot-ſpur Youth ſo ſcorning to be croſt,
Take then to you this Dame of mine, quoth he,
And I without your Peril or your Coſt,
Will challenge *yond* ſame other for my Fee:
So forth he fiercely prick'd, that one him ſcarce could ſee

XXXVI.

The warlike *Britoneſs* her ſoon addreſs'd,
And with ſuch uncouth Welcome did receive
Her feigned Paramour, her forced Gueſt,
That being forc'd his Saddle ſoon to leave,
Himſelf he did of his new Love deceive:
And made himſelf th' Enſample of his Folly.
Which done, he paſſed forth not taking leave,
And left him now as ſad, as whilom jolly,
Well warned to beware with whom he dar'd to dall.

XXXVII.

Which when his other Company beheld,
They to his Succour ran with ready Aid:
And finding him unable once to weld,
They reared him on Horſeback, and up-ſtay'd,
Till on his way they had him forth convey'd:
And all the way with wondrous Grief of Mind
And Shame, he ſhew'd himſelf to be diſmay'd,
More for the Love which he had left behind,
Than that which he had to Sir *Paridel* reſign'd.

XXXVIII.

Nath'leſs, he forth did march well as he might,
And made good Semblance to his Company,
Diſſembling his Diſeaſe and evil Plight:
Till that e'er long they chaunced to eſpy
Two other Knights, that towards them did ply
With ſpeedy Courſe, as bent to charge them new.
Whom, when as *Blandamore*, approaching nigh,
Perceiv'd to be ſuch as they ſeem'd in view,
He was full woe, and 'gan his former Grief renew.

XXXIX.

For th' one of them he perfectly deſcry'd
To be Sir *Scudamore*, by that he bore,
The God of Love, with Wings diſplayed wide;
Whom mortally he hated evermore,
Both for his Worth (that all Men did adore)
And eke becauſe his Love he won by right:
Which when he thought, it grieved him full ſore
That through the Bruiſes of his former Fight,
now unable was to wreak his old Deſpight.

XL.

ıy, he thus to *Paridel* beſpake ;
it, of Friendſhip let me now you pray,
as I late adventured for your ſake,
lurts whereof me now from Battle ſtay,
ll me now with like good turn repay,
ıſtify my Cauſe on yonder Knight.
'! ſaid *Paridel* do not diſmay
ſelf for this ; my ſelf will for you fight,
re done for me : the Left Hand rubs the Right.

XLI.

that, he put his Spurs unto his Steed,
ipear in Reſt, and toward him did fare,
haſt out of a Bow preventing Speed.
udamore was ſhortly well aware
approach, and 'gan himſelf prepare
) receive with Entertainment meet,
ouſly they met, that either bare
her down under their Horſes Feet,
t of them became, themſelves did ſcarcely weet.

XLII.

en two Billows in the *Iriſh* Sounds,
y driven with contrary Tides,
t together, each aback rebounds
roaring Rage ; and daſhing on all ſides,
lleth all the Sea with Foam, divides
ubtful Current into divers ways ;
thoſe two in ſpite of both their Prides :
damore himſelf did ſoon up-raiſe,
ıting light, his Foe for lying long upbrays.

XLIII.

ılled on an heap, lay ſtill in Swound,
leſs of his Taunt and bitter Rail :
t the reſt him ſeeing lie on ground,
ſtily, to weet what did him ail.
finding that the Breath 'gan him to fail,
uſy Care they ſtrove him to awake,
ft his Helmet, and undid his Mail :
ı they did, *that at the* laſt they brake
s, yet ſo mazed, that he nothing ſpake.

XLIV.

Which when, as *Blandamore* beheld, he ſaid,
Falſe Faitour, *Scudamore*, that haſt by ſleight
And foul Advantage this good Knight diſmay'd,
A Knight much better than thy ſelf behight;
Well falls it thee that I am not in Plight,
This day, to wreak the Damage by thee done:
Such is thy wont, that ſtill when any Knight
Is weakned, then thou doſt him over-run;
So haſt thou to thy ſelf falſe Honour often won.

XLV.

He little anſwer'd, but in manly Heart
His mighty Indignation did forbear;
Which was not yet ſo ſecret, but ſome part
Thereof did in his frowning Face appear:
Like as a gloomy Cloud, the which doth bear
An hideous Storm, is by the Northern blaſt
Quite over-blown, yet doth not paſs ſo clear,
But that it all the Sky doth over-caſt
With Darkneſs dread, and threatens all the World to waſt.

XLVI.

Ah gentle Knight, then falſe *Dueſſa* ſaid,
Why do ye ſtrive for Lady's Love ſo ſore,
Whoſe chief Deſire is Love and friendly Aid
'Mongſt gentle Knights to nouriſh evermore?
Ne be ye wroth, Sir *Scudamore*, therefore,
That ſhe your Love lift love another Knight,
Ne do your ſelf diſlike a whit the more;
For, Love is free, and led with Self-Delight,
Ne will enforced be with Maiſterdom or Might.

XLVII.

So falſe *Dueſſa*: but vile *Ate* thus;
Both fooliſh Knights, I can but laugh at both,
That ſtrive and ſtorm with Stir outrageous,
For her that each of you alike doth loath,
And loves another, with whom now ſhe go'th
In lovely wiſe, and ſleeps, and ſports, and plays;
Whilſt both you here with many a curſed Oath,
S[illegible] yours, and ſtir up bloody Frays,
T[illegible]-bough, whilſt other wears the Bay

XLVIII.

Vile Hag, ſaid *Scudamore*, why doſt thou lye?
And falſly ſeek'ſt a vertuous Wight to ſhame?
Fond Knight, ſaid ſhe, the thing that with this Eye
I ſaw, why ſhould I doubt to tell the ſame?
Then tell, quoth *Blandamore*, and fear no blame,
Tell what thou ſaw'ſt, maulger who-ſo it hears.
I ſaw, quoth ſhe, a ſtranger Knight, whoſe Name
I wote not well, but in his Shield he bears
(That well I wote) the heads of many broken Spears

XLIX.

I ſaw him have your *Amoret* at will,
I ſaw him kiſs, I ſaw him her embrace,
I ſaw him ſleep with her all Night his fill,
All many Nights, and many by in place,
That preſent were to teſtify the caſe.
Which when as *Scudamore* did hear, his Heart
Was thrill'd with inward Grief; as when in Chace
The *Parthian* ſtrikes a Stag with ſhivering Dart,
The Beaſt aſtoniſh'd ſtands in middeſt of his Smart.

L.

So ſtood Sir *Scudamore* when this he heard;
Ne word he had to ſpeak for great diſmay,
But look'd on *Glauce* grim, who wox affeard
Of Outrage for the words which ſhe heard ſay,
Albe untrue ſhe wiſt them by aſſay.
But *Blandamore*, when-as he did eſpy,
His change of Chear, that Anguiſh did bewray,
He wox full blith, as he had got thereby,
And 'gan thereat to triumph without Victory.

LI.

Lo! Recreant, ſaid he, the fruitleſs end
Of thy vain Boaſt, and Spoil of Love miſgotten,
Whereby the Name of Knighthood thou doſt ſhend,
And all true Lovers with diſhonour blotten!
All things not rooted well, will ſoon be rotten.
Fie, fie, falſe Knight, then falſe *Dueſſa* cry'd,
Unworthy Life, that *Love* with Guile haſt gotten;
Be *thou, where-ever* thou do go or ride,
Loathed of Ladies all, and of all Knights defy'd.

LII.

But *Scudamore* (for paſſing great deſpite)
Staid not to aunſwer, ſcarcely did refrain,
But that in all thoſe Knights and Ladies fight,
He for Revenge had guiltleſs *Glauce* ſlain:
But being paſt, he thus began amain;
Falſe Traytor Squire, falſe Squire of falſeſt Knight,
Why doth mine Hand from thine Avenge abſtain,
Whoſe Lord hath done my Love this foul deſpite?
Why do I not it wreak on thee, now in my Might?

LIII.

Diſcourteous, diſloyal *Britomart*,
Untrue to God, and unto Man unjuſt,
What Vengeance due can equal thy Deſert,
That haſt with ſhameful Spot of ſinful Luſt
Defil'd the Pledge committed to thy truſt?
Let ugly Shame and endleſs Infamy
Colour thy Name with foul Reproach's Ruſt;
Yet thou falſe Squire his Fault ſhalt dear aby,
And with thy Puniſhment his Penance ſhalt ſupply.

LIV.

The aged Dame him ſeeing ſo enrag'd,
Was dead with Fear; nathleſs as need requir'd,
His flaming Fury ſought to have aſſuag'd
With ſober Words, that Sufferance deſir'd,
Till time the trial of her Truth expir'd:
And evermore ſought *Britomart* to clear.
But he the more with furious Rage was fir'd,
And thrice his Hand to kill her did uprear,
And thrice he drew it back; ſo did at laſt forbear.

CANTO II.

Blandamore *wins falſe* Florimel,
Paridel *for her ſtrives*;
***They are accorded:* Agape**
Doth lengthen her Sons Lives.

I.

Irebrand of Hell, firſt tin'd in *Phlegeton*,
By thouſand Furies, and from thence out-thrown
o this World, to work Confuſion,
d ſet it all on fire (by Force unknown)
vicked Diſcord; whoſe ſmall Sparks, once blown,
ne but a God, or God-like Man can ſlake:
h as was *Orpheus*, that when Strife was grown
ongſt thoſe famous Imps of *Greece*, did take
ver Harp in hand, and ſhortly Friends them make.

II.

ſuch as that celeſtial Pſalmiſt was,
at when the wicked Fiend his Lord tormented,
th heavenly Notes, that did all other paſs,
e Outrage of his furious Fit relented.
h Muſick is wiſe Words with Time concented,
moderate ſtiff Minds, diſpos'd to ſtrive:
h as that prudent *Roman* well invented,
at time his People into parts did rive,
reconcil'd again, and to their Homes did drive.

III.

h us'd wiſe *Glauce* to that wrathful Knight,
calm the Tempeſt of his troubled Thought:
: *Blandamore*, with Terms of foul Deſpite,
d *Paridel* her ſcorn'd, and ſet at nought,
old and crooked, and not good for ought.
h they unwiſe, and wareleſs of the Evil,
at by themſelves unto themſelves is wrought,
rough *that falſe* Witch, and that foul aged Devil,
ne a Fiend, the other an incarnate Devil.

IV.

With whom, as they thus rode accompany'd,
They were encountred of a luſty Knight.
That had a goodly Lady by his ſide,
To whom he made great Dalliance and Delight.
It was to weet the bold Sir *Ferraugh* hight,
He that from *Braggadochio* whilom reft
The ſnowy *Florimel*, whoſe Beauty bright
Made him ſeem happy for ſo glorious Theft;
Yet was it in due Trial but a wandring Weft,

V.

Which, when as *Blandamore* (whoſe Fancy light
Was always flitting, as the wavering Wind,
After each Beauty that appear'd in ſight)
Beheld, eſcſoons it prick'd his wanton Mind
With Sting of Luſt, that Reaſon's Eye did blind,
That to Sir *Paridel* theſe Words he ſent:
Sir Knight, why ride ye dumpiſh thus behind,
Since ſo good Fortune doth to you preſent
So fair a Spoil, to make you joyous Merriment?

VI.

But *Paridel*, that had too late a trial,
Of the bad Iſſue of his Counſel vain,
Liſt not to hark, but made this fair denial:
Laſt Turn was mine, well proved to my pain;
This now be yours, God ſend you better Gain.
Whoſe ſcoffed Words he taking half in Scorn,
Fiercely forth prick'd his Steed, as in Diſdain
Againſt that Knight, e'er he could well him turn;
By means whereof, he hath him lightly over-borne.

VII.

Who, with the ſudden Stroke aſtoniſh'd ſore,
Upon the Ground awhile in Slumber lay;
The whiles, his Love away the other bore,
And ſhewing her, did *Paridel* upbray:
Lo! ſluggiſh Knight, the Victor's happy Prey:
So Fortune friends the Bold. Whom *Paridel*
Seeing ſo fair indeed (as he did ſay)
His Heart with ſecret Envy 'gan to ſwell
And inly grudg at him, that he had ſped ſo well.

:h'leſs proud Man himſelf the other deem'd,
ving ſo peerleſs Paragon ygot:
, ſure the faireſt *Florimel* him ſeem'd,
him was fallen for his happy Lot,
ioſe like alive on Earth he weened not:
erefore he her did court, did ſerve, did woo,
th humbleſt Suit that he imagine mot,
l all things did deviſe, and all things do,
might her Love prepare, and Liking win thereto.

IX.

, in regard thereof, him recompens'd
th golden Words, and goodly Countenance,
l ſuch fond Favours ſparingly diſpens'd:
ietimes him bleſſing with a light Eye-glance,
l coy Looks tempting with looſe Dalliance;
ietimes eſtranging him in ſterner wiſe,
it having caſt him in a fooliſh Trance,
ſeemed brought to Bed in Paradiſe,
row'd himſelf moſt Fool, in what he ſeem'd moſt wiſe.

X.

reat a Miſtreſs of her Art ſhe was,
l perfectly practis'd in Woman's Craft,
it though therein himſelf he thought to paſs,
l by his falſe Allurements wylie draft,
l thouſand Women of their Love beraft,
now he was ſurpriz'd: For, that falſe Spright,
ich that ſame Witch had in this Form engraft,
s ſo expert in every ſubtle Slight,
it it could over-reach the wiſeſt earthly Wight.

XI.

he to her did daily Service more,
l daily more deceived was thereby;
Paridel him envied therefore,
ſeeming plac'd in ſole Felicity:
lind is Luſt, falſe Colours to deſcry.
Ate ſoon diſcovering his deſire,
l finding no fit Opportunity
ſtir up Strife, 'twixt Love, and Spite, and Ire,
ivily put Coals unto his ſecret Fire.

XII.

By ſundry means there-to ſhe prick'd him forth;
Now with Remembrance of thoſe ſpiteful Speeches,
Now with Opinion of his own more Worth,
Now with recounting of like former Breaches
Made in their Friendſhip, as that Hag him teaches:
'And ever when his Paſſion is allay'd,
She it revives, and new occaſion reaches;
That on a time, as they together way'd,
He made him open Challenge, and thus boldly ſaid.

XIII.

Too boaſtful *Blandamore*, too long I bear
The open Wrongs thou doſt me day by day:
Well know'ſt thou, when we Friendſhip firſt did ſw
The Covenant was, That every Spoil or Prey
Should equally be ſhar'd betwixt us tway:
Where is my Part then of this Lady bright,
Whom to thy ſelf thou takeſt quite away?
Render therefore therein to me my Right,
Or anſwer for thy Wrong, as ſhall fall out in Fight.

XIV.

Exceeding wroth thereat was *Blandamore*,
And 'gan this bitter Anſwer to him make;
Too fooliſh *Paridel*, that faireſt Flower
Would'ſt gather fain, and yet no Pains would'ſt tak
But not ſo eaſy will I her forſake;
This Hand her won, this Hand ſhall her defend.
With that, they 'gan their ſhivering Spears to ſhak
And deadly Points at either's Breaſt to bend,
Forgetful each to have been ever other's Frend.

XV.

Their fiery Steeds, with ſo untamed Force,
Did bear them both to fell Avenge's end,
That both their Spears with pityleſs Remorſe,
Through Shield and Mail, and Harbejeon did wend
And in their Fleſh a grieſly Paſſage rend,
That with the Fury of their own Affret,
Each other Horſe and Man to ground did ſend;
Where lying ſtill awhile, both did forget
[redacted] *perilous preſent Stound*, in which their Lives wer

XVI.

As when two warlike Brigantines at Sea,
With murdrous Weapons arm'd to cruel Fight,
Do meet together on the watry Lea,
They ſtem each other with ſo fell Deſpite,
That with the Shock of their own beedleſs Might,
Their wooden Ribs are ſhaken nigh aſunder;
They which from Shore behold the dreadful fight
Of flaſhing Fire, and hear the Ordnance thunder,
Do greatly ſtand amaz'd at ſuch unwonted Wonder.

XVII.

At length they both upſtarted in amaze;
As Men awaked raſhly out of Dream,
And round about themſelves awhile did gaze,
Till ſeeing her, that *Florimel* did ſeem,
In doubt to whom ſhe Victory ſhould deem,
There-with their dulled Sprights they edg'd anew;
And drawing both their Swords with Rage extreme,
Like two mad Maſtiffs, each on other flew,
And Shields did ſhare, and Mails did raſh, and Helms did hew.

XVIII.

So furiouſly each other did aſſail,
As if their Souls they would at once have rent
Out of their Breaſts, that ſtreams of Blood did rail
Adown, as if their Springs of Life were ſpent;
That all the Ground with purple Blood was ſprent,
And all their Armours ſtain'd with bloody Gore:
Yet ſcarcely once to breathe would they relent;
So mortal was their Malice and ſo ſore,
Become of feigned Friendſhip which they vow'd afore.

XIX.

And that which is for Ladies moſt befitting,
To ſtint all Strife, and foſter friendly Peace,
Was from thoſe Dames ſo far and ſo unfitting,
As that inſtead of praying them ſurceaſe,
They did much more their Cruelty encreaſe;
Bidding them fight for Honour of their Love,
And rather die than Lady's Cauſe releaſe.
With which *vain* Terms ſo much they did them move,
That *both reſolv'd* the laſt Extremities to prove.

XX.

There they (I ween) would fight until this day,
Had not a Squire (even he the Squire of Dames)
By great Adventure travelled that way;
Who ſeeing both bent to ſo bloody Games,
And both of old well knowing by their names,
Drew nigh, to weet the cauſe of their Debate:
And firſt, laid on thoſe Ladies thouſand blames,
That did not ſeek t'appeaſe their deadly Hate,
But glazed on their Harms, not pitying their Eſtate.

XXI.

And then, thoſe Knights he humbly did beſeech
To ſtay their Hands, till he awhile had ſpoken:
Who look'd a little up at that his Speech,
Yet would not let their Battle ſo be broken,
Both greedy fierce on other to be wroken.
Yet he to them ſo earneſtly did call,
And them conjured by ſome well known Token,
That they at laſt, their wrathful Hands let fall,
Content to hear him ſpeak, and glad to reſt withal.

XXII.

Firſt, he deſir'd their Cauſe of Striſe to ſee:
They ſaid, it was for Love of *Florimel*.
Ah! gentle Knights, quoth he, how may that be,
And ſhe ſo far aſtray, as none can tell?
Fond Squire, full angry then ſaid *Paridel*,
Seeſt not the Lady there before thy Face?
He looked back, and her aviſing well,
Ween'd, as he ſaid, by that her outward Grace,
That faireſt *Florimel* was preſent there in place.

XXIII.

Glad Man was he to ſee that joyous ſight
(For, none alive but joy'd in *Florimel*)
And lowly to her louting, thus behight:
Faireſt of Fair, that Fairneſs doſt excel,
This happy day I have to greet you well,
In which you ſafe I ſee, whom thouſand late,
Miſdoubted loſt through Miſchief that befel;
Long may you live in Health and happy State.
The little anſwer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

XXIV

arning to thoſe Knights, he 'gan anew;
Sir *Blandamore* and *Paridel*,
r this Lady preſent in your view,
s'd this cruel War and Outrage fell,
me ſeems) be not adviſed well:
er ought in Friendſhip for her ſake
your force, their Forces to repel
k perforce her from you both to take;
ur gotten Spoil, their own Triumph to make.

XXV.

, Sir *Blandamore* with Count'nance ſtern,
of Wrath, thus fiercely him beſpake;
hou Squire, that I the Man may learn,
re from me think *Florimel* to take.
, quoth he, but many do partake
as thus: It lately ſo befel,
yrans a Girdle did up-take,
own to appertain to *Florimel*;
her ſake he wore, as him beſeemed well,

XXVI.

en as ſhe herſelf was loſt and gone,
ıy Knights, that loved her like Dear,
: did greatly grudg, that he alone
: fair Lady's Ornament ſhould wear,
ı therefore cloſe Spite to him to bear:
ıe to ſhun, and ſtop vile Envy's Sting,
ely caus'd to be proclaim'd each where
ı Feaſt, with publick Turneying,
ll Knights with them their Ladies are to bring,

XXVII.

hem all, ſhe that is faireſt found,
ve that golden Girdle for Reward;
hoſe Knights who is moſt ſtout on ground,
that faireſt Lady be prefer'd.
efore ſhe her ſelf is now your Ward,
that Ornament of hers pertains,
ıll thoſe that challenge it to guard,
her Honour with your ventrous Pains;
you *win more Glory*, than ye here find Gains.

XXVIII.

When they the reaſon of his Words had h
They 'gan abate the Rancour of their Ra
And with their Honours and their Loves l
The furious Flames of Malice to aſſuage.
Tho, each to other did his Faith engage,
Like faithful Friends thence-forth to join
With all their Force, and Battle ſtrong to
'Gainſt all thoſe Knights, as their profeſſe
That challeng'd ought in *Florimel*, ſave they

XXIX.

So well accorded, forth they rode together
In friendly ſort, that laſted but awhile;
And of all old Diſlikes they made fair We
Yet all was forg'd, and ſpred with golden
That under it hid Hate and hollow Guile.
Ne certes can that Friendſhip long endure,
How-ever gay and goodly be the Stile,
That doth ill Cauſe or evil End enure:
For, Vertue is the Band that bindeth Hearts

XXX.

Thus, as they marched all in cloſe Diſguiſe
Of feigned Love, they chaunc'd to over-tak
Two Knights, that linked rode in lovely w
As if they ſecret Counſels did partake;
And each not far behind him had his Mate
To weet, two Ladies of moſt goodly Hue,
That 'twixt themſelves did gentle purpoſe n
Unmindful both of that diſcordful Crew,
The which with ſpeedy Pace did after them pu

XXXI.

Who, as they now approached nigh at hand,
Deeming them Doubty as they did appear,
They ſent that Squire afore, to underſtand
What mote they be: who viewing them m
Returned ready News, that thoſe ſame were
Two of the proweſt Knights in Fairy Lond;
And thoſe two Ladies their two Lovers dear,
Courageous *Cambel*, and ſtout *Triamond*,
With Canacee and Cambine, link'd in lovely B

om, as antique Stories tellen us,
: two were Foes, the felloneſt on Ground,
Battle made, the dreddeſt dangerous
ever ſhrilling Trumpet did reſound:
gh now their Acts be no where to be found,
at renowned Poet them compil'd,
warlike Numbers, and Heroick Sound,
haucer (Well of Engliſh undefil'd)
e's eternal Bead-roll worthy to be fil'd.

XXXIII.

icked *Time*, that all good Thoughts doth waſte,
rorks of nobleſt Wits to nought out-wear,
famous Monument hath quite defac'd,
bb'd the World of Treaſures endleſs dear,
hich mote have enriched all us here.
ſed Eld! the Canker-worm of Writs;
nay theſe Rhymes (ſo rude as doth appear)
to endure, ſith Works of heavenly Wits
: devour'd, and brought to nought by little Bits.

XXXIV.

pardon, O moſt ſacred happy Spirit,
thy Labours loſt may thus revive
eal from thee the Meed of thy due Merit,
ione durſt ever whilſt thou waſt alive,
:ing dead, in vain yet many ſtrive:
e I like, but through Infuſion ſweet
ie own Spirit (which doth in me ſurvive)
w here the footing of thy Feet,
h thy meaning ſo I may the rather meet.

XXXV.

lo's Sifter was fair *Canacee*,
ras the learneſt Lady in her days,
:en in every Science that mote be,
ery ſecret Work of Nature's ways,
y Riddles, and in wiſe Soothſays,
er of Herbs, and Tunes of Beaſts and Birds:
hat augmented all her other Praiſe)
deſt was in all her Deeds and Words,
rous chaſte of Life, yet lov'd of Knights and

XXXVI.

Full many Lords, and many Knights her lov'd,
Yet ſhe to none of them her liking lent,
Ne ever was with fond Affection mov'd,
But rul'd her Thoughts with goodly Government
For dread of Blame, and Honour's Blemiſhment:
And eke unto her Looks a Law ſhe made,
That none of them once out of Order went;
But like to wary Centinels well ſtay'd,
Still watch on every ſide, of ſecret Foes afraid.

XXXVII.

So much the more as ſhe refus'd to love,
So much the more ſhe loved was and ſought,
That ofentimes unquiet Strife did move
Amongſt her Lovers, and great Quarrels wrought
That oft for her in bloody Arms they fought:
Which, when as *Cambel* (that was ſtout and wi
Perceiv'd would breed great Miſchief, he bethou
How to prevent the Peril that mote riſe,
And turn both him and her to Honour in this wiſe.

XXXVIII.

One day, when all that Troop of warlike Wooer
Aſſembled were, to weet whoſe ſhe ſhould be;
All mighty Men, and dreadful derring Doers
(The harder it to make them well agree)
Amongſt them all this End he did decree:
That of them all which Love to her did make,
They by conſent ſhould chuſe the ſtouteſt Three,
That with himſelf ſhould combat for her ſake,
And of them all, the Victor ſhould his Siſter take.

XXXIX.

Bold was the Challenge, as himſelf was bold,
And Courage full of haughty Hardiment,
Approved oft in Perils manifold,
Which he atchiev'd to his great Ornament:
But yet his Siſter's Skill unto him lent
Moſt Confidence and Hope of happy Speed,
Conceived by a Ring, which ſhe him ſent;
That 'mongſt the many Virtues (which we read
Had Power to ſtaunch all Wounds that mortally did

XL.

as that Ring's great Virtue known to all;
read thereof, and his redoubted Might,
that youthly Rout ſo much appall,
one of them durſt undertake the Fight:
iſe they ween'd to make of Love Delight,
life to hazard for fair Lady's Look;
t uncertain by ſuch outward ſight
h for her ſake they all that Peril took)
ſhe would them love, or in her liking brook.

XLI.

ft thoſe Knights, there were three Brethren bold
bolder Brethren never were yborn)
one Mother in one happy Mould,
one Burden in one happy Morn;
happy Mother, and thrice happy Morn,
re three ſuch, three ſuch not to be found:
me was *Agape*, whoſe Children werne
e as one; the firſt, hight *Priamond*;
d, *Diamond*, the youngeſt, *Triamond*.

XLII.

riamond, but not ſo ſtrong to ſtrike;
Diamond, but not ſo ſtout a Knight;
amond was ſtout and ſtrong alike;
ſe-back uſed *Triamond* to fight,
iamond on foot had more Delight,
rſe and Foot knew *Diamond* to wield:
urtax uſed *Diamond* to ſmite,
iamond to handle Spear and Shield,
and Curtax both us'd *Priamond* in Field.

XLIII.

ree did love each other dearly well,
h ſo firm Affection were ally'd,
t one Soul in them all did dwell,
lid her Power into three parts divide;
ree fair Branches budding far and wide,
m one Root deriv'd their vital Sap:
e that Root that doth her Life divide,
Mother was, and had full bleſſed Hap,
e ſo noble Babes to bring forth at one clap.

XLIV.

Their Mother was a Fay, and had the Skill
Of Secret things, and all the Powers of Nature,
Which ſhe by Art could uſe unto her Will,
And to her Service bind each living Creature,
Through ſecret Underſtanding of their Feature.
There-to ſhe was right fair, when-ſo her Face
She liſt diſcover, and of goodly Stature;
But ſhe (as Fayes are wont) in privy Place
Did ſpend her Days, and lov'd in Foreſts wild to ſpace.

XLV.

There, on a day, a noble youthly Knight,
Seeking Adventures in the ſalvage Wood,
Did by great Fortune get of her the ſight,
As ſhe ſat careleſs by a cryſtal Flood,
Combing her golden Locks, as ſeem'd her good:
And unawares upon her laying hold,
That ſtrove in vain him long to have withſtood,
Oppreſſed her, and there (as it is told) (bold
Got theſe three lovely Babes, that prov'd three Champion

XLVI.

Which ſhe, with her, long foſtred in that Wood,
Till that to ripeneſs of Man's State they grew:
Then ſhewing forth ſigns of their Father's Blood,
They loved Arms, and Knighthood did enſue,
Seeking Adventures where they any knew.
Which when their Mother ſaw, ſhe 'gan to doubt
Their Safety; leſt by ſearching Dangers new,
And raſh provoking Perils all about,
Their Days might be abridged through their Courage ſtout.

XLVII.

Therefore, deſirous th' end of all their Days
To know, and them t'enlarge with long extent,
By wondrous Skill, and many hidden ways,
To the three fatal Sifters Houſe ſhe went.
Far under Ground from Tract of Living went,
Down in the Bottom of the deep *Abyſs*,
Where *Demogorgon* in dull Darkneſs pent,
Far from the View of Gods and Heaven's Bliſs,
[redacted] keeps, their dreadful Dwelling ſo.

XLVII

XLVIII.

e ſhe them found, all ſitting round about,
direful Diſtaff ſtanding in the mid;
with unwearied Fingers drawing out
Lines of Life, from living Knowledg hid.
Clotho held the Rock, the whiles the Thread
ieſly *Lachesis* was ſpun with Pain,
cruel *Atropos* eftſoons undid
curſed Knife, cutting the Twiſt in twain:
etched Men, whoſe Days depends on Threds ſo vain!

XLIX.

hem ſaluting, there by them ſate ſtill,
iding how the Threds of Life they ſpan:
hen at laſt ſhe had beheld her fill,
ibling in Heart, and looking pale and wan,
auſe of coming ſhe to tell began.
hem, fierce *Atropos*; Bold Fay, that durſt
ſee the Secret of the Life of Man,
worthy thou to be of *Jove* accurs'd,
e thy Childrens Threds to be aſunder burſt.

L.

e-at ſhe ſore afraid, yet her beſought
ant her Boon, and Rigour to abate,
ſhe might ſee her Childrens Threds forth brought,
cnow the Meaſure of their utmoſt Date,
em ordained by eternal Fate.
h *Clotho* graunting, ſhewed her the ſame:
when ſhe ſaw, it did her much amate,
e their Threds ſo thin, as Spiders frame,
ſo ſhort, that ſeem'd their Ends out ſhortly came.

LI.

hen began them humbly to intreat
aw them longer out, and better twine,
ſo their Lives might be prolonged late.
achesis thereat 'gan to repine,
aid; Fond Dame, thou deem'ſt of things Divine
Human, that they may altred be,
hang'd at Pleaſure for thoſe Imps of thine:
o; for, what the Fates do once decree,
the Gods can change, nor *Jove* himſelf can free

LII.

Then ſith, quoth ſhe, the Term of each Man's Life
For nought may leſſen'd nor enlarged be,
Graunt this, that when ye ſhred with fatal Knife
His Line, which is the Eldeſt of the Three,
Which is of them the ſhorteſt, as I ſee,
Eftſoons his Life may paſs into the next:
And when the next ſhall likewiſe ended be,
That both their Lives may likewiſe be annex'd
Unto the third, that his may ſo be trebly wex'd.

LIII.

They graunted it; and then that careful Fay
Departed thence with full contented Mind;
And coming home, in warlike freſh Array
Them found all three according to their Kind:
But unto them what Deſtiny was aſſign'd,
Or how their Lives were eck'd, ſhe did not tell;
But evermore, when ſhe fit time could find,
She warned them to tend their Safeties well,
And love each other dear, whatever them befel.

LIV.

So did they ſurely during all their Days,
And never Diſcord did amongſt them fall;
Which much augmented all their other Praiſe.
And now t' increaſe Affection natural,
In Love of *Canacee* they joined all:
Upon which ground this ſame great Battle grew
(Great Matter growing of Beginning ſmall;)
The which for length I will not here purſue,
But rather will reſerve it for a Canto new.

CANTO

CANTO III.

The Battle 'twixt three Brethren, with
Cambel *for* Canacee:
Cambina *with true Friendſhip's Bond*
Doth their long Strife agree.

I.

) Why do wretched Men ſo much deſire
To draw their Days unto the utmoſt Date,
i do not rather wiſh them ſoon expire,
owing the Miſery of their Eſtate,
i thouſand Perils which them ſtill await,
ling them like a Boat amid the Main,
at every Hour they knock at Deathes Gate.
i he that happy ſeems, and leaſt in pain,
as nigh his end, as he that moſt doth 'plain.

II.

refore this Fay I hold but fond and vain,
which in ſeeking for her Children three
Life, thereby did more prolong their Pain:
whilſt they lived, none did ever ſee
happy Creatures than they ſeem'd to be,
ore ennobled for their Curteſy:
made them dearly lov'd of each Degree:
re renowned for their Chevalry;
'e them dreaded much of all Men far and nigh.

III.

hree that hardy Challenge took in hand,
acee with *Cambel* for to fight:
was ſet, that all might underſtand,
lges pawn'd the ſame to keep aright.
e deareſt Day that living Wight
ſee upon this World to ſhine)
Heaven's Window ſhewed Light,
like Champions, all in Armour ſhine,
re in Field, the Challenge to define.

IV.

The Field with Liſts was all about enclos'd,
To bar the Preſs of People far away;
And at th' one ſide ſix Judges were diſpos'd,
To view and deem the Deeds of Arms that day:
And on the other ſide, in freſh Array,
Fair *Canacee* upon a ſtately Stage
Was ſet, to ſee the Fortune of that Fray,
And to be ſeen, as his moſt worthy Wage,
That could her purchaſe with his Life's adventur'd Gage.

V.

Then entred *Cambel* firſt into the Liſt,
With ſtately Steps, and fearleſs Countenance,
As if the Conqueſt his he ſurely wiſt.
Soon after, did the Brethren three advance
In brave Array, and goodly Amenance,
With Scutchins gilt, and Banners broad diſplay'd:
And marching thrice in warlike Ordinance,
Thrice louted lowly to the noble Maid,
The whiles ſhrill Trumpets and loud Clarions ſweetly play'd.

VI.

Which doen, the doubty Challenger came forth,
All arm'd to point his Challenge to abet;
'Gainſt whom, Sir *Priamond*, with equal Worth,
And equal Arms himſelf did forward ſet.
A Trumpet blew, they both together met,
With dreadful Force, and furious Intent,
Careleſs of Peril in their fierce Affret,
As if that Life to loſe they had forelent,
And cared not to ſpare, that ſhould be ſhortly ſpent.

VII.

Right practick was Sir *Priamond* in Fight,
And throughly ſkill'd in uſe of Shield and Spear;
Ne leſs approved was *Cambello*'s Might,
Ne leſs his Skill in Weapons did appear,
That hard it was to ween which harder were.
Full many mighty Strokes on either ſide
Were ſent, that ſeemed Death in them to bear:
But they were both ſo watchful and well ey'd,
That they avoided were, and vainly by did ſlide.

VIII.

VIII.

Yet one of many was ſo ſtrongly bent
By *Priamond*, that with unlucky Glaunce,
Through *Cambel*'s Shoulder it unwarely went,
That forced him his Shield to diſadvaunce:
Much was he grieved with that graceleſs Chaunce;
Yet from the Wound no Drop of Blood there fell,
But wondrous Pain, that did the more enhaunce
His haughty Courage to Avengement fell: (ſwell.
ıart daunts not mighty Hearts, but makes them more to

IX.

With that, his poinant Spear he fierce aventred,
With doubled Force cloſe underneath his Shield,
That through the Mayles into his Thigh it entred,
And there arreſting, ready way did yield;
For Blood to guſh forth on the graſſy Field;
That he for Pain himſelf not right up-rear,
But to and fro, in great Amazement reel'd,
Like an old Oak, whoſe Pith and Sap is ſeare,
t Puff of every Storm doth ſtagger here and there.

X.

Whom ſo diſmay'd when *Cambel* had eſpy'd,
Again he drove at him with double Might,
That nought mote ſtay the Steel, till in his Side
The mortal Point moſt cruelly empight
Where faſt infixed, whilſt he ſought by ſlight
It forth to reſt, the Staff aſunder brake,
And left the Head behind: With which Deſpite
He all enrag'd, his ſhivering Spear did ſhake,
ad charging him afreſh, thus felly him beſpake.

XI.

Lo! Faitour, there thy Meed unto thee take,
The Meed of thy Miſchallenge and Abet:
Not for thine own, but for thy Siſter's ſake,
Have I thus long thy Life unto thee let;
But to forbear, doth not forgive the Debt.
The wicked Weapon heard his wrathful Vow;
And paſſing forth with furious Affret,
Pierc'd through his Bever quite into his Brow,
hat *with the Force it backward* forced him to bow.

XII.

XII.

There-with asunder in the midst it brast,
And in his hand nought but the Troncheon left:
The other half behind yet sticking fast,
Out of his Head-piece *Cambel* fiercely reft:
And with such Fury back at him it heft,
That making way unto his deareſt Life,
His Weasand-pipe it through his Gorget cleft:
Thence Streams of purple Blood, issuing rife,
Let forth his weary Ghost, and made an end of Strife.

XIII.

His weary Ghost, assoil'd from fleshly Band,
Did not (as others wont) directly fly
Unto her Reſt in *Pluto*'s griesly Land;
Ne into Air did vanish presently,
Ne changed was into a Star in Sky:
But through Traduction was eftsoons deriv'd,
Like as his Mother pray'd the Destiny,
Into his other Brethren, that surviv'd:
In whom he liv'd anew, of former Life depriv'd.

XIV.

Whom, when on ground his Brother next beheld,
Though sad and sorry for so heavy fight,
Yet leave unto his Sorrow did not yield:
But rather stir'd to Vengeance and Despite,
Through secret feeling of his generous Spright,
Rush'd fiercely forth, the Battle to renew,
As in Reversion of his Brother's Right;
And challenging the Virgin as his due.
His Foe was soon addreis'd: the Trumpets freshly blew.

XV.

With that, they both together fiercely met,
As if that each meant other to devour;
And with their Axes both so sorely bet,
That neither Plate nor Mail, where-as their Power
They felt, could once sustain the hideous Stower,
But rived were, like rotten Wood asunder,
Whilst through their Rifts the ruddy Blood did shown
And Fire did flash, like Lightning after Tunder,
That fill'd the Lookers on at once with Ruth and Wone

XVI.

As when two Tigers prick'd with Hunger's Rage,
Have by good Fortune found ſome Beaſts freſh Spoil,
On which they ween their Famine to aſſuage,
And gain a feaſtful Guerdon of their Toil;
Both falling out, do ſtir up ſtrife-ful Broil,
And cruel Battle 'twixt themſelves do make,
Whiles neither lets the other touch the Soil,
But either 'ſdains with other to partake:
cruelly theſe Knights ſtrove for that Lady's ſake.

XVII.

Full many Strokes, that mortally were meant,
The whiles were interchanged 'twixt them two;
Yet they were all with ſo good Wariment
Or warded, or avoided and let go,
That ſtill the Life ſtood fearleſs of her Foe:
Till *Diamond*, diſdaining long Delay
Of doubtful Fortune wavering to and fro,
Reſolv'd to end it one or other way;
nd heav'd his murdrous Axe at him with mighty Sway.

XVIII.

The dreadful Stroke, in caſe it had arriv'd
Where it was meant (ſo deadly was it meant)
The Soul had ſure out of his Body riv'd,
And ſtinted all the Strife incontinent.
But *Cambel*'s Fate that Fortune did prevent:
For, ſeeing it at hand, he ſwerv'd aſide,
And ſo gave way unto his fell Intent:
Who, miſſing of the Mark which he had ey'd,
/as with the Force nigh feld, whilſt his right Foot did ſlide.

XIX.

As when a Vulture, greedy of his Prey,
Through Hunger long, that Heart to him doth lend,
Strikes at an Heron with all his Body's Sway,
That from his Force ſeems nought may it defend;
The wary Fowl, that ſpies him toward bend,
His dreadful Souſe avoids, it ſhunning light,
And maketh him his Wing in vain to ſpend;
That with the Weight of his own wieldleſs Might,
e falleth *nigh to ground*, and ſcarce recovereth Flight.

XX.

Which fair Adventure, when *Cambello* ſpy'd,
Full lightly, e er himſelf he could recover,
From Danger's Dread to ward his naked Side,
He 'gan let drive at him with all his Power,
And with his Axe him ſmote in evil Hour,
That from his Shoulders quite his Head he reft;
The headleſs Trunk, as heedleſs of that Stower,
Stood ſtill awhile, and his faſt Footing kept,
Till feeling Life to fail, it fell, and deadly ſlept.

XXI.

They, which that piteous Spectacle beheld,
Were much amaz'd the headleſs Trunk to ſee
Stand up ſo long, and Weapon vain to weld,
Unweeting of the Fates Divine Decree,
For Life's Succeſſion in thoſe Brethren three.
For, notwithſtanding that one Soul was reft,
Yet had the Body not diſmembred be,
It would have lived, and revived eft;
But finding no fit Seat, the Life-leſs Court is left.

XXII.

It left; but that ſame Soul which therein dwelt,
Strait entring into *Triamond*, him fill'd
With double Life and Grief; which when he felt,
As one whoſe inner Parts had been ythrill'd
With point of Steel, that cloſe his Heart-blood ſpill'd
He lightly leapt out of his place of Reſt,
And ruſhing forth into the empty Field,
Againſt *Cambello* fiercely him addreſt;
Who, him affronting, ſoon to fight was ready preſt.

XXIII.

Well mote ye wonder, how that noble Knight,
After he had ſo often wounded been,
Could ſtand on foot, now to renew the Fight.
But had ye then him forth advauncing ſeen,
Some new-born Wight ye would him ſurely ween;
So freſh he ſeemed, and ſo fierce in ſight;
Like as a Snake, whom weary Winter's Teen
Hath worn to nought, now feeling Sommer's Might,
Caſts off his ragged Skin, and freſhly doth him dight.

XX

XXIV.

All was thro Virtue of the Ring he wore,
The which not only did not from him let
One drop of Blood to fall, but did reſtore
His weakned Powers and dulled Spirits whet,
Thro working of the Stone therein yſet.
Elſe how could one of equal Might with moſt,
Againſt ſo many no leſs mighty met,
Once think to match three ſuch on equal Coſt?
Three ſuch as able were to match a puiſſant Hoſt.

XXV.

Yet nought thereof was *Triamond* adred,
Ne deſperate of glorious Victory,
But ſharply him aſſail'd, and ſore befted
With heaps of Strokes, which he at him let fly,
As thick as Hail forth poured from the Sky:
He ſtrook, he ſouſt, he ſoin'd, he hew'd, he laſh'd,
And did his irond Brond ſo faſt apply,
That from the ſame the fiery Sparkles flaſh'd,
As faſt as Water-ſprinkles 'gainſt a Rock are daſh'd.

XXVI.

Much was *Cambello* daunted with his Blows:
So thick they fell, and forcibly were ſent,
That he was forc'd (from Danger of the Throws)
Back to retire, and ſomewhat to relent,
Till th' Heat of his fierce Fury he had ſpent:
Which when for want of Breath 'gan to abate,
He then afreſh, with new Encouragement,
Did him aſſail, and mightily amate,
As faſt as forward earſt, now backward to retreat.

XXVII.

Like as the Tide that comes from th' Ocean Main,
Flows up the *Shenan* with contrary Force,
And over-ruling him in his own Reign,
Drives back the Current of his kindly Courſe,
And makes it ſeem to have ſome other Source:
But when the Flood is ſpent, then back again
His borrow'd Waters forc'd to re-diſburſe,
He ſends *the Sea his own* with double Gain,
And Tribute eke withal, as to his Sovereign.

XXVIII.

Thus did the Battle vary to and fro,
With diverſe Fortune doubtful to be deem'd:
Now this the better had, now had his Foe;
Then he half vanquiſh'd, then the other ſeem'd;
Yet Victors both themſelves always eſteem'd,
And all the while the diſentrailed Blood
Adown their Sides like little Rivers ſtream'd;
That with the waſting of his vital Flood,
Sir *Triamond* at laſt, full faint and feeble ſtood.

XXIX.

But *Cambel* ſtill more ſtrong and greater grew,
Ne felt his Blood to waſte, ne Powers emperiſh'd,
Thro that Rings Virtue, that with Vigour new,
Still whenas he enfeebled was, him cheriſh'd,
And all his Wounds, and all his Bruiſes guariſh'd
Like as a wither'd Tree, thro Huſband's Toil,
Is often ſeen full freſhly to have flouriſh'd,
And fruitful Apples to have borne awhile,
As freſh as when it firſt was planted in the Soil.

XXX.

Thro which Advantage, in his Strength he roſe,
And ſmote the other with ſo wondrous Might,
That thro the Seam, which did his Hauberk cloſe,
Into his Throat and Life it pierced quite,
That down he fell, as dead in all Mens ſight:
Yet dead he was not, yet he ſure did die,
As all Men do that loſe the living Spright;
So did one Soul out of his Body fly
Unto her native Home, from mortal Miſery.

XXXI.

But natheleſs, whilſt all the Lookers on,
Him dead behight, as he to all appear'd,
All unawares he ſtarted up anon,
As one that had out of a Dream been rear'd,
And freſh aſſail'd his Foe; who half affear'd
Of th' uncouth Sight, as he ſome Ghoſt had ſeen,
Stood ſtill amaz'd, holding his idle Sword;
Till having often by him ſtricken been,
He forced was to ſtrike, and ſave himſelf from Teen.

XX

XXXII.

thenceforth more warily he fought,
i fear the *Stygian* Gods t'offend,
v'd on ſo faſt, but rather fought
:o ſave, and Danger to defend,
'e and Labour both in vain to ſpend.
riamond perceiving, weened ſure
:o faint, towards the Battle's end,
t he ſhould not long on foot endure;
ch did to him the Victory aſſure.

XXXIII.

full blithe, eftſoons his mighty Hand
d on high, in mind with that ſame Blow
: an end of all that did withſtand:
'ambel ſeeing come, was nothing ſlow
:o ſave, from that ſo deadly Throw;
iat inſtant reaching forth his Sword
ierneath his Shield, that ſcarce did ſhow,
m, as he his Hand to ſtrike up-rear'd,
)it full, that thro both Sides the Wound appear'd.

XXXIV.

that direful Stroke kept on his way,
ng heavy on *Cambello*'s Creſt,
m ſo hugely, that in Swoon he lay,
iis Head an hideous Wound impreſt:
, had it not happily found reſt
: Brim of his broad plated Shield,
have cleft his Brain down to his Breaſt.
it once fell dead upon the Field,
) other ſeem'd the Victory to yield.

XXXV.

'hen-as all the Lookers on beheld,
:ned ſure the War was at an end,
ges roſe, and Marſhals of the Field
the Liſts, their Arms away to rend;
acee 'gan wail her deareſt Friend.
:nly they both upſtarted light,
out of the Swoon, which him did blend,
r breathing now another Spright;
each aſſailing, 'gan afreſh to fight.

XXXVI.

Long while they then continu'd in that wiſe,
As if but then the Battle had begun:
Strokes, Wounds, Wards, Weapons, all they did deſpiſe,
Ne either car'd to ward, or Peril ſhun,
Deſirous both to have the Battle done;
Ne either cared Life to ſave or ſpill,
Ne which of them did win, ne which were won:
So weary, both of fighting had their Fill,
That Life it ſelf ſeem'd loathſom, and long Safety ill.

XXXVII.

Whilſt thus the Caſe in doubtful Ballance hong,
Unſure to whether Side it would incline,
And all Mens Eyes and Hearts, which there among
Stood gazing, filled were with rueful Tine,
And ſecret Fear to ſee their fatal Fine;
All ſuddenly they heard a troublous Noiſe,
That ſeem'd ſome perlous Tumult to deſign,
Confus'd with Womens Cries, and Shouts of Boys,
Such as the troubled Theatres oft-times annoys.

XXXVIII.

Thereat the Champions both ſtood ſtill a ſpace,
To weeten what that ſudden Clamour meant;
Lo! where they ſpy'd with ſpeedy whirling Pace,
One in a Chariot of ſtrange Furniment,
Towards them driving like a Storm out ſent.
The Chariot decked was in wondrous wiſe,
With Gold and many a gorgeous Ornament,
After the *Perſian* Monarch's antique Guiſe,
Such as a Maker's ſelf could beſt by Art deviſe.

XXXIX.

And drawn it was (that Wonder is to tell)
Of two grim Lions, taken from the Wood,
In which their Power all others did excel;
Now made forget their former cruel Mood,
To obey their Rider's Heſt, as ſeemed good.
And therein ſate a Lady paſſing fair
And bright, that ſeemed born of Angel's Brood,
And with her Beauty, Bounty did compare,
Whether of them in her ſhould have the greater Share.

XL.

Therein ſhe learned was in Magick Lear,
And all the Arts that ſubtile Wits diſcover,
Having therein been trained many a year.
And well inſtructed by the Fay her Mother,
That in the ſame ſhe far excell'd all other.
Who underſtanding by her mighty Art,
Of th' evil Plight, in which her deareſt Brother
Now ſtood, came forth in haſte to take his part,
And pacify'd the Strife, which caus'd ſo deadly Smart.

XLI.

And as ſhe paſſed thro th' unruly Preſs
Of People, thronging thick her to behold,
Her angry Team breaking their Bonds of Peace,
Great Heaps of them, like Sheep in narrow Fold,
For Haſte did over-run, in Duſt enroll'd;
That thorough rude Confuſion of the Rout,
Some fearing ſhriek'd, ſome being harmed howl'd,
Some laugh'd for Sport, ſome did for Wonder ſhout.
And ſome that would ſeem wiſe, their Wonder turn'd to (Doubt.

XLII.

In her right Hand a Rod of Peace ſhe bore,
About the which two Serpents weren wound,
Entrailed mutually in lovely Lore,
And by the Tails together firmly bound;
And both were with one Olive Garland crown'd,
Like to the Rod which *Maia*'s Son doth wield,
Wherewith the helliſh Fiends he doth confound.
And in her other Hand a Cup ſhe held,
The which was with Nepenthe to the Brim up-fill'd.

XLIII.

Nepenthe is a Drink of ſovereign Grace,
Devized by the Gods, for to aſſuage
Heart's Grief, and bitter Gall away to chace,
Which ſtirs up Anguiſh and contentious Rage:
Inſtead thereof, ſweet Peace and quiet Age
It doth eſtabliſh in the troubled Mind.
Few Men, but ſuch *as ſober* are and ſage,
Are by the Gods to drink thereof aſſign'd;
t ſuch as drink, eternal Happineſs do find.

XLIV.

Such famous Men, ſuch Worthies of the Earth,
As *Jove* will have advaunced to the Sky,
And there made Gods, tho born of mortal Birth,
For their high Merits and great Dignity,
Are wont, before they may to Heaven fly,
To drink hereof; whereby all Cares forepaſt
Are waſh'd away quite from their Memory.
So did thoſe old Heroes hereof taſte,
Before that they in Bliſs amongſt the Gods were plac'd.

XLV.

Much more of Price, and of more gracious Power
Is this, than that ſame Water of *Arden*,
The which *Rinaldo* drunk in happy hour,
Deſcribed by that famous *Tuſcan* Pen;
For that had Might to change the Hearts of Men
From Love to Hate, a Change of evil Choice:
But this doth Hatred make in Love to bren,
And heavy Heart with Comfort doth rejoice,
Who would not to this Vertue rather yield his Voice?

XLVI.

At laſt, arriving by the Liſtes ſide,
She with her Rod did ſoftly ſmite the Rail;
Which ſtrait flew ope, and gave her way to ride.
Eftſoons out of her Coach ſhe 'gan avail,
And pacing fairly forth did bid, All hail,
Firſt to her Brother, whom ſhe loved dear,
That ſo to ſee him made her Heart to quail;
And next to *Cambel*, whoſe ſad rueful Chear
Made her to change her Hue, and hidden Love t'appear.

XLVII.

They lightly her requit (for ſmall Delight
They had as then her long to entertain)
And eft them turned both again to fight.
Which when ſhe ſaw, down on the bloody Plain
Her ſelf ſhe threw, and Tears 'gan ſhed amain;
Amongſt her Tears immixing Prayers meek,
And (with her Prayers, Reaſons to reſtrain
From bloody Strife, and bleſſed Peace to ſeek)
[illegible]*st unto them* was dear, did them beſeek.

XLVII

XLVIII.

t when as all might nought with them prevail.
e ſmote them lightly with her powerful Wand.
ien ſuddenly, as if their Hearts did fail,
eir wrathful Blades down fell out of their Hand,
d they like Men aſtoniſh'd ſtill did ſtand.
us whilſt their Minds were doubtfully diſtraught
d mighty Spirits bound with mightier Band,
r golden Cup to them for Drink ſhe raught,
eof full glad for Thirſt, each drunk an hearty Draught.

XLIX.

which ſo ſoon as they once taſted had
'onder it is that ſudden Change to ſee)
head of Strokes, each other kiſſed glad,
d lovely haulſt from Fear of Treaſon free,
d plighted Hands for ever Friends to be.
hen all Men ſaw this ſudden Change of things,
mortal Foes ſo friendly to agree,
: paſſing Joy, which ſo great Marvel brings,
all 'gan ſhout aloud, that all the Heaven rings.

L.

l which, when gentle *Canacee* beheld,
haſte ſhe from her lofty Chair deſcended,
weet what ſudden Tidings was befell'd:
hére when ſhe ſaw that cruel War ſo ended,
id deadly Foes ſo faithfully affriended,
lovely wife ſhe 'gan that Lady greet,
hich had ſo great Diſmay ſo well amended;
id entertaining her, with Court'ſies meet,
ſa'd to her true Friendſhip and Affection ſweet.

LI.

ius when they all accorded goodly were,
ie Trumpets ſounded, and they all aroſe,
ience to depart with Glee and gladſom Chear.
ioſe warlike Champions both together choſe,
meward to march, themſelves there to repoſe;
id wife *Cambina*, taking by her Side
ir *Canacee* as freſh as Morning-Roſe,
to her Coach *remounting*, home did ride.
r'd *of all the People*, and much glorify'd.

LII.

Where making joyous Feaſts, their Days they ſpent
In perfect Love, devoid of hateful Strife,
Ally'd with Bands of mutual Couplement;
For *Triamond* had *Canacee* to Wife,
With whom he led a long and happy Life;
And *Cambel* took *Cambina* to his Fere,
The which as Life were each to other liefe.
So all alike did love, and loved were,
That ſince their Days ſuch Lovers were not found elſewhere.

CANTO IV.

Satyrane *makes a Turneyment*
For Love of Florimel:
Britomart *wins the Prize from all;*
And Arthegal *doth quell.*

I.

IT often falls (as here it earſt befel)
That mortal Foes do turn to faithful Friends;
And Friends profeſs'd, are chang'd to Foe-men fell:
The Cauſe of both, of both their Minds depends
And th' End of both, likewiſe of both their Ends.
For Enmity, that of no Ill proceeds,
But of Occaſion, with th' Occaſion ends;
And Friendſhip, which a faint Affection breeds
Without regard of Good, dies like ill-grounded Seeds.

II.

That well (me ſeems) appears, by that of late
'Twixt *Cambel* and Sir *Triamond* befel:
As als by this, that now a new Debate
Stir'd up 'twixt *Blandamore* and *Paridel*,
The which by courſe befals me here to tell:
Who, having thoſe two other Knights eſpy'd
Marching afore, as ye remember well,
Sent forth their Squire to have them both deſcry'd,
And eke thoſe maſked Ladies riding them beſide.

III.

Who, back returning, told as he had ſeen,
That they were doubty Knights of dreaded Name;
And thoſe two Ladies, their two Loves unſeen;
And therefore wiſh'd them without Blot or Blame,
To let them paſs at will, for Dread of Shame.
But *Blandamore*, full of vainglorious Spright,
And rather ſtir'd by his diſcordful Dame,
Upon them gladly would have prov'd his Might,
But that he yet was ſore of his late luckleſs Fight.

IV.

Yet nigh approaching, he them foul beſpake,
Diſgracing them, himſelf thereby to grace,
As was his wont; ſo weening way to make
To Ladies Love, where-ſo he came in place,
And with leud Terms their Lovers to deface.
Whoſe ſharp Provokement them incens'd ſo ſore,
That both were bent t'avenge his Uſage baſe,
And 'gan their Shields addreſs themſelves afore:
For evil Deeds may better than bad Words be bore.

V.

But fair *Cambina*, with Perſuaſions mild,
Did mitigate the Fierceneſs of their Mode,
That for the preſent they were reconcil'd,
And 'gan to treat of Deeds of Arms abroad,
And ſtrange Adventures all the way they rode:
Amongſt the which they told, as then befel,
Of that great Turney, which was blaz'd abroad
For that rich Girdle of fair *Florimel*,
The Prize of her, which did in Beauty moſt excel.

VI.

To which Folk-mote they all with one Conſent,
Sith each of them his Lady had him by,
Whoſe Beauty each of them thought excellent,
Agreed to travel, and their Fortunes try.
So as they paſſed forth, they did eſpy
One in bright Arms with ready Spear in reſt,
That toward them his Courſe ſeem'd to apply,
'Gainſt whom Sir *Paridel* himſelf addreſs'd,
Him *weening, e'er him nigh* approach'd, to have repreſs'd.

VII.

Which th' other ſeeing, 'gan his Courſe relent,
And vaunted Spear eftſoons to diſadvance,
As if he nought but Peace and Pleaſure meant,
Now faln into their Fellowſhip by chance;
Whereat they ſhewed courteous Countenance.
So as he rode with them accompany'd,
His roving Eye did on the Lady glance,
Which *Blandamore* had riding by his Side:
Whom ſure he ween'd, that he ſomewhere tofore had ey'd.

VIII.

It was to weet, that ſnowy *Florimel*,
Which *Ferrau* late from *Braggadochio* won;
Whom he now ſeeing, her remember'd well,
How having reft her from the Witch's Son,
He ſoon her loſt: whereof he now begun
To challenge her anew, as his own Prize,
Whom formerly he had in Battle won,
And proffer made by Force her to repriſe:
Which ſcornful Offer *Blandamore* 'gan ſoon deſpiſe.

IX.

And ſaid, Sir Knight, ſith ye this Lady claim,
Whom he that hath were loth to loſe ſo light,
(For ſo to loſe a Lady were great Shame)
Ye ſhall her win, as I have done in Fight:
And, lo! ſhe ſhall be placed here in ſight,
Together with this Hag beſide her ſet,
That whoſo wins her, may her have by right:
But he ſhall have the Hag that is ybet,
And with her always ride, till he another get.

X.

That Offer pleaſed all the Company,
So *Florimel* with *Ate* forth was brought;
At which they all 'gan laugh full merrily:
But *Braggadochio* ſaid, he never thought,
For ſuch an Hag that ſeemed worſe than nought
His Perſon to imperil ſo in Fight.
But if to match that Lady they had ſought,
Another like, that were like fair and bright,
His Life he then would ſpend to juſtify his Right.

XI.

ich his vain Excuſe they all 'gan ſmile,
rning his unmanly Cowardiſe:
brimel him foully 'gan revile,
or her ſake refus'd to enterpriſe
ttel, offer'd in ſo knightly wiſe.
'e eke provok'd him privily,
ove of her, and Shame of ſuch Meſpriſe.
ught he car'd for Friend or Enemy,
e Mind nor Friendſhip dwells nor Enmity.

XII.

mbel thus did ſhut up all in jeſt,
Knights and Ladies, certes ye do wrong,
up Strife, when moſt us needeth Reſt,
e may us reſerve both freſh and ſtrong,
the Turnament which is not long;
whoſo liſt to fight, may fight his Fill:
n your Challenges ye may prolong;
en it ſhall be tried, if ye will,
ſhall have the Hag, or hold the Lady ſtill:

XIII.

ll agreed: ſo turning all to Game,
afant Bord, they paſt forth on their way.
that while, whereſo they rode or came,
aſked Mock-knight was their Sport and Play.
t at length upon th' appointed Day,
e Place of Turnament they came;
they before them found in freſh Array
brave Knight, and many a dainty Dame
; for to get the Honour of that Game.

XIV.

his fair Crew arriving, did divide
lves aſunder: *Blandamore* with thoſe
on th' one; the reſt on th' other ſide.
ſtful *Braggadochio* rather choſe,
ry vain their Fellowſhip to loſe,
ſen on him the more might gaze alone.
t themſelves in Troops did elſe diſpoſe,
it ſeemed beſt to every one;
rs in Couples march'd, with Ladies link'd attone.

XV.

Then firſt of all forth came Sir *Satyrane*,
Bearing that precious Relique in an Ark
Of Gold, that bad Eyes might it not profane:
Which drawing ſoftly forth out of the dark,
He open ſhew'd, that all Men it mote mark;
A gorgeous Girdle, curiouſly emboſs'd
With Pearl and precious Stone, worth many a Mark;
Yet did the Workmanſhip far paſs the Coſt:
It was the ſame, which lately *Florimel* had loſt.

XVI.

That ſame aloft he hong in open View,
To be the Prize of Beauty and of Might;
The which eftſoons diſcover'd, to it drew
The Eyes of all, allur'd with cloſe Delight,
And Hearts quite robbed with ſo glorious Sight,
That all Men threw out Vows and Wiſhes vain.
Thrice happy Lady, and thrice happy Knight,
Them ſeem'd, that could ſo goodly Riches gain,
So worthy of the Peril, worthy of the Pain.

XVII.

Then took the bold Sir *Satyrane* in hand
An huge great Spear, ſuch as he wont to wield,
And 'vancing forth from all the other Band
Of Knights, addreſs'd his Maiden-headed Shield,
Shewing himſelf all ready for the Field.
'Gainſt whom, there fingled from the other ſide
A Paynim Knight, that well in Arms was ſkill'd,
And had in many a Battel oft been try'd,
Hight *Bruncheval* the bold, who fiercely forth did ride.

XVIII.

So furiouſly they both together met,
That neither could the other's Force ſuſtain.
As two fierce Bulls, that ſtrive the Rule to get
Of all the Herd, meet with ſo hideous main,
That both rebutted, tumble on the Plain:
So theſe two Champions to the Ground were ſeld,
Where in amaze they both did long remain,
And in their Hands their idle Troncheons held,
[illegible] neither able were to wag, or once to weld.

XIX.

:n the noble *Ferramont* eſpy'd,
forth in aid of *Satyrane*;
gainſt, Sir *Blandamore* did ride
ıe Strength and Stiffneſs that he can.
ıre ſtrong and ſtifly that he ran,
ıore ſorely to the Ground he fell,
Heap were tumbled Horſe and Man.
e Reſcue forth rode *Paridel*;
wiſe with that ſame Spear he eke did quell.

XX.

aggadochio ſeeing, had no will
greatly to his Party's Aid,
ırn were next; but ſtood there ſtill,
.t ſeemed doubtful or diſmay'd.
ond, half wroth to ſee him ſtaid,
pt forth, and raught away his Spear,
:h ſo ſore he *Ferramont* aſſay'd,
e and Man to ground he [illegible] did bear.
could in haſte themſelves again uprear.

XXI.

avenge, Sir *Devon* him did dight,
ıo better Fortune than the reſt;
kewiſe he quickly down did ſmite:
him, Sir *Douglas* him addreſs'd,
him, Sir *Palimord* forth preſs'd:
of them againſt his Strokes could ſtand;
e more, the more his Praiſe increas'd.
they were left upon the Land,
ıy ſore wounded of his hapleſs Hand.

XXII.

by this, Sir *Satyrane* abraid
e Swoun, in which too long he lay;
ıng round about, like one diſmay'd,
he ſaw the mercileſs Affray,
ıughty *Triamond* had wrought that Day,
noble Knights of Maidenhead,
ty Heart did alſo rend in tway,
Gall, that rather wholly dead
ıld'd have been, than in ſo bad a ſtead.

XXIII.

Eftſoons he 'gan to gather up around
His Weapons, which lay ſcatter'd all abroad;
And as it fell, his Steed he ready found.
On whom remounting, fiercely forth he rode,
Like Spark of Fire, that from the Anvil glode,
There where he ſaw the valiant *Triamond*
Chaſing, and laying on them heavy Load,
That none his Force were able to withſtond,
So dreadful were his Strokes, ſo deadly was his Hond.

XXIV.

With that, at him his beam-like Spear he aim'd,
And thereto all his Power and Might apply'd;
The wicked Steel for Miſchief firſt ordain'd,
And having now Misfortune got for Guide,
Staid not, till it arrived in his Side,
And therein made a very grieſly Wound,
That Streams of Blood his Armour all bedy'd.
Much was he daunted with that direful Stound,
That ſcarce he himſelf upheld from falling in a Swound.

XXV.

Yet as he might, himſelf he ſoft withdrew
Out of the Field, that none perceiv'd it plain.
Then 'gan the part of Challengers anew
To range the Field, and Victor-like to reign,
That none againſt them Battel durſt maintain.
By that, the gloomy Evening on them fell,
That forced them from fighting to refrain,
And Trumpets Sound to ceaſe did them compell;
So *Satyrane* that Day was judg'd to bear the Bell.

XXVI.

The Morrow next the Turney 'gan anew,
And with the firſt the hardy *Satyrane*
Appear'd in place, with all his noble Crew:
On th' other ſide, full many a warlike Swain
Aſſembled were, that glorious Prize to gain.
But 'mongſt them all, was not Sir *Triamond*,
Unable he new Battel to darrain,
Thro Grievance of his late received Wound,
That doubly did him grieve, when ſo himſelf he found.

XX

XXVII.

Cambel ſeeing, tho he could not ſalve,
undo, yet for to ſalve his name,
chaſe Honour in his Friends behalve,
idly Counterfeſaunce he did frame.
eld and Arms well known to be the ſame,
Triamond had worn, unwares to Wight,
is Friend unwiſt, for doubt of Blame,
ſ-did; he on himſelf did dight,
could him diſcern, and ſo went forth to fight.

XXVIII.

atyrane, Lord of the Field, he found,
ding in great Joy and Jollity;
whom none able was to ſtand on ground:
ich he 'gan his Glory to envy,
t' avenge his Friends Indignity.
y Spear eſtſoons at him he bent;
ing him come on ſo furiouſly,
i mid-way with equal Hart[illegible]nt,
dly to ground they both together went.

XXIX.

again themſelves 'gan lightly rear,
heir tried Swords themſelves betake;
hich they wrought ſuch wondrous Marvels there,
the reſt it did amazed make,
dar'd their Peril to partake;
ling cloſe, now chaſing to and fro,
rtling round, advantage for to take:
wild Boars together grapling go,
nd foaming Choler, each againſt his Foe.

XXX.

ey cours'd, and turney'd here and there,
ic'd Sir *Satyrane* his Steed at laſt,
r thro foundring or thro ſudden Fear,
ble, that his Rider nigh he caſt;
Vantage *Cambel* did purſue ſo faſt,
r himſelf he had recover'd well,
ne ſous'd him on the compaſs'd Creaſt,
rced *him to leave his lofty Sell,*
tumbling down under his Horſe-feet fell.

XXXI.

Lightly *Cambello* leapt down from his Steed,
For to have rent his Shield and Arms away,
That whilom wont to be the Victor's Meed:
When all unwares he felt an hideous Sway
Of many Swords that Load on him did lay.
An hundred Knights had him encloſed round,
To reſcue *Satyrane* out of his Prey;
All which at once huge Strokes on him did pound,
In hope to take him Priſoner, where he ſtood on grou

XXXII.

He with their Multitude was nought diſmay'd,
But with ſtout Courage turn'd upon them all,
And with his Brondiron round about him lay'd;
Of which he dealt large Alms, as did befal:
Like as a Lion that by chaunce doth fall,
Into the Hunter's Toil, doth rage and roar,
In royal Heart diſdaining to be thrall;
But all in vain: [illegible]what might one do more?
They have him ta[illegible]Captive, tho it grieve him ſore.

XXXIII.

Whereof when Newe to *Triamond* was brought,
There as he lay, his Wound he ſoon forgot;
And ſtarting up, ſtraight for his Armour ſought:
In vain he ſought; for there he found it not;
Cambello it away before had got:
Cambello's Arms therefore he on him threw,
And lightly iſſu'd forth to take his lot.
There he in Troop found all that warlike Crew,
Leading his Friend away, full ſorry to his View.

XXXIV.

Into the thickeſt of that knightly Preſs
He thruſt, and ſmote down all that was between,
Carry'd with fervent Zeal; ne did he ceaſe,
Till that he came where he had *Cambel* ſeen,
Like captive Thrall two other Knights atween,
There he amongſt them cruel Havock makes;
That they which lead him, ſoon enforced been
To let him looſe to ſave their proper Stakes:
Who being freed, from one a Weapon fiercely taken.

XXXV.

, that he drives at them with dreadful Might,
in Remembrance of his Friend's late Harm,
in Revengement of his own Deſpight;
ith together give a new Alarm,
but now the Battle wexed warm.
hen two greedy Wolves do break by Force
an Herd, far from the Huſband Farm,
ſpoil and ravin without all Remorſe;
heſe two, thro all the Field, their Fees enforce.

XXXVI.

ely they follow'd on their bold Emprize,
Trumpets Sound did warn them all to reſt;
all with one Conſent did yield the Prize
riamond and *Cambel* as the beſt.
Triamond to *Cambel* it releas'd,
Cambel it to *Triamond* transfer'd;
labouring t' advance the other's Geſt,
make his Praiſe before his own prefer'd:
the Doom was to another day defer'd.

XXXVII.

laſt day came, when all thoſe Knights again
ibled were, their Deeds of Arms to ſhew.
many Deeds that day were ſhewed plain:
atyrane 'bove all the other Crew,
ondrous Worth declar'd in all Mens view;
om the firſt he to the laſt endur'd:
ho ſome while Fortune from him withdrew,
vermore his Honour he recur'd,
h unweary'd Power his Party ſtill aſſur'd.

XXXVIII.

as there Knight that ever thought of Arms,
iat his utmoſt Proweſs there made known,
by their many Wounds, and careleſs Harms,
ver'd Spears, and Swords all under ſtrown,
itter'd Shields was eaſy to be ſhown.
: might ye ſee looſe Steeds at random run,
e luckleſs Riders late were overthrown;
iquires make haſte to help their Lords fordone:
the Knights of Maidenhead the better won.

XXXIX.

For ſalvage Wight, and thereto well
His Word, which on his ragged Shiel
Salvageſſe ſans Fineſſe, ſhewing ſecret V

XL.

He at his firſt in-coming, charg'd his
At him that firſt appeared in his ſig
That was to weet, the ſtout Sir *Sang*
Who well was known to be a valian
Approved of in many a perlous Figh
Him at the firſt Encounter down he
And over-bore beyond his Crouper q
And after him another Knight, tha
Sir *Brianor* ſo ſore, that none him Lif

XLI.

Then e'er his Hand he rear'd, he
Seven Knights, one after other as
And when his Spear was bruſt, his
The Inſtrument of Wrath, and wit
Far'd like a Lion in his bloody
Hewing, and ſlaſhing Shields, and
And beating down whatever nigh
That every one 'gan ſhun his dread

XLIII.

Thus was Sir *Satyrane*, with all his Band,
By his ſole Manhood and Atchivement ſtout
Diſmay'd, that none of them in Field durſt ſtand,
But beaten were, and chaſed all about.
So he continu'd all that day throughout,
Till Evening, that the Sun 'gan downward bend.
Then ruſhed forth out of the thickeſt Rout
A Stranger Knight, that did his Glory ſhend:
So nought may be eſteemed happy till the end.

XLIV.

He at his Entrance charg'd his powerful Spear
At *Arthegal*, in middeſt of his Pride;
And therewith ſmote him on his Umbriere
So ſore, that tumbling back, he down did ſlide
Over his Horſe's Tail above a ſtride;
Whence little luſt he had to riſe again.
Which *Cambel* ſeeing, much the ſame envy'd,
And ran at him with all his might and main;
But ſhortly was likewiſe ſeen lying on the Plain.

XLV.

Whereat full inly wroth was *Triamond*,
And caſt t' avenge the Shame done to his Friend:
But by his Friend, himſelf eke ſoon he fond
In no leſs need of Help, than him he ween'd.
All which when *Blandamore*, from end to end
Beheld, he wox therewith diſpleaſed ſore,
And thought in mind it ſhortly to amend:
His Spear he feutred, and at him it bore;
But with no better Fortune than the reſt afore.

XLVI.

Full many others at him likewiſe ran:
But all of them likewiſe diſmounted were.
Ne certes wonder; for no Power of Man
Could bide the Force of that enchanted Spear,
The which this famous *Britomart* did bear;
With which ſhe wondrous Deeds of Arms atchiev'd,
And overthrew whatever came her near,
That all *thoſe Stranger Knights* full ſore agriev'd,
And that late weaker Band of Challengers reliev'd.

XLVII.

XLVII.

Like as in Summer's-day, when raging Heat
Doth burn the Earth, and boiled Rivers dry,
That all brute Beasts forc'd to refrain from Meat,
Do hunt for Shade, where shrouded they may lie,
And missing it, fain from themselves to fly;
All Travellers tormented are with Pain:
A watry Cloud doth overcast the Sky,
And poureth forth a sudden Shower of Rain,
That all the wretched World recomforteth again.

XLVIII.

So did the warlike *Britomart* restore
The Prize to Knights of Maidenhead that day
(Which else was like to have been lost) and bore
The Praise of Prowess from them all away.
Then shrilling Trumpets loudly 'gan to bray,
And bad them leave their Labours and long Toil,
To joyous Feast and other gentle Play,
Where Beauty's Prize should win that precious Spoil:
Where I with Sound of Trump will also rest awhile.

CANTO V.

The Ladies for the Girdle ſtrive
Of famous Florimel.
Scudamore, *coming to Care's Houſe,*
Doth Sleep from him expel.

I.

T hath been thro all Ages ever ſeen,
That with the Prize of Arms and Chevalry,
ıe Prize of Beauty ſtill hath joined been;
ıd that for Reaſons ſpecial Privity:
r either doth on other much rely.
r he me ſeems moſt fit the Fair to ſerve,
ıat can her beſt defend from Villany;
ıd ſhe moſt fit his Service doth deſerve,
faireſt is, and from her Faith will never ſwerve.

II.

fitly now here cometh next in place,
ter the Proof of Proweſs ended well,
ıe Controverſe of Beauty's ſovereign Grace;
which to her that doth the moſt excel,
ıall fall the Girdle of fair *Florimel:*
hat many wiſh to win for Glory vain,
ıd not for vertuous Uſe, which ſome do tell
hat glorious Belt did in it ſelf contain,
ch Ladies ought to love, and ſeek for to obtain.

III.

hat Girdle gave the Vertue of chaſte Love,
ıd Wivehood true, to all that did it bear;
ıt whoſoever contrary doth prove,
light not the ſame about her Middle wear,
ıt it would looſe, or elſe aſunder tear.
hilom it was (as Fairies wont report)
ame *Venus'* Girdle, by her 'ſteemed dear,
hat time ſhe us'd to live in wively ſort;
laid aſide, when ſo ſhe us'd her looſer Sport.

IV.

Her Husband Vulcan, whilom for her ſake,
When firſt he loved her with Heart entire,
This precious Ornament they ſay did make,
And wrought in *Lemnos* with unquenched Fire;
And afterwards did for her Love's firſt Hire,
Give it to her for ever to remain,
Therewith to bind laſcivious Deſire,
And looſe Affections ſtreightly to reſtrain;
Which Vertue it for ever after did retain.

V.

The ſame one day, (when ſhe her ſelf diſpos'd
To viſit her beloved Paramour,
The God of War,) ſhe from her Middle loos'd,
And left behind her in her ſecret Bower,
On *Acidalian* Mount, where many an hour
She with the pleaſant *Graces* wont to play.
There *Florimel*, in her firſt Age's Flower,
Was foſter'd by thoſe *Graces* (as they ſay)
And brought with her from thence that goodly Belt away.

VI.

That goodly Belt was *Ceſtus* hight by Name,
And as her Life by her eſteemed dear.
No wonder then, if that to win the ſame
So many Ladies fought, as ſhall appear;
For peerleſs ſhe was thought, that did it bear.
And now by this, their Feaſt all being ended,
The Judges, which thereto ſelected were,
Into the Martian Field adown deſcended,
To deem this doubtful Caſe, for which they all contended.

VII.

But firſt was queſtion made, which of thoſe Knights
That lately turney'd, had the Waper won:
There was it judged by thoſe worthy Wights,
That *Satyrane* the firſt day beſt had done:
For he laſt ended, having firſt begun.
The ſecond was to *Triamond* behight,
For that he ſav'd the Victor from fordone:
For Cambel Victor was in all Mens ſight,
But by miſhap he in his Foe-mens hand did light.

VIII.

VIII.

The third Day's Prize unto that Stranger Knight,
Whom all Men term'd Knight of the Hebene Spear,
To *Britomart* was given by good right;
For that with puiſſant Stroke ſhe down did bear
The *Salvage* Knight, that Victor was whileare,
And all the reſt, which had the beſt afore,
And to the laſt unconquer'd did appear;
For laſt is deemed beſt. To her therefore
ıe faireſt Lady was adjudg'd for Paramour.

IX.

But thereat greatly grudged *Arthegal*,
And much repin'd, that both of Victor's Meed,
And eke of Honour ſhe did him foreſtal.
Yet mote he not withſtand what was decreed;
But inly thought of that deſpightful Deed
Fit time t' await avenged for to be.
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
The next enſu'd the Paragon to ſee
Beauty's Praiſe, and yield the Faireſt her due Fee.

X.

Then firſt *Cambello* brought unto their View
His fair *Cambina*, cover'd with a Veil;
Which being once withdrawn, moſt perfect Hue
And paſſing Beauty did eſtſoons reveal,
That able was weak Hearts away to ſteal.
Next did Sir *Triamond*, unto their ſight,
The Face of his dear *Canacee* unheal;
Whoſe Beauty's Beam eſtſoons did ſhine ſo bright,
hat daz'd the Eyes of all, as with exceeding Light.

XI.

And after her did *Paridel* produce
His falſe *Dueſſa*, that ſhe might be ſeen;
Who with her forged Beauty did ſeduce
The Hearts of ſome, that faireſt her did ween;
As diverſe Wits affected diverſe been.
Then did Sir *Ferramont* unto them ſhew
His *Lucida*, that was full fair and ſheen:
And after theſe an hundred Ladies moe.
ppear'd *in place, the which* each other did out-go.

XII.

All which who-so sure thinks for to enchate,
Him needeth sure a golden Pen, I ween,
To tell the Feature of each goodly Face.
For since the Day that they created been,
So many heavenly Faces were not seen
Assembled in one Place: he he that thought
For *Cheap* Folk to pourtruict Beauty's Queen,
By View of all the fairest to him brought,
So many fair did see, as here he might have sought.

XIII.

At last, the most redoubted *Britoness*,
Her lovely *Amoret* did open shew;
Whose Face discover'd, plainly did express
The heavenly Pourtraict of bright Angels Hue.
Well weened all, which her that time did view,
That she should surely bear the Bell away,
Till *Blandamore*, who thought he had the true
And very *Florimel*, did her display:
The Sight of whom once seen, did all the rest dismay.

XIV.

For all afore that seemed fair and bright,
Now base and contemptible did appear,
Compar'd to her, that shone as *Phebe*'s Light
Amongst the lesser Stars in Evening clear.
All that her saw with Wonder ravish'd were,
And ween'd no mortal Creature she should be,
But some celestial Shape, that Flesh did bear:
Yet all were glad there *Florimel* to see;
Yet thought that *Florimel* was not so fair as she.

XV.

As guileful Goldsmith, that by secret Skill,
With golden Foil doth finely over-spred
Some baser Metal, which commend he will
Unto the Vulgar for good Gold insted,
He much more goodly Gloss thereon doth shed,
To hide his Falshood, than if it were true:
So hard this Idol was to be ared,
That [illegible] her self, in all Mens View,
[illegible] pass: so forged things do fairest shew.

XV

XVI.

was that golden Belt, by doom of all,
ated to her, as to the faireſt Dame.
h being brought, about her Middle ſmall
thought to gird, as beſt it her became;
y no means they could it thereto frame.
ver as they faſtned it, it loos'd
ell away, as feeling ſecret blame.
oft about her Waiſt ſhe it enclos'd;
s oft was from about her Waſte diſclos'd.

XVII.

all Men wondred at the uncouth ſight,
each one thought, as to their Fancies came,
he herſelf did think it done for ſpight,
touched was with ſecret Wrath and Shame
ewith, as thing devis'd her to defame.
many other Ladies likewiſe try'd,
t their tender Loins to knit the ſame;
t would not on none of them abide,
n they thought it faſt, eſtſoons it was unty'd.

XVIII.

:h when that ſcornful *Squire of Dames* did view,
oudly 'gan to laugh and thus to jeſt;
! for pity that ſo fair a Crew,
ke cannot be ſeen from Eaſt to Weſt,
ot find one this Girdle to inveſt!
n the Man, that did it firſt invent,
hame us all with this, *ungirt, unbleſt*:
ever Lady to his Love aſſent,
ath this day ſo many ſo unmanly ſhent.

XIX.

eat all Knights 'gan laugh, and Ladies loure;
that at laſt the gentle *Amoret*
wiſe aſſay'd, to prove that Girdle's Power;
having it about her middle ſet,
ind it fit, withouten Breach or Let.
reat the reſt 'gan greatly to envy:
Florimel exceedingly did fret,
ſnatching from her Hand half angrily
It again, about her Body 'gan it tie.

XX.

Yet nathemore would it her Body fit;
Yet natheleſs to her, as her due Right,
It yielded was by them, that judged it:
And ſhe her ſelf adjudged to the Knight,
That bore the Hebene Spear, as won in Fight.
But *Britomart* would not thereto aſſent,
Ne her own *Amoret* forgo ſo light,
For that ſtrange Dame, whoſe Beauty's Wonderment
She leſs eſteem'd, than th' other's vertuous Government.

XXI.

Whom when the reſt did ſee her to refuſe,
They were full glad, in hopes themſelves to get her:
Yet at her Choice they all did greatly muſe.
But after that, the Judges did arret her
Unto the ſecond beſt, that lov'd her better;
That was the *Salvage* Knight: but he was gone
In great Diſpleaſure, that he could not get her.
Then was ſhe judged *Triamond* his own;
But *Triamond* lov'd *Canacee*, and other none.

XXII.

Tho unto *Satyrane* ſhe was adjudg'd,
Who was right glad to gain ſo goodly Meed:
But *Blandamore* thereat full greatly grudg'd,
And little prais'd his Labours evil ſpeed,
That for to win the Saddle, loſt the Steed.
Ne leſs thereat did *Paridel* complain,
And though t' appeal from that which was decreed,
To ſingle Combat with Sir *Satyrane*:
Thereto him *Ate* ſtir'd, new Diſcord to maintain.

XXIII.

And eke with theſe, full many other Knights
She thro her wicked Working did incenſe,
Her to demaund, and challenge as their Rights,
Deſerved for their Perils Recompence.
Amongſt the reſt, with boaſtful vain Pretence,
Stept *Braggadochio* forth, and as his Thrall
Her claim'd, by him in Battel won long ſince:
Whereto her ſelf he did to witneſs call;
Who being [illegible] accordingly, confeſſed all.

XXIV

XXIV.

Thereat exceeding wroth was *Satyrane*;
And wroth with *Satyrane* was *Blandamore*;
And wroth with *Blandamore* was *Erivan*;
And at them both Sir *Paridel* did lour.
So all together ſtir'd up ſtrifeful Stour,
And ready were new Battel to darrain.
Each one profeſs'd to be her Paramour,
And vow'd with Spear and Shield it to maintain;
Ne Judge's Power, ne Reaſon's Rule mote them reſtrain.

XXV.

Which troublous Stir, when *Satyrane* aviz'd,
He 'gan to caſt how to appeaſe the ſame;
And to accord them all, this means deviz'd:
Firſt in the midſt to ſet that faireſt Dame,
To whom each one his Challenge ſhould diſclaim,
And he himſelf his Right would eke releaſe:
Then look to whom ſhe voluntary came,
He ſhould without Diſturbance her poſſeſs:
Sweet is the Love that comes along with Willingneſs.

XXVI.

They all agreed: and then that ſnowy Maid
Was in the middeſt plac'd among them all;
All on her gazing wiſh'd, and vow'd, and pray'd,
And to the Queen of Beauty cloſe did call,
That ſhe unto their Portion might befal.
Then when ſhe long had look'd upon each one,
As tho ſhe wiſhed to have pleaſed them all,
At laſt to *Braggadochio*' ſelf alone
She came of her accord, in ſpight of all his Fone.

XXVII.

Which when they all beheld, they chaf'd and rag'd,
And wox nigh mad for very Heart's Deſpight,
That from Revenge their Wills they ſcarce aſſuag'd;
Some thought from him her to have reft by Might;
Some Proffer made with him for her to fight.
But he nought car'd for all that they could ſay:
For he their Words as Wind eſteemed light.
Yet not fit *place he thought* it there to ſtay,
But ſecretly from thence that Night her bore away.

XXVIII.

They which remain'd, ſo ſoon as they perceiv'd
That ſhe was gone, departed thence with Speed,
And follow'd them, in mind her to have reav'd
From Wight unworthy of ſo noble Meed:
In which Purſuit how each one did ſucceed,
Shall elſe be told in order, as it fell.
But now of *Britomart* it here doth need
The hard Adventures and ſtrange Haps to tell;
Since with the reſt ſhe went not after *Florimel*.

XXIX.

For ſoon as ſhe them ſaw to Diſcord ſet,
Her liſt no longer in that place abide;
But taking with her lovely *Amoret*,
Upon her firſt Adventure forth did ride,
To ſeek her Love, making blind Love her Guide.
Unlucky Maid, to ſeek her Enemy!
Unlucky Maid, to ſeek him far and wide,
Whom, when he was unto her ſelf moſt nigh,
She thro his late Diſguiſement could him not deſcry.

XXX.

So much the more her Grief, the more her Toil:
Yet neither Toil nor Grief ſhe once did ſpare,
In ſeeking him, that ſhould her Pain aſſoil;
Whereto great Comfort in her ſad Misfare
Was *Amoret*, Companion of her Care:
Who likewiſe ſought her Lover long miſ-went,
The gentle *Scudamore*, whoſe Heart whileare
That ſtrifeful Hag with jealous Diſcontent
Had fill'd, that he to fell Revenge was fully bent.

XXXI.

Bent to revenge on blameleſs *Britomart*
The Crime, which curſed *Ate* kindled earſt,
The which like Thorns did prick his jealous Heart,
And thro his Soul like poiſoned Arrow pierc'd,
That by no Reaſon it might be revers'd,
For ought that *Glauce* could, or do, or ſay.
For ay, the more that ſhe the ſame rehears'd,
The more it gaul'd, and griev'd him Night and Day,
That nought but dire Revenge his Anger mote defray.

XXXII

XXXII.

travelled, the drooping Night,
ith cloudy Storm and bitter Shower,
ıdful ſeem'd to every living Wight,
n fell, before her timely Hour;
ed them to ſeek ſome covert Bower,
ey might hide their Heads in quiet Reſt,
.d their Perſons from that ſtormy Stour.
vay, not meet for any Gueſt,
ı little Cottage, like ſome poor Man's Neſt.

XXXIII.

eep Hill's Side it placed was,
ere the moulder'd Earth had cav'd the Bank;
eſide a little Brook did paſs
Water, that like puddle ſtank;
few crooked Sallows grew in rank:
ıpproaching nigh, they heard the Sound
ron Hammers beating rank,
:ring their weary Turns around,
ſome Blackſmith dwelt in that deſert Ground.

XXXIV.

ring in, they found the Goodman ſelf,
unto his Work ybent;
to weet, a wretched wearish Elf,
ow Eyes and raw-bone Cheeks forſpent,
ıad in Priſon long been pent:
and grieſly did his Face appear,
with Smoke that nigh his Eye-ſight blent;
ed Beard, and hoary ſhagged Hair,
e never wont to comb, or comely ſhear.

XXXV.

his Garment, and to Rags all rent,
had he, ne for better car'd:
:r'd Hands emongſt the Cinders brent,
:s filthy, with long Nails unpar'd,
o rend the Food, on which he far'd.
was *Care*; a Blackſmith by his Trade,
ıer Day nor Night from working ſpar'd,
ll purpoſe iron Wedges made;
uiet Thoughts, that careful Minds inve[illegible]

XLIV.

With that, the wicked Carle, the Maſter Smith,
A Pair of red-hot iron Tongs did take
Out of the burning Cinders, and therewith
Under his Side him nipt; that forc'd to wake,
He felt his Heart for very Pain to quake,
And ſtarted up avenged for to be
On him, the which his quiet Slumber brake:
Yet looking round about him none could ſee;
Yet did the Smart remain, tho he himſelf did flee.

XLV.

In ſuch Diſquiet and heart-fretting Pain,
He all that Night, that too long Night did paſs.
And now the Day out of the Ocean Main
Began to peep above this earthly Maſs,
With pearly Dew ſprinkling the morning Graſs:
Then up he roſe like heavy Lump of Lead;
That in his Face, as in a Looking-glaſs,
The Signs of Anguiſh one mote plainly read,
And gueſs the Man to be diſmay'd with jealous Dread.

XLVI.

Unto his lofty Steed he clombe anone,
And forth upon his former Voyage far'd,
And with him eke that aged Squire attone;
Who, whatſoever Peril was prepar'd,
Both equal Pains, and equal Peril ſhar'd:
The End whereof and dangerous Event,
Shall for another Canticle be ſpar'd.
But here my weary Teem nigh over-ſpent,
Shall breathe it ſelf awhile, after ſo long a went.

CAN

CANTO VI.

Both Scudamore *and* Arthegal
Do fight with Britomart:
He ſees her Face, doth fall in Love,
And ſoon from her depart.

I.

WHAT equal Torment to the Grief of Mind,
And pining Anguiſh hid in gentle Heart,
it inly feeds it ſelf with Thoughts unkind,
l nouriſheth her own conſuming Smart?
at Medicine can any Leech's Art
ld ſuch a Sore, that doth her Grievance hide,
l will to none her Malady impart?
h was the Wound that *Scudamore* did gride:
hich, *Dan Phœbus'* ſelf cannot a Salve provide.

II.

o, having left that reſtleſs Houſe of *Care*,
: next day, as he on his way did ride,
l of Melancholy, and ſad Misfare,
ro Miſ-conceit; all unawares eſpy'd
armed Knight under a Foreſt ſide,
ing in Shade beſide his grazing Steed;
o ſoon as them approaching he deſcry'd,
n towards them to prick with eager Speed,
ſeem'd he was full bent to ſome miſchievous Deed.

III.

ich *Scudamore* perceiving, forth iſſu'd
have rencounter'd him in equal Race;
ſoon as th' other, nigh approaching, view'd
e Arms he bore, his Spear he 'gan abaſe,
d void his Courſe: at which ſo ſudden Caſe
wonder'd much. But th' other thus 'gan ſay;
! gentle *Scudamore*, unto your Grace
e ſubmit, and of you Pardon pray,
almoſt *had againſt you* treſpaſſed this Day.

IV.

Whereto, thus *Scudamore*; Small Harm it were
For any Knight, upon a ventrous Knight
Without Diſpleaſance for to prove his Spear.
But read you Sir, ſith ye my Name have hight,
What is your own? that I mote you requite.
Certes, ſaid he, ye mote as now excuſe
Me from diſcovering you my Name aright:
For time yet ſerves that I the ſame refuſe,
But call ye me the *Salvage Knight*, as others uſe.

V.

Then this Sir *Salvage Knight*, quoth he, areed;
Or do you here within this Foreſt wonne?
(That ſeemeth well to anſwer to your weed)
Or have ye it for ſome Occaſion done?
That rather ſeems, ſith knowen Arms ye ſhun.
This other day, ſaid he, a Stranger Knight
Shame and Diſhonour hath unto me done;
On whom I wait to wreak that foul Deſpight,
Whenever he this way ſhall paſs by day or night.

VI.

Shame be his Meed, quoth he, that meaneth Shame
But what is he, by whom ye ſhamed were?
A Stranger Knight, ſaid he, unknown by Name,
But known by Fame, and by an Hebene Spear,
With which, he all that met him, down did bear.
He in an open Turney lately held,
From me the Honour of that Game did rear;
And having me, all weary earſt, down feld,
The faireſt Lady reft, and ever ſince with-held.

VII.

When *Scudamore* heard mention of that Spear,
He wiſt right well, that it was *Britomart*,
The which from him his faireſt Love did bear.
Tho 'gan he ſwell in every inner Part,
For fell Deſpight, and gnaw his jealous Heart,
That thus he ſharply ſaid; Now by my Head,
Yet is not this the firſt unknightly Part,
Which that ſame Knight, whom by his Launce I rea
[illegible] *to noble* Knights, that many make him di

VIII.

For lately he my Love hath from me reft,
And eke defiled with foul Villany
The ſacred Pledge, which in his Faith was left,
In ſhame of Knighthood and Fidelity;
The which e'er long full dear he ſhall aby.
And if to that Avenge by you decreed
This Hand may help, or Succour ought ſupply,
It ſhall not fail, when-ſo ye ſhall it need.
So both to wreak their Wraths on *Britomart* agreed.

IX.

While thus they communed, lo far away
A Knight ſoft riding towards them they ſpy'd,
Attir'd in foreign Arms and ſtrange Array:
Whom when they nigh approach'd, they plain deſcry'd
To be the ſame, for whom they did abide.
Said then Sir *Scudamore*, Sir *Salvage* Knight,
Let me this crave, ſith firſt I was defy'd,
That firſt I may that Wrong to him requite:
And if I hap to fail, you ſhall recure my Right.

X.

Which being yielded, he his threatful Spear
'Gan fewter, and againſt her fiercely ran.
Who ſoon as ſhe him ſaw approaching near
With ſo fell Rage, her ſelf ſhe lightly 'gan
To dight, to welcome him, well as ſhe can:
But entertain'd him in ſo rude a wiſe,
That to the ground ſhe ſmote both Horſe and Man;
Whence neither greatly haſted to ariſe,
But on their common Harms together did deviſe.

XI.

But *Artegal*, beholding his Miſchaunce,
New Matter added to his former Fire;
And eft aventring his ſteel-headed Launce,
Againſt her rode, full of diſpiteous Ire,
That nought but Spoil and Vengeance did require.
But to himſelf his felonous Intent
Returning, diſappointed his Deſire,
Whiles unawares *his* Saddle he forwent,
And found himſelf on ground in great Amazement.

XII.

Lightly he ſtarted up out of that Stound;
And ſnatching forth his direful deadly Blade,
Did leap to her, as doth an eager Hound
Thruſt to an Hind within ſome covert Glade,
Whom without Peril he cannot invade.
With ſuch fell Greedineſs he her aſſail'd,
That tho ſhe mounted were, yet he her made
To give him ground (ſo much his Force prevail'd)
And ſhun his mighty Strokes, 'gainſt which no Arms avail'd.

XIII.

So as they courſed here and there, it chaunc'd,
That in her wheeling round, behind her Creſt
So ſorely he her ſtrook, that thence it glaunc'd
Adown her Back, the which it fairly bleſt
From foul Miſchaunce; ne did it ever reſt,
Till on her Horſe's hinder Parts it fell;
Where biting deep, ſo deadly it impreſs'd,
That quite it chin'd his Back behind the Sell,
And to alight on foot her algates did compel.

XIV.

Like as the lightning Brond from riven Sky,
Thrown out by angry *Jove* in his Vengeaunce,
With dreadful Force falls on ſome Steeple high;
Which battring, down it on the Church doth glaunce,
And tears it with all terrible Miſchaunce.
Yet ſhe no whit diſmay'd, her Steed forſook,
And caſting from her that enchaunted Launce,
Unto her Sword and Shield her ſoon betook;
And therewithal at him right furiouſly ſhe ſtrook.

XV.

So furiouſly ſhe ſtrook in her firſt Heat,
Whiles with long Fight on foot he breathleſs was,
That ſhe him forced backward to retreat,
And yield unto her Weapon way to paſs:
Whoſe raging Rigour neither Steel nor Braſs
Could ſtay, but to the tender Fleſh it went,
And pour'd the purple Blood forth on the Graſs;
[illegible] all his Mail yriv'd, and Plates yrent,
[illegible] all his Body bare unto the cruel Dent.

XVI

XVI.

ngth, when-as he ſaw her haſty Heat
e, and panting Breath begin to fail,
hro long Sufferance growing now more great,
in his Strength, and 'gan her freſh aſſail,
ing huge Strokes, as thick as Shower of Hail,
laſhing dreadfully at every Part,
f he thought her Soul to diſentrail.
cruel Hand, and thrice more cruel Heart,
dik'ſt ſuch Wreck on her, to whom thou deareſt art.

XVII.

t iron Courage ever could endure,
ork ſuch Outrage on ſo fair a Creature?
in his Madneſs think with Hands impure
poil ſo goodly Workmanſhip of Nature,
Maker ſelf reſembling in her Feature?
:s, ſome helliſh Fury, or ſome Fiend
Miſchief fram'd, for their firſt Love's Defeature,
athe their Hands in Blood of deareſt Friend,
y to make their Love's Beginning, their Live's End.

XVIII.

long they trac'd, and travers'd to and fro,
:times purſuing, and ſometimes purſu'd,
as advantage they eſpy'd thereto;
toward th' end, Sir *Artbegal* renew'd
ſtrength ſtill more, but ſhe ſtill more decrew'd.
ift, his luckleſs Hand he heav'd on high,
ng his Forces all in one accru'd;
therewith ſtrook at her ſo hideouſly,
emed nought but Death mote be her Deſtiny.

XIX.

wicked Stroke upon her Helmet chaunc'd,
with the Force, which in it ſelf it bore,
Ventail ſhar'd away, and thence forth glaunc'd
rn in vain, ne harm'd her any more.
that, her Angel's Face (unſeen afore)
to the ruddy Morn appear'd in ſight,
ed with ſilver Drops, thro ſweating ſore;
omewhat redder than beſeem'd aright,
ilſom Heat, and Labour of her weary

XX.

And round about the ſame, her yellow Hair
Having thro ſtirring loos'd their wonted Band,
Like to a golden Border did appear,
Framed in Goldſmith's Forge with cunning H
Yet Goldſmith's Cunning could not underſtan
To frame ſuch ſubtle Wire, ſo ſhiny clear.
For it did gliſter like the golden Sand,
The which *Pactolus* with his Waters ſheer,
Throws forth upon the Rivage round about him

XXI.

And as his Hand he up again did rear,
Thinking to work on her his utmoſt Wrack,
His powerleſs Arm benumb'd with ſecret Fea
From his revengeful Purpoſe ſhrunk aback;
And cruel Sword out of his Fingers ſlack
Fell down to ground, as if the Steel had Sen
And felt ſome Ruth, or Senſe his Hand did l
Or both of them did think, Obedience
To do to ſo divine a Beauty's Excellence.

XXII.

And he himſelf, long gazing thereupon,
At laſt fell humbly down upon his Knee,
And of his Wonder made Religion,
Weening ſome heavenly Goddeſs he did ſee,
Or elſe unweeting what it elſe might be;
And Pardon her beſought his Error frail,
That had done Outrage in ſo high degree:
Whilſt trembling Horrour did his Senſe aſſ
And made each Member quake, and manly He

XXIII.

Nath'leſs, ſhe full of Wrath for that late St
All that long while up-held her wrathful H
With fell Intent, on him to been yroke,
And looking ſtern, ſtill over him did ſtand,
Threatning to ſtrike, unleſs he would withſt
And bade him riſe, or ſurely he ſhould die.
But die or live, for nought he would up-ſtan
B[illegible] her Pardon pray'd more earneſtly,
O[illegible] *him her* Will for ſo great Injury.

XXIV.

hen-as *Scudamore*, who now abray'd,
'hereas he ſtood not far aſide,
ierewith right wondrouſly diſmay'd:
ing nigh, when-as he plain deſcry'd
leſs Pattern of Dame Nature's Pride,
enly Image of Perfection,
imſelf, as one ſore terrify'd;
ng his Fear to faint Devotion,
her as ſome celeſtial Viſion.

XXV.

e, ſeeing all that chaunced there,
ting how their Error to aſſoil,
of ſo good End, to them drew near,
alew'd with ſeemly Bel-Accoil,
ſee her ſafe after long Toil.
beſought, as ſhe to her was dear,
unto thoſe Warriors truce awhile;
elded, they their Bevers up did rear,
themſelves to her, ſuch as indeed they were.

XXVI.

itomart, with ſharp avizeful Eye,
e lovely Face of *Arthegal*,
with Sternneſs and ſtout Majeſty,
eftſoons it to her Mind to call,
ſame which in her Father's Hall
in that enchaunted Glaſs ſhe ſaw.
her wrathful Courage 'gan appall,
hty Spirits meekly to adaw,
haunced Hand ſhe down 'gan ſoft withdraw.

XXVII.

forc'd to have again up-held,
g Choler, which was turn'd to Cold:
vhen his Viſage ſhe beheld,
fell down, and would no longer hold
aful Weapon 'gainſt his Count'nance bold.
in vain to fight ſhe oft aſſay'd,
her Tongue, and thought at him to ſc[illegible]
her *Tongue* not to her Will obey'd,
orth Speeches mild, when ſhe [illegible]

XXVII.

But *Scudamore*, now woxen inly glad,
That all his jealous Fear he falſe had found,
And how that Hag his Love abuſed had
With Breach of Faith, and Loyalty unſound,
The which long time his grieved Heart did wound,
Her thus beſpake; Certes, Sir *Arthegal*,
I joy to ſee you lout ſo low on ground,
And now become to live a Lady's Thrall,
That whilom in your Mind went to deſpiſe them all.

XXIX.

Soon as ſhe heard the Name of *Arthegal*,
Her Heart did leap, and all her Heart-ſtrings tremble,
For ſudden Joy, and ſecret Fear withall,
And all her vital Powers with Motion nimble,
To ſuccour it, themſelves 'gan there aſſemble;
That by the ſwift Recourſe of fluſhing Blood
Right plain appear'd, tho ſhe it would diſſemble,
And feigned ſtill her former angry Mood,
Thinking to hide the Depth by troubling of the Flood.

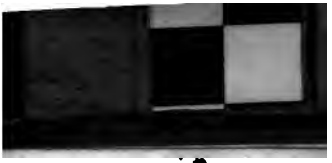
XXX.

When *Glauce* thus 'gan wiſely all up-knit;
Ye gentle Knights, whom Fortune here hath brought
To be Spectators of this uncouth Fit,
Which ſecret Fate hath in this Lady wrought,
Againſt the Courſe of Kind; ne marvel nought,
Ne henceforth fear the thing that hitherto
Hath troubled both your Minds with idle Thought,
Fearing leſt ſhe your Loves away ſhould wooe;
Feared in vain, ſith means ye ſee there wants thereto.

XXXI.

And you Sir *Arthegal*, the ſalvage Knight,
Henceforth may not diſdain, that Woman's Hand
Hath conquer'd you anew in ſecond Fight:
For whilom they have conquer'd Sea and Land,
And Heaven it ſelf, that nought may them withſtand.
Ne henceforth be rebellious unto Love,
That is the Crown of Knighthood, and the Band
Of noble Minds derived from above:
Which, being knit with Vertue, never will remove.

XXX



XXXII.

Knight, my deareſt Dame,
f your wrathful Will,
tter turn'd to other Flame;
nembrance of all Ill,
race; but ſo that he fulfil
ch ye ſhall to him impart:
muſt paſs by Sorrow's Hell.
ſhed *Britomart:*
iling, joy'd in ſecret Heart.

XXXIII.

ke Love ſo ſuddenly,
on of her Heart to draw
quite contrary:
Countenance he ſaw
full of princely Awe,
ancy did refrain,
to lawful Bounds with-draw;
grew more fierce and fain,
d whom ſtrong Hand would reſtrain.

XXXIV.

ſe Heart 'twixt doubtful Fear
g all this while ſuſpenſe,
et to hear
nd ſure Intelligence,
But, Sir, without Offence
Tidings of my Love,
her freed from thence,
long, great Woes did prove;
nay her ſeek, as doth behove.

XXXV.

mart; Certes, Sir Knight,
ne, or whither reft,
read aright.
I from Enchaunter's Theft
ye her all hopeleſs left,
Peril and from Fear,
Villany her kept:
ght to me more dear
I more true Love did bear.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Till on a day, as thro a Defart wild
We travelled, both weary of the way,
We did alight, and ſate in Shadow mild;
Where fearleſs I to ſleep me down did lay.
But when-as I did out of Sleep abray,
I found her not, where I her left whileare,
But thought ſhe wandred was, or gone aſtray.
I call'd her loud, I ſought her far and near;
But no where could her find, nor Tidings of her hear.

XXXVII.

When *Scudamore* thoſe heavy Tidings heard,
His Heart was thrill'd with point of deadly Fear;
Ne in his Face or Blood or Life appear'd,
But ſenſleſs ſtood, like to a mazed Steer,
That yet of mortal Stroke the Stound doth bear:
Till *Glauce* thus; Fair Sir, be nought diſmay'd
With needleſs Dread, till Certainty ye hear:
For yet ſhe may be ſafe, tho ſomewhat ſtray'd;
It's beſt to hope the beſt, tho of the worſt afraid.

XXXVIII.

Nath'leſs, he hardly of her chearful Speech
Did Comfort take, or in his troubled Sight
Shew'd Change of better Chear: ſo ſore a Breach
That ſudden News had made into his Spright;
Till *Britomart* him fairly thus behight;
Great cauſe of Sorrow, certes Sir ye have:
But Comfort take; for by this Heaven's Light
I vow, you dead or living not to leave,
Till I her find, and wreak on him that her did reave.

XXXIX.

Therewith he reſted, and well pleaſed was.
So Peace being confirm'd amongſt them all,
They took their Steeds, and forward thence did paſs
Unto ſome Reſting-place which mote befal;
All being guided by Sir *Arthegal*.
Where goodly Solace was unto them made,
A[illegible]ing both in Bower and Hall,
[illegible] their Wounds well healed had,
A[illegible]cur'd, after late Uſage bad.

XL.

In all which time, Sir *Arthegal* made way
Unto the Love of noble *Britomart*:
And with meek Service and much Suit did lay
Continual Siege unto her gentle Heart;
Which being whilom launc'd with lovely Dart,
More eath was new Impreſſion to receive,
However ſhe her pain'd with womaniſh Art
To hide her Wound, that none might it perceive:
ain is the Art that ſeeks it ſelf for to deceive.

XLI.

So well he woo'd her, and ſo well he wrought her,
With fair Entreaty and ſweet Blandiſhment,
That at the length unto a Bay he brought her,
So as ſhe to his Speeches was content
To lend an Ear, and ſoftly to relent:
At laſt, thro many Vows which forth he pour'd,
And many Oaths, ſhe yielded her Conſent
To be his Love, and take him for her Lord,
ill they with Marriage meet might finiſh that accord.

XLII.

Tho when they had long time there taken Reſt,
Sir *Arthegal* (who all this while was bound
Upon an hard Adventure yet in queſt)
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
To follow that, which he did long propound;
And unto her his Congee came to take.
But her therewith full ſore diſpleas'd he found,
And loth to leave her late betrothed Mate;
er deareſt Love full loth ſo ſhortly to forſake.

XLIII.

Yet he with ſtrong Perſuaſions her aſſuag'd,
And won her Will to ſuffer him depart;
For which his Faith with her he faſt engag'd,
And thouſand Vows from bottom of his Heart,
That all ſo ſoon as he by Wit or Art
Could that atchieve, whereto he did aſpire,
He unto her would ſpeedily revert:
No longer Space thereto he did deſire,
ut till the *horned Moon* three Courſes did expire.

XLIV.

With which she for the present was appeas'd,
And yielded Leave, however malecontent
She inly were, and in her Mind displeas'd.
So early on the morrow next he went
Forth on his way, to which he was ybent;
Ne Wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whilom was the Custom antient
'Mongst Knights, when on Adventures they did
Save that she algates him awhile accompany'd.

XLV.

And by the way, she sundry Purpose found
Of this or that, the time for to delay,
And of the Perils whereto he was bound,
The Fear whereof seem'd much her to affray:
But all she did was but to wear out Day.
Full oftentimes she Leave of him did take;
And eft again deviz'd somewhat to say,
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make:
So loth she was his Company for to forsake.

XLVI.

At last, when all her Speeches she had spent,
And new Occasion fail'd her more to find,
She left him to his Fortune's Government,
And back returned with right heavy Mind,
To *Scudamore*, whom she had left behind:
With whom she went to seek fair *Amoret*,
Her second Care, tho in another kind;
For Vertue's only sake (which doth beget
True Love and faithful Friendship) she by her did

XLVII.

Back to that desert Forest they retir'd,
Where sorry *Britomart* had lost her late;
There they her sought, and every where enqui
Where they might Tidings get of her Estate:
Yet found they none. But by what hapless Fa
Or hard Misfortune she was thence convey'd,
And [illegible] away from her beloved Mate,
[illegible] to tell; therefore I here will stay
[illegible] Tide, that I it finish may.

CANTO VII.

moret, rap'd by greedy Luſt,
Belphœbe ſaves from Dread:
he Squire her loves, and being blam'd,
His Days in Dole doth lead.

I.

REAT God of Love, that with thy cruel Darts
Doſt conquer greateſt Conquerors on ground,
ſet'ſt thy Kingdom in the captive Hearts
ings and Cæſars to thy Service bound,
t Glory, or what Guerdon haſt thou found
eble Ladies tyranning ſo ſore;
adding Anguiſh to the bitter Wound,
which their Lives thou launcedſt long afore,
ping Storms of Trouble on them daily more?

II.

hilom didſt thou to fair *Florimel*,
ſo unto the noble *Britomart*:
oft thou now to her, of whom I tell,
lovely *Amoret*; whoſe gentle Heart
u martyreſt with Sorrow and with Smart,
lvage Foreſts, and in Deſarts wide,
Bears and Tygers taking heavy part,
ouren Comfort, and withouten Guide;
t pity is to hear the Perils which ſhe try'd.

III.

on as ſhe, with that brave *Britoneſs*,
left that Turneyment for Beauty's Prize,
travel'd long; that now for Wearineſs,
of the way and warlike Exerciſe,
thro a Foreſt riding, did deviſe
light, and reſt their weary Limbs awhile.
e heavy Sleep the Eye-lids did ſurpriſe
ritomart after *long* tedious Toil,
d her paſſed Pains in quiet Reſt aſſoil.

IV.

The whiles fair *Amoret* (of nought affeard)
Walk'd thro the Wood for Pleaſure, or for l
When ſuddenly behind her back ſhe heard
One ruſhing forth out of the thickeſt Weed
That e'er ſhe back could turn to taken heed,
Had unawares her ſnatched up from Groun
Feebly ſhe ſhriek'd; but ſo feebly indeed,
That *Britomart* heard not the ſhrilling Sou
There where thro weary Travel ſhe lay ſleeping

V.

It was to weet, a wild and ſalvage Man;
Yet was no Man, but only like in Shape,
And eke in Stature higher by a Span,
All over-grown with Hair, that could awhap
An hardy Heart; and his wide Mouth did g
With huge great Teeth, like to a tuſked Bo
For he liv'd all on Ravin and on Rape
Of Men and Beaſts; and fed on fleſhly Gore
The Sign whereof yet ſtain'd his bloody Lips af

VI.

His neather Lip was not like Man nor Beaſt
But like a wide deep Poke, down hanging lo
In which he wont the Relicks of his Feaſt
And cruel Spoil, which he had ſpar'd, to ſt
And over it his huge great Noſe did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with Blood;
And down both Sides, two wide long Ears
And raught down to his Waſte, when up he
More great than th' Ears of Elephants by *Indu*

VII.

His Waſte was with a Wreath of Ivy green
Engirt about, ne other Garment wore:
For all his Hair was like a Garment ſeen;
And in his Hand a tall young Oak he bor
Whoſe knotty Snags were ſharpen'd all afo
And beath'd in Fire for Steel to be in ſted.
But whence he was, or of what Womb ybo
Of Beaſts, or of the Earth, I have not rea
[redacted] with Milk of Wolves and Ty

VIII.

y Creature in his Arms her ſnatch'd,
) the Foreſt bore her quite away,
iars and Buſhes all to rent and ſcratch'd;
he had, ne Pity of the Prey,
nany a Knight had fought ſo many a day.
d not, but in his Arms her bearing,
he came to th' end of all his way,
1 Cave, far from all People's hearing,
ie threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought fearing.

IX.

'dear Lady) all the way was dead,
ie in Arms her bore; but when ſhe felt
down ſous'd, ſhe waked out of Dread
to Grief, that her dear Heart nigh ſwelt,
'gan into tender Tears to melt.
nen ſhe look'd about, and nothing found
knefs and drad Horrour where ſhe dwelt,
oft fell again into a Swound;
nether above ſhe were, or under ground.

X.

nat, ſhe heard ſome one cloſe by her ſide
and ſobbing ſore, as if the Pain
ler Heart in pieces would divide:
ſhe long liſtning, ſoftly aſk'd again
nifter Wight it was that ſo did plain?
m thus anſwer'd was: Ah! wretched Wight,
eks to know another's Grief in vain,
ing of thine own like hapleſs Plight:
get to mind another, is ore-ſight.

XI.

! ſaid ſhe, where am I, or with whom?
the Living, or emong the Dead?
hall of me, unhappy Maid! become?
eath be th' end, or ought elſe worſe, aread.
y Maid! then anſwer'd ſhe, whoſe Dread
, is leſs than when thou ſhalt it try:
s to him that wretched Life doth lead,
race *and Gain*; but he in Hell doth lie,
a loathed Life, and wiſhing cannot [illegible]

XII.

This dismal Day hath thee a Caitive made,
And Vassal to the vilest Wretch alive;
Whose cursed Usage and ungodly Trade
The Heavens abhor, and into Darkness drive:
For on the Spoil of Women he doth live,
Whose Bodies chaste, whenever in his pow'r
He may them catch, unable to gain-strive,
He with his shameful Lust doth first deflow'r,
And afterwards themselves doth cruelly devour.

XIII.

Now twenty Days (by which the Sons of Men
Divide their Works) have past thro Heaven sheen,
Since I was brought into this doleful Den;
During which space, these sory Eyes have seen
Seven Women by him slain, and eaten clean.
And now no more for him but I alone,
And this old Woman here remaining been,
Till thou cam'st hither to augment our Moan;
And of us three, to morrow he will sure eat one.

XIV.

Ah! dreadful Tidings which thou dost declare,
Quoth she, of all that ever hath been known:
Full many great Calamities and rare
This feeble Breast endured hath, but none
Equal to this, wherever I have gone.
But what are you, whom like unlucky Lot
Hath link'd with me in the same Chain attone?
To tell, quoth she, that which ye see, needs not;
A woesul wretched Maid, of God and Man forgot.

XV.

But what I was, it irks me to rehearse;
Daughter unto a Lord of high Degree,
That joy'd in happy Peace, till Fates perverse
With guileful Love did secretly agree,
To overthrow my State and Dignity.
It was my Lot to love a gentle Swain,
Yet was he but a Squire of low Degree;
Yet was he meet, unless mine Eye did fain,
[redacted]dy's Side for Leman to have lain.

XVI.

: for his Meanneſs and Diſparagement,
Sire (who me too dearly well did love)
to my Choice by no means would aſſent,
: often did my Folly foul reprove.
t nothing could my fixed Mind remove,
t whether will'd or nilled Friend or Foe,
ıe reſolv'd the utmoſt End to prove;
d rather than my Love abandon ſo,
Sire, and Friends, and all for ever to forgo.

XVII.

enceforth I ſought by ſecret means to work
ne to my Will; and from his wrathful Sight
hide th' Intent, which in my Heart did lurk,
l I thereto had all things ready dight.
on a day, unweeting unto Wight,
ith that Squire agreed away to flit,
d in a privy place, betwixt us hight,
thin a Grove appointed him to meet;
hich I boldly came upon my feeble Feet.

XVIII.

: ah! unhappy Hour me thither brought:
in that place, where I him thought to find,
ere was I found, contrary to my Thought,
this accurſed Carle of helliſh kind;
e Shame of Men, and Plague of Woman-kind:
ıo traſſing me, as Eagle doth his Prey,
: hither brought with him, as ſwift as Wind,
ıere yet untouched till this preſent day,
his wretched Thrall, the ſad *Æmylia*.

XIX.

! ſad *Æmylia*, then ſaid *Amoret*,
y rueful Plight I pity as mine own.
: read to me, by what Deviſe or Wit,
ſt thou in all this time, from him unknown,
ine Honour ſav'd, tho into Thraldom thrown?
ro Help, quoth ſhe, of this old Woman here
ave ſo done, as ſhe to me hath ſhown:
ever when he *burnt in* luſtful Fire,
my ſtead ſupply'd his beſtial Deſire.

XX.

Thus of their Evils as they did diſcourſe,
And each did other much bewail and moan;
Lo! where the Villain ſelf, their Sorrow's Sc
Came to the Cave; and rolling thence the Sto
Which wont to ſtop the Mouth thereof, that
Might iſſue forth, came rudely ruſhing in;
And ſpreading over all the Floor alone,
'Gan dight himſelf unto his wonted Sin:
Which ended, then his bloody Banquet ſhould b

XXI.

Which, when-as fearful *Amoret* perceiv'd,
She ſtaid not th' utmoſt End thereof to try,
But like a gaſtly Gelt, whoſe Wits are reav'd
Ran forth in haſte with hideous Outcry,
For Horrour of his ſhameful Villany;
But after her full lightly he up-roſe,
And her purſu'd as faſt as ſhe did fly:
Full faſt ſhe flies, and far afore him goes,
Ne feels the Thorns and Thickets prick her tend

XXII.

Nor Hedg, nor Ditch, nor Hill, nor Dale ſh
But overleaps them all, like Roebuck light,
And thro the Thickets makes her nigheſt wa
And evermore, when with regardful Sight
She looking back, eſpies that grieſly Wight
Approaching nigh, ſhe 'gins to mend her Pac
And makes her Fear a Spur to haſte her F
More ſwift than *Myrrh*' or *Daphne* in her Ri
Or any of the *Thracian* Nymphs in ſalvage Chi

XXIII.

Long ſo ſhe fled, and ſo he follow'd long;
Ne living Aid for her on Earth appears,
But if the Heavens help to redreſs her Wre
Moved with Pity of her plenteous Tears.
It fortuned *Belphœbe* with her Peers
The woody Nymphs, and with that lovely B
Was hunting then the Libbards and the Bear
In theſe wild Woods, as was her wonted Joy,
Sloth, that oft doth noble Minds am

XXIV.

ſo befel (as oft it falls in Chace)
iat each of them from other ſundred were,
nd that ſame gentle Squire arriv'd in place
here this ſame curſed Caitive did appear,
rſuing that fair Lady full of Fear:
nd now he her quite over-taken had,
nd now he her away with him did bear
nder his Arm, as ſeeming wondrous glad,
it by his grinning Laughter mote far off be rad.

XXV.

Which drery Sight the gentle Squire eſpying,
Both haſte to croſs him by the neareſt way,
ed with that woeful Lady's piteous crying,
And him aſſails with all the Might he may:
Yet will not he the lovely Spoil down lay,
But with his craggy Club in his right Hand,
Defends himſelf, and ſaves his gotten Prey.
Yet had it been right hard him to withſtand,
it that he was full light and nimble on the Land.

XXVI.

There-to the Villain uſed Craft in Fight;
For ever when the Squire his Javelin ſhook,
He held the Lady forth before him right,
And with her Body, as a Buckler, broke
The Puiſſance of his intended Stroke.
And if it chaunc'd (as needs it muſt in Fight)
Whilſt he on him was greedy to be wroke,
That any little Blow on her did light,
hen would he laugh aloud, and gather great Delight.

XXVII.

Which ſubtile Slight did him encumber much,
And made him oft, when he would ſtrike, forbear;
For hardly could he come the Carle to touch,
But that he her muſt hurt, or hazard near:
Yet he his Hand ſo carefully did bear,
That at the laſt he did himſelf attain,
And therein left the Pike-head of his Spear.
A Stream *of cole-black* Blood thence guſh'd amain,
at all her ſilken Garments did with Blood beſtain.

XXVIII.

With that, he threw her rudely on the Floor,
And laying both his Hands upon his Glave,
With dreadful Strokes let drive at him ſo ſore,
That forc'd him fly aback, himſelf to ſave:
Yet he there-with ſo felly ſtill did rave,
That ſcarce the Squire his Hand could once up-rear
But (for Advantage) ground unto him gave,
Tracing and traverſing, now here, now there;
For bootleſs thing it was to think ſuch Blows to bear.

XXIX.

Whilſt thus in Battel they embuſy'd were,
Belphœbe (raunging in that Foreſt wide)
The hideous Noiſe of their huge Strokes did hear,
And drew there-to, making her Ear her Guide.
Whom when that Thief approaching nigh eſpy'd,
With Bow in hand, and Arrows ready bent,
He by his former Combat would not bide,
But fled away, with ghaſtly Dreriment,
Well knowing her to be his Death's ſole Inſtrument.

XXX.

Whom ſeeing fly, ſhe ſpeedily purſu'd
With winged Feet, as nimble as the Wind;
And ever in her Bow ſhe ready ſhew'd
The Arrow, to his deadly Mark deſign'd:
As when *Latona*'s Daughter, cruel kind,
In Vengement of her Mother's great Diſgrace,
With fell Deſpight her cruel Arrows tin'd
'Gainſt woeful *Niobe*'s unhappy Race,
That all the Gods did moan her miſerable Caſe.

XXXI.

So well ſhe ſped her, and ſo faſt ſhe venter'd,
That e'er unto his helliſh Den he raught,
Even as he ready was there to have enter'd,
She ſent an Arrow forth with mighty Draught,
That in the very Door him over-caught,
And in his Nape arriving, thro it thrill'd
His greedy Throat, there-with in two diſtraught,
That all his vital Spirits thereby ſpill'd,
And all his hairy Breaſt with gory Blood was fill'd.

hen on ground ſhe groveling ſaw to roll,
haſte his Life to have bereft:
e could him reach, the ſinful Soul,
carion Corſe quite ſenſleſs left,
o Hell, ſurcharg'd with Spoil and Theft.
im ſhe there long gazing ſtood,
mir'd his monſtrous Shape, and eſt
Limbs, whilſt all with filthy Blood
re overflown, ſeem'd like a ſudden Flood.

XXXIII.

th ſhe paſt into his dreadful Den,
ght but darkſom Drerineſs ſhe found,
: ſaw, but harkned now and then
Whiſp'ring, and ſoft groaning Sound.
ſhe aſk'd, what Ghoſts there under ground
Horrour of eternal Night?
hem, if ſo be they were not bound,
d ſhew themſelves before the Light,
m Fear and Danger of that diſmal Wight.

XXXIV.

the ſad *Æmylia* iſſu'd,
ng every Joint through former Fear;
er the Hag, there with her mew'd,
oathſom Creature did appear;
t for ſuch a Lover dear.
l *Belphœbe* her no leſs to hate,
rue the other's heavy Chear;
:e 'gan enquire of her Eſtate:
r at large, as happen'd, did relate.

XXXV.

them brought, toward the Place where late
gentle Squire with *Amoret:*
m found by that new lovely Mate,
: whiles in Swoon, full ſadly ſet,
ir Eyes wiping the dewy wet,
/ ſtill'd, and kiſſing them atween,
g ſoft the Hurts which ſhe did get.
Carle ſhe ſorely bruis'd had been,
raſh Hand one Wound was to be ſeen.

XXXVI.

Which when ſhe ſaw, with ſudden glaunceing Eye,
Her noble Heart with ſight thereof was fill'd
With deep Diſdain, and great Indignity,
That in her Wrath ſhe thought them both have thrill'd
With that ſelf Arrow, which the Carle had kill'd:
Yet held her wrathful Hand from Vengeance ſore,
But drawing nigh, e'er he her well beheld;
Is this the Faith? ſhe ſaid, and ſaid no more,
But turn'd her Face, and fled away for evermore.

XXXVII.

He, ſeeing her depart, aroſe up light,
Right ſore agrieved at her ſharp Reproof,
And follow'd faſt: but when he came in ſight,
He durſt not nigh approach, but kept aloof,
For Dread of her Diſpleaſure's utmoſt Proof.
And evermore, when he did Grace entreat,
And framed Speeches fit for his Behoof,
Her mortal Arrows ſhe at him did threat,
And forc'd him back with foul Diſhonour to retreat.

XXXVIII.

At laſt, when long he follow'd had in vain,
Yet found no Eaſe of Grief, nor Hope of Grace,
Unto thoſe Woods he turned back again,
Full of ſad Anguiſh, and in heavy Caſe:
And finding there fit ſolitary Place
For woeful Wight, choſe out a gloomy Glade,
Where hardly Eye mote ſee bright Heaven's Face
For moſſy Trees, which cover'd all with Shade
And ſad Melancholy: there he his Cabin made.

XXXIX.

His wonted war-like Weapons all he broke,
And threw away, with vow to uſe no more,
Ne thenceforth ever ſtrike in Battel Stroke,
Ne ever word to ſpeak to Woman more;
But in that Wilderneſs (of Men forlore,
And of the wicked World forgotten quite)
His hard Miſhap in Dolour to deplore,
And waſte his wretched Days in woeful Plight;
So [illegible] to wreak his Folly's own Deſpight.

XL.

i Garment, to be thereto meet,
did cut and ſhape anew;
· Locks, that wont with Ointment ſweet
lm'd, and ſweat out dainty Dew,
ow, and grieſly to concrew,
uncurl'd, and careleſly unſhed;
't time his Face they over-grew,
his Shoulders did diſſpred,
whilom was, uneath was to be read.

XLI.

ntinu'd in this careful Plight,
wearing out his youthly Years,
Penury conſumed quite,
pined Ghoſt he ſoon appears.
ood than that wild Foreſt bears,
rink there did he never taſte
ng Water, temper'd with his Tears,
is weaken'd body ſo to waſte:
l Mens Knowledge he was worn at laſt.

XLII.

r (by Fortune as it fell)
ır Lord Prince *Arthur* came that way,
ventures where he mote hear tell;
hro the wandring Wood did ſtray,
'd this Cabin far away,
w, to weet who there did wonne:
erein ſome holy Hermit lay,
ſort of ſinful People ſhun;
Wood-man ſhrouded there from ſcorching Sun.

XLIII.

re, he found this wretched Man,
i Days in Dolour and Deſpair;
ng faſting woxen pale and wan,
wn with rude and rugged Hair;
his own dear Squire he were,
knew not, ne aviz'd at all;
nge Wight, whom he had ſeen no where,
), 'gan *into* Speech to fall,
his Plight, that liv'd like out-cast

XLIV.

But to his Speech he aunſwered no whit,
But ſtood ſtill mute, as if he had been dumb,
Ne Sign of Senſe did ſhew, ne common Wit,
As one with Grief and Anguiſh over-come,
And unto every thing did anſwer Mum:
And ever when the Prince unto him ſpake,
He louted lowly, as did him become,
And humble Homage did unto him make,
Midſt Sorrow ſhewing joyous Semblance for his ſ

XLV.

At which his uncouth Guiſe and Uſage quaint,
The Prince did wonder much, yet could not g
The Cauſe of that his ſorrowful Conſtraint;
Yet ween'd by ſecret Signs of Manlineſs,
Which cloſe appear'd in that rude Brutiſhneſs,
That he whilom ſome gentle Swain had been,
Train'd up in Feats of Arms and Knightlineſ
Which he obſerv'd, by that he him had ſeen
To wield his naked Sword, and try the Edges k

XLVI.

And eke by that he ſaw on every Tree,
How he the Name of one engraven had,
Which likely was his lieſeſt Love to be,
For whom he now ſo ſorely was beſtad;
Which was by him BELPHOEBE rightly rad.
Yet who was that *Belphœbe*, he ne wiſt;
Yet ſaw he often how he wexed glad,
When he it heard, and how the Ground he k
Wherein it written was, and how himſelf he bl

XLVII.

Tho when he long had marked his Demeanc
And ſaw that all he ſaid and did, was vain,
Ne ought mote make him change his wonted
Ne ought mote eaſe or mitigate his Pain,
He left him there in Langour to remain,
Till time for him ſhould Remedy provide,
And him reſtore to former Grace again.
Which, for it is too long here to abide,
I will defer the End until another Tide.

CANTO VIII.

ie gentle Squire recovers Grace;
Slaunder her Gueſts doth ſtain:
orflambo *chaſeth* Placidas,
And is by Arthur *ſlain.*

I.

ELL ſaid the Wiſeman, now prov'd true by this,
Which to this gentle Squire did happen late;
the Diſpleaſure of the Mighty is
Death it ſelf more drad and deſperate:
ought the ſame may calm, ne mitigate,
ime the Tempeſt do thereof delay
Suff'rance ſoft, which Rigour can abate,
have the ſtern Remembrance wip'd away
r Thoughts, which deep therein infixed lay,

II.

as it fell to this unhappy Boy,
ſe tender Heart the fair *Belphœbe* had
one ſtern Look ſo daunted, that no Joy
his Life, which afterwards he lad,
er taſted; but with Penaunce ſad,
penſive Sorrow, pin'd and wore away,
er laugh'd, ne once ſhew'd Countenance glad,
lways wept and wailed night and day;
ed Bloſm thro Heat doth languiſh and decay.

III.

on a day (as in his wonted wiſe
Dole he made) there chaunc'd a Turtle-Dove
ome, where he his Dolours did deviſe,
t likewiſe late had loſt her deareſt Love;
ch Loſs her made like Paſſion alſo prove.
) ſeeing his ſad Plight, her tender Heart
a dear Compaſſion deeply did emmove,
t ſhe 'gan *moan his* undeſerved Smart,
ith her doleful Accent bear with him a part.

IV.

She ſitting by him, as on ground he lay
Her mournful Notes full piteouſly did fi
And thereof made a lamentable Lay,
So ſenſibly compil'd, that in the ſame
Him ſeemed oft he heard his own right
With that, he forth would pour ſo plei
And beat his Breaſt unworthy of ſuch E
And knock his Head, and rend his rugg
That could have pierc'd the Hearts of Tyg

V.

Thus long this gentle Bird to him did u
Withouten Dread of Peril to repair
Unto his Wonne; and with her mourn
Him to recomfort in his greateſt Care,
That much did eaſe his Mourning and D
And every day, for Guerdon of her Sor
He part of his ſmall Feaſt to her would
That at the laſt, of all his Woe and W:
Companion ſhe became, and ſo continu'd

VI.

Upon a day, as ſhe him ſate beſide,
By chance he certain Miniments forth c
Which yet with him as Reliques did ab
Of all the Bounty, which *Belphœbe* th
On him, whilſt goodly Grace ſhe did hi
Amongſt the reſt, a Jewel rich he fou
That was a Ruby of Right perfect Hue
Shap'd like a Heart, yet bleeding of th
And with a little golden Chain about it

VII.

The ſame he took, and with a Ribban
(In which his Lady's Colours were) di
About the Turtle's Neck, that with th
Did greatly ſolace his engrieved Mind.
All unawares the Bird, when ſhe did fi
Her ſelf ſo deck'd, her nimble Wings
And flew away as lightly as the Win
Which ſudden Accident him much d
nd looking after long, did mark whi

VIII.

at when as long he looked had in vain,
et ſaw her forward ſtill to make her flight,
lis weary Eye return'd to him again,
ull of Diſcomfort and diſquiet Plight,
hat both his Jewel he had loſt ſo light,
And eke his dear Compaaion of his Care.
But that ſweet Bird departing, flew forth right
Thro the wide Region of the waſteful Air,
till ſhe came where wonned his *Belphœbe* fair.

IX.

There found ſhe her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in covert Shade of Arbours ſweet,
After late weary Toil, which ſhe had try'd
In ſalvage Chace, to reſt as ſeem'd her meet.
There ſhe alighting, fell before her feet,
And 'gan to her, her mournful Plaint to make,
As was her wont: thinking to let her weet
The great tormenting grief, that for her ſake
e gentle Squire thro her Diſpleaſure did partake.

X.

She her beholding with attentive Eye,
At length did mark about her purple Breaſt
That precious Jewel, which ſhe formerly
Had known right well, with colour'd Ribband dreſs'd:
There-with ſhe roſe in haſte, and her addreſs'd
With ready hand it to have reft away.
But the ſwift Bird obey'd not her beheſt,
But ſwarv'd aſide, and there again did ſtay;
e follow'd her, and thought again it to aſſay.

XI.

And ever when ſhe nigh approach'd, the Dove
Would flit a little forward, and then ſtay
Till ſhe drew near, and then again remove;
So tempting her ſtill to purſue the Prey,
And ſtill from her eſcaping ſoft away:
Till that at *length into that* Foreſt wide
She drew her far, and led with ſlow Delay.
th' end, ſhe her unto that place did guide,
as that woeful Man in Languor did abide.

XII.

Eftſoons ſhe flew unto his fearleſs Hand,
And there a piteous Ditty new deviz'd,
As if ſhe would have made him underſtand,
His Sorrow's Cauſe to be of her deſpis'd.
Whom when ſhe ſaw in wretched Weeds diſguis'd,
With heary Glib deform'd, and meager Face,
Like Ghoſt late riſen from his Grave aggriz'd,
She knew him not, but pitied much his Caſe,
And wiſh'd it were in her to do him any Grace.

XIII.

He her beholding, at her feet down fell,
And kiſs'd the Ground on which her Sole did tread,
And waſh'd the ſame with Water, which did well
From his moiſt Eyes, and like two Streams proceed;
Yet ſpake no word, whereby ſhe might aread
What miſter Wight he was, or what he meant:
But as one daunted with her Preſence dread,
Only few rueful Looks unto her ſent,
As Meſſengers of his true Meaning and Intent.

XIV.

Yet nathemore, his Meaning ſhe ared
But wonder'd much at his ſo ſelcouth Caſe;
And by his Perſon's ſecret Seemlihed
Well ween'd, that he had been ſome Man of Place
Before Misfortune did his Hue deface:
That being mov'd with Ruth, ſhe thus beſpake;
Ah! woeful Man, what Heaven's hard Diſgrace,
Or Wrath of cruel Wight on thee ywrake,
Or ſelf-diſliked Life, doth thee thus wretched make?

XV.

If Heaven, then none may it redreſs or blame,
Sith to his Power we all are ſubject born:
If wrathful Wight, then foul Rebuke and Shame
Be theirs, that have ſo cruel thee forlorn:
But if thro inward Grief, or wilful Scorn,
Of Life it be, then better do adviſe.
For he whoſe Days in wilful Woe are worn,
The Grace of his Creator doth deſpiſe,
And will not uſe his Gifts for thankleſs Nigardiſe.

XVI.

When-ſo he heard her ſay, eftſoons he brake
His ſudden Silence, which he long had pent,
And ſighing inly deep, her thus beſpake;
Then have they all themſelves againſt me bent:
For Heav'n (firſt Author of my Languiſhment)
Envying my too great Felicity,
Did cloſely with a cruel one conſent,
To cloud my Days in doleful Miſery,
And make me loath this Life, ſtill longing for to die.

XVII.

Ne any but your ſelf, O deareſt Dred!
Hath done this Wrong; to wreak on worthleſs Wight
Your high Diſpleaſure, thro miſdeeming bred:
That when your Pleaſure is to deem aright,
Ye may redreſs, and me reſtore to Light.
Which ſorry Words, her mighty Heart did mate
With mild Regard, to ſee his rueful Plight,
That her in-burning Wrath ſhe 'gan abate,
And him receiv'd again to former Favour's ſtate.

XVIII.

In which he long time afterwards did lead
An happy Life, with Grace and good Accord;
Fearleſs of Fortune's Change, or Envy's Dread,
And eke all mindleſs of his own dear Lord
The noble Prince, who never heard one word
Of Tidings, what did unto him betide,
Or what good Fortune did to him afford;
But thro the endleſs World did wander wide,
And ſeeking evermore, yet no where him deſcry'd.

XIX.

Till on a day, as thro that Wood he rode,
He chaunc'd to come where thoſe two Ladies late,
Emylia and *Amoret* abode,
Both in full ſad and ſorrowful Eſtate;
The one right feeble, thro the evil Rate
Of Food, which in her Dureſs ſhe had found:
The other, almoſt dead and deſperate
Thro her late Hurts, and thro that hapleſs Wound,
Which *the Squire*, in her Defence, her ſore

XX.

Whom when the Prince beheld, he gan to rue
The evil Caſe in which thoſe Ladies lay;
But moſt was moved at the piteous View
Of *Amoret*, ſo near unto decay,
That her great Danger did him much diſmay.
Eftſoons that precious Liquor forth he drew,
Which he in ſtore about him kept alway,
And with few Drops thereof did ſoftly dew
Her Wounds, that unto Strength reſtor'd her ſoon anew.

XXI.

Tho when they both recover'd were right well,
He 'gan of them enquire, what evil Guide
Them thither brought; and how their Harms befel.
To whom they told all that did them betide,
And how from Thraldom vile they were unſide
Of that ſame wicked Carle, by Virgin's Hond;
Whoſe bloody Corſe they ſhew'd him there beſide,
And eke his Cave, in which they both were bond:
At which he wonder'd much, when all thoſe Signs he fond.

XXII.

And evermore he greatly did deſire
To know, what Virgin did them thence unbind;
And oft of them did earneſtly enquire,
Where was her Wonne, and how he mote her find.
But when-as nought according to his Mind
He could out-learn, he them from Ground did rear
(No Service loathſom to a gentle Kind)
And on his warlike Beaſt them both did bear,
Himſelf by them on foot, to ſuccour them from Feare.

XXIII.

So when that Foreſt they had paſſed well,
A little Cottage far away they ſpy'd,
To which they drew, e'er Night upon them fell;
And entring in, found none therein abide,
But one old Woman ſitting there beſide,
Upon the Ground in ragged rude Attire,
With filthy Locks about her ſcatter'd wide,
Gnawing her Nails for Felneſs, and for Ire,
And there-out ſucking Venom to her Parts entire.

XXIV.

A foul and loathly Creature ſure in Sight,
And in Conditions to be loath'd no leſs:
For ſhe was ſtuft with Rancour and Deſpight
Up to the Throat; that oft with Bitterneſs
It forth would break, and guſh in great Exceſs,
Pouring out Streams of Poiſon and of Gall,
'Gainſt all that Truth or Vertue do profeſs;
Whom ſhe with Leaſings leudly did miſcall,
And wickedly back-bite: Her Name Men *Slaunder* call

XXV.

Her Nature is, all Goodneſs to abuſe,
And cauſeleſs Crimes continually to frame:
With which ſhe guiltleſs Perſons may accuſe,
And ſteal away the Crown of their good Name:
Ne ever Knight ſo bold, ne ever Dame
So chaſte and loyal liv'd, but ſhe would ſtrive
With forged Cauſe them falſly to deſame;
Ne ever thing ſo well was doen alive,
But ſhe with Blame would blot, and of due Praiſe depri

XXVI.

Her Words were not as common Words are meant,
T' expreſs the Meaning of the inward Mind;
But noiſom Breath, and poiſonous Spirit ſent
From inward Parts, with canker'd Malice lin'd,
And breathed forth with Blaſt of bitter Wind;
Which, paſſing thro the Ears, would pierce the Hear
And wound the Soul it ſelf with Grief unkind:
For like the Stings of Aſps, that kill with Smart,
Her ſpiteful Words did prick, and wound the inner Pa

XXVII.

Such was that Hag, unmeet to hoſt ſuch Gueſts,
Whom greateſt Prince's Court would welcome fain;
But Need (that anſwers not to all Requeſts)
Bade them not look for better Entertain;
And eke that Age deſpiſed Niceneſs vain,
Enur'd to Hardneſs and to homely Fare,
Which them to warlike Diſcipline did train,
And *manly Limbs* endur'd with little Care,
Againſt all hard Miſhaps, and fortuneleſs Miſfare.

XXVIII.

Then all that Evening (welcomed with col
And chearleſs Hunger) they together ſpent
Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did ſ
And rail at them with grudgful Diſcontent,
For lodging there without her own Conſent
Yet they endured all with Patience mild,
And unto reſt themſelves all only lent,
Regardleſs of that Queen ſo baſe and vild,
To be unjuſtly blam'd, and bitterly revil'd.

XXIX.

Here well I ween, when as theſe Rimes be
With Miſ-regard, that ſome raſh-witted
Whoſe looſer Thought will lightly be miſl
Theſe gentle Ladies will miſdeem too light
For thus converſing with this noble Knigh
Sith now-a-days ſuch Temperance is rare
And hard to find, that Heat of youthful S
For ought will from his greedy Pleaſure ſp
More hard for hungry Steed t'abſtain from pl

XXX.

But antique Age, yet in the Infancy
Of Time, did live then like an Innocent,
In ſimple Truth and blameleſs Chaſtity,
Ne then of Guile had made experiment;
But void of vile and treacherous Intent,
Held Vertue for it ſelf in ſovereign Awe:
Then loyal Love had royal Regiment,
And each unto his Luſt did make a Law,
From all forbidden things his Liking to withd

XXXI.

The Lion there did with the Lamb conſort
And eke the Dove ſate by the Faulcon's fi
Ne each of other feared Fraud or Tort,
But did in ſafe Security abide,
Withouten Peril of the ſtronger Pride:
But when the World woxe old, it woxe
(*Whereof* it hight) and having ſhortly t
The Trains of Wit, in Wickedneſs wo
ſed of all Sins the Secrets to unfol

XXXII.

ity, which was made to repreſent
Creator's own Reſemblance bright,
e of lawleſs Luſt was lent,
the Bait of beſtial Delight:
grew foul, and foul grew fair in ſight;
which wont to vanquiſh God and Man,
the Vaſſal of the Victor's Might;
ier glorious Flower wex dead and wan,
trodden down of all that over-ran.

XXXIII.

t is ſo utterly decay'd,
Sud thereof doth ſcarce remain;
Plants (preſerv'd through heavenly Aid)
Court do hap to ſprout again,
h her Drops of Bounty ſovereign,
m that goodly glorious Flower proceed,
:he auntient Stock of Prince's Strain,
nly Remnant of that royal Breed,
Kind at firſt was ſure of heavenly Seed.

XXXIV.

e Day diſcover'd Heaven's Face,
Men with Darkneſs over-dight,
e Crew 'gan from their Eye-lids chace
Humour of the dampiſh Night,
emſelves unto their Journey dight.
ey yode, and forward ſoftly pac'd,
to view had been an uncouth Sight;
e way the Prince on Foot-pace trac'd,
oth on Horſe, together faſt embrac'd.

XXXV.

ey thence departed were afore,
eful Hag (the Slaunder of her Sex)
ow'd faſt, and them reviled ſore,
g Thief, them Whores; that much did vex
Heart: thereto ſhe did annex
s and Facts, ſuch as they never meant,
wo Ladies much aſham'd did wex:
f ſhe purſue her leud Intent,
g'd, till ſhe had all her Poiſon ſpent.

XXXVI.

At laſt, when they were paſſed out of ſight,
Yet ſhe did not her ſpiteful Speech forbear,
But after them did bark, and ſtill back-bite,
Tho there were none her hateful Words to hea
Like as a Cur doth felly bite and tear
The Stone, which paſſed Stranger at him thr
So ſhe them ſeeing paſt the reach of Ear,
Againſt the Stones and Trees did rail anew,
Till ſhe had dull'd the Sting, which in her To

XXXVII.

They, paſſing forth, kept on their ready way,
With eaſy Steps ſo ſoft as Foot could ſtride,
Both for great Feebleſs, which did oft aſſay
Fair *Amoret*, that ſcarcely ſhe could ride;
And eke thro heavy Arms, which ſore annoy'
The Prince on foot, not wonted ſo to fare:
Whoſe ſteddy Hand was fain his Steed to guide
And all the way from trotting hard to ſpare,
So was his Toil the more, the more that was his

XXXVIII.

At length they ſpy'd, where towards them wit
A Squire came galloping, as he would fly;
Bearing a little Dwarf before his Steed,
That all the way full loud for Aid did cry,
That ſeem'd his Shrieks would rend the brazen
Whom after did a mighty Man purſue,
Riding upon a Dromedare on high,
Of Stature huge, and horrible of Hue,
That would have maz'd a Man his dreadful Face t

XXXIX.

For from his fearful Eyes two fiery Beams,
More ſharp than Points of Needles did proceed,
Shooting forth far away two flaming Streams,
Full of ſad Power, that poiſonous Bale did bree
To all, that on him look'd without good heed.
And ſecretly his Enemies did ſlay:
Like as the Baſiliſk, of Serpent's Seed,
powerful Eyes cloſe Venom doth conv
maker's Heart, and killeth far awa

he way did rage at that ſame Squire,
:r him full many Threatnings threw,
urſes vain in his avengeful Ire:
e of them (ſo faſt away he flew)
er-took, before he came in view.
when he ſaw the Prince in Armour bright,
d to him aloud, his Caſe to rue,
:ue him thro Succour of his Might,
his cruel Foe, that him purſu'd in fight.

XLI.

: the Prince took down thoſe Ladies twain
ifty Steed, and mounting in their ſtead,
› that Squire, yet trembling every Vein:
m he 'gan enquire his Cauſe of Dread;
is he 'gan the ſame to him aread,
rd behind his back his Foe was preſs'd,
readful Weapon aimed at his Head;
ito Death had doen him unredreſs'd,
ie noble Prince his ready Stroke repreſs'd.

XLII.

thruſting boldly 'twixt him and the Blow,
rden of the deadly Brunt did bear
is Shield; which lightly he did throw
s Head, before the Harm came near.
ſs, it fell with ſo deſpiteous Drear
avy Sway, that hard unto his Crown
ield it drove, and did the Covering rear:
'ith both Squire and Dwarf did tumble down
Earth, and lay long while in ſenſleſs Swoun.

XLIII.

it, the Prince full wroth, his ſtrong right Hand
Avengement heaved up on high,
ook the Pagan with his ſteely Brand
, that to his Saddle-bow thereby
'ed low, and ſo awhile did lie:
ire, *had not his* maſſy Iron Mace
him and his Hurt been happily,
have cleft him to the girding Place:
was, it did aſtoniſh him long ſpace.

XLIV.

But when he to himſelf return'd aga
All full of Rage he 'gan to curſe an
And vow by *Maboune* that he ſhoul
With that, his murdrous Mace he
That ſeemed nought the Souſe ther
And therewith ſmote at him with a
But e'er that it to him approached
The royal Child, with ready quick
Did ſhun the Proof thereof, and it av

XLV.

But e'er his Hand he could recure a
To ward his Body from the baleful
He ſmote at him with all his migh
So furiouſly, that e'er he wiſt, he
His Head before him tumbling on
The whiles his babbling Tongue d
And curſe his God, that did him
The whiles his Life ran forth in bl
His Soul deſcended down into the *St*

XLVI.

Which when that Squire beheld,
To ſee his Foe breathe out his Spi
But that ſame Dwarf right ſorry ſ
And howl'd aloud to ſee his Lord
And rent his Hair, and ſcratch'd
Then 'gan the Prince at leiſure t
Of all the Accident, there hapne
And what he was, whoſe Eyes d
All which was thus to him declared

XLVII.

This mighty Man, quoth he, w
Of an huge Gianteſs whilom wa
And by his Strength, Rule to hi
Of many Nations into Thraldom
And mighty Kingdoms of his F
Whom yet he conquer'd not by
Ne Hoſts of Men with Banner
But by the Power of his infeſ
With which he killed all that

he ever vanquiſhed afore,
r vanquiſh'd all with whom he fought;
there Man ſo ſtrong but he down bore,
man yet ſo fair, but he her brought
s Bay, and captived her Thought.
ſt of Strength and Beauty his Deſire
oil to make, and waſte them unto nought,
ng ſecret Flakes of luſtful Fire
alſe Eyes, into their Hearts and Parts entire.

XLIX.

re *Corflambo* was he call'd aright,
meleſs there his Body now doth lie,
h he left one Daughter, that is hight
: *Pæana*; who ſeems outwardly
as ever yet ſaw living Eye:
re her Vertue like her Beauty bright,
e as fair as any under Sky.
!) ſhe given is to vain Delight,
o looſe of Life, and eke of Love too light.

L.

fell, there was a gentle Squire,
v'd a Lady of high Parentage;
his mean Degree might not aſpire
:h ſo high: her Friends with Counſel ſage,
d her from ſuch a Diſparage.
whoſe Heart to Love was wholly lent,
iis Hands could not redeem her Gage,
ily following her firſt Intent,
ith him to wend, 'gainſt all her Friends Conſent.

LI.

:t themſelves they 'pointed Time and Place:
:h, when he according did repair,
. Miſhap and diſadventrous Caſe
iunc'd; inſtead of his *Æmylia* fair,
ant's Son, that lies there on the Laire
leſs *Heap, him unawares* there caught;
liſmay'd thro mercileſs Deſpair,
ched Thrall unto his Dungeon brought,
nains, of all unſuccour'd and unſought.

LII.

This Giant's Daughter came upon a day
Unto the Priſon in her joyous Glee,
To view the Thralls which there in Bondage lay:
Amongſt the reſt ſhe chaunced there to ſee
This lovely Swain, the Squire of low degree;
To whom ſhe did her Liking lightly caſt,
And wooed him her Paramour to be:
From day to day ſhe woo'd and pray'd him faſt,
And for his Love, him promis'd Liberty at laſt.

LIII.

He, tho affide unto a former Love,
To whom his Faith he firmly meant to hold,
Yet ſeeing not how thence he mote remove,
But by that means, which Fortune did unfold,
Her graunted Love, but with Affection cold,
To win her Grace his Liberty to get.
Yet ſhe him ſtill detains in captive Hold;
Fearing leſt if ſhe ſhould him freely ſet,
He would her ſhortly leave, and former Love forget.

LIV.

Yet ſo much Favour ſhe to him hath hight
Above the reſt, that he ſometimes may ſpace
And walk about her Gardens of Delight,
Having a Keeper ſtill with him in place;
Which Keeper is this Dwarf, her Dearling baſe,
To whom the Keys of every Priſon-door
By her committed be, of ſpecial Grace,
And at his Will may whom he lift reſtore,
And whom he lift reſerve, to be afflicted more.

LV.

Whereof when Tidings came unto mine Ear
(Full inly ſorry for the fervent Zeal,
Which I to him as to my Soul did bear)
I thither went; where I did long conceal
My ſelf, till that the Dwarf did me reveal,
And told his Dame, her Squire of low degree
Did ſecretly out of her Priſon ſteal;
For me he did miſtake that Squire to be:
Never two ſo like did living Creature ſee.

LVI.

nd before her brought:
neſs of my outward Hue,
led in her Thought,
h for being ſo untrue,
er Fellowſhip t'eſchew,
, as deareſt thing alive.
nded me to Priſon new;
not gain-ſay nor ſtrive,
Dwarf me to her Dungeon drive.

LVII.

ne only faithful Friend
ſad Perplexity;
t my ſelf did bend,
ith my Company.
griev'd I found thereby:
ſaid, in that Diſtreſs,
Æmylia's Liberty.
'd, as I mote gueſs;
e than her he did profeſs.

LVIII.

eaſon him aviz'd,
ow thro Error and Miſthought
eath to be diſguiz'd,
r Freedom might be wrought.
as he, ne would for ought
o ſtood all fearleſs free,
nto Thraldom brought,
force it ſo decree:
he did to me agree.

LIX.

about the wonted hour,
the Door of *Amyas*,
unto his Lady's Bower.
orth came I *Placidas*,
rth with him did paſs.
Joyance, and with gladſom Glee,
eived was,
as if that I were he,
accoy'd, vowing great Love to me.

LX.

Which I, that was not bent to former Love
As was my Friend, that had her long refus'
Did well accept, as well it did behove,
And to the preſent Need it wiſely us'd.
My former Hardneſs, firſt I fair excus'd;
And after promis'd large Amends to make.
With ſuch ſmooth Terms her Error I abus'd
To my Friend's good, more than for mine d
For whoſe ſole Liberty I Love and Life did ſtal

LXI.

Thenceforth I found more Favour at her han
That to her Dwarf, which had me in his Cl
She bade to lighten my too heavy Band,
And graunt more Scope to me to walk at lar
So on a day, as by the flowry Marge
Of a freſh Stream I with that Elf did play,
Finding no means how I might us enlarge,
But if that Dwarf I could with me convey,
I lightly ſnatch'd him up, and with me bore a

LXII.

Thereat he ſhriek'd aloud, that with his Cry
The Tyrant ſelf came forth with yelling Bra
And me purſu'd; but nathemore would I
Forgo the Purchaſe of my gotten Prey,
But have perforce him hither brought away.
Thus as they talked, lo! where nigh at han
Thoſe Ladies two (yet doubtful thro Diſmay
In Preſence came, deſirous t' underſtand
Tidings of all which there had hapned on the L

LXIII.

Where, ſoon as ſad *Æmylia* did eſpy
Her captive Lover's Friend, young *Placidas*;
All mindleſs of her wonted Modeſty,
She to him ran, and him with ſtrait Embrace
Enfold[illegible], And lives yet *Amyas?*
He lives, quoth he, and his *Æmylia* loves.
Then leſs, ſaid ſhe, by all the Woe I paſs,
which my weaker Patience Fortune
Mishap thus long him from my ſel

LXIV.

he all this Story to renew,
he Courſe of his Captivity;
dear Heart full deeply made to rue,
ull ſore to hear the Miſery,
o long he merci'leſs did lie.
: many Tears and Sorrows ſpent,
eſought the Prince of Remedy:
eto did with ready Will conſent,
form'd, as ſhall appear by his Event.

CANTO IX.

quire of low Degree, releas'd,
:ana takes to Wife:
mart *fights with ma y Knights,*
ince **Arthur** *ſtints their Striſe.*

I.

D is the Doubt, and difficult to deem,
en all three kinds of Love together meet,
part the Heart with Pow'r extreme,
hall weigh the Ballance down; to weet,
Affection unto Kindred ſweet,
Fire of Love to Woman-kind,
f Friends combin'd with Vertues meet.
m all, the Band of virtuous Mind
e gentle Heart ſhould moſt aſſured bind.

II.

l Affection ſoon doth ceaſe,
:hed is with *Cupid*'s greater Flame:
ıl Friendſhip doth them both ſup reſs,
with maiſtring Diſcipline doth tame,
ughts aſpiring to eternal Fame.
Soul doth rule the earthly Maſs,
Service of the Body frame;
ſoul doth Love of Body paſs,
rfect Cold ſurmounts the meaneſt

III.

All which who lift by Trial to aſſay,
Shall in this Story find approved plain;
In which this Squire's true Friendſhip more did
Than either Care of Parents could reſtrain,
Or Love of faireſt Lady could conſtrain.
For tho *Pæana* were as fair as Morn,
Yet did this truſty Squire with proud Diſdain,
For his Friend's ſake her offer'd Favours ſcorn,
And ſhe her ſelf her Sire, of whom ſhe was yborn.

IV.

Now after that Prince *Arthur* graunted had,
To yield ſtrong Succour to that gentle Swain,
Who now long time had lyen in Priſon ſad,
He 'gan adviſe how beſt he mote darrain
That Enterpriſe, for greateſt Glory's Gain.
That headleſs Tyrant's Trunk he rear'd from g
And having ympt the Head to it again,
Upon his uſual Beaſt it firmly bound,
And made it ſo to ride, as it alive was found.

V.

Then did he take that chaced Squire, and laid
Before the Rider, as he captive were,
And made his Dwarf (tho with unwilling Aid
To guide the Beaſt, that did his Maſter bear,
Till to his Caſtle they approached near.
Whom, when the Watch, that kept continua
Saw coming home; all void of doubtful Fear,
He running down, the Gate to him unbar'd;
Whom ſtrait the Prince enſuing, in together far'

VI.

There he did find in her delicious Bow'r,
The fair *Pæana* playing on a Rote,
Complaining of her cruel Paramour,
And ſinging all her Sorrow to the Note,
As ſhe had learned readily by rote;
That with the Sweetneſs of her rare Delight,
The Prince half rapt, began on her to dote:
Till better him bethinking of the Right,
He her unwares attach'd, and captive held b

VII.

Vhence being forth produc'd, when ſhe perceiv'd
Ier own dear Sire, ſhe call'd to him for Aid.
ut when of him no Anſwer ſhe perce.v'd,
ut ſaw him ſenſleſs by the Squire up-ſtaid,
he weened well, that then ſhe was betray'd:
hen 'gan ſhe loudly cry, and weep and waile,
nd that ſame Squire of Treaſon to upbraid.
ut all in vain, her Plaints might not prevaile.
none there was to reſcue her, ne none to baile.

VIII.

hen took he that ſame Dwarf, and him compel'd
o open unto him the Priſon-door,
nd forth to bring thoſe Thralls which there he held
Thenceforth were brought to him about a ſcore
Of Knights and Squires to him unknown afore:
All which he did from bitter Bondage free,
And unto former Liberty reſtore.
Amongſt the reſt, that Squire of low degree
ame forth full weak and and wan, not like himſelf to be.

IX.

Whom ſoon as fair *Æmylia* beheld,
And *Placidas*, they both unto h.m ran,
And him embracing faſt betwixt them held,
Striving to comfort him all that they can,
And killing oft his Viſage pale and wan:
That fair *Peana* them beholding both,
'Gan both envy and bitterly to ban;
Through jealous Paſſion weeping inly wroth,
To ſee the Sight perforce, that both her Eyes were loth.

X.

But when awhile they had together been,
And diverſly conferred of their Caſe;
She, though full oft ſhe both of them had ſeen
Aſunder, yet not ever in one Place,
Began to doubt, when ſhe them ſaw embrace,
Which *was the captive* Squire ſhe lov'd ſo dear,
Deceiv'd through great likeneſs of their Face.
For they ſo like in Perſon did appear,
't the uneath diſcerned, whether whether were.

XI.

And eke the Prince, when as he them aviz'd,
Their like Reſemblance much admired there,
And maz'd how Nature had ſo well diſguiz'd
Her Work, and counterfeit herſelf ſo near,
As if that by one Pattern ſeen ſomewhere,
She had them made a Paragone to be;
Or, whether it through Skill, or Error were.
Thus gazing long, at them much wondred he,
So did the other Knights and Squires, which them did ſee.

XII.

Then 'gan they ranſack that ſame Caſtle ſtrong,
In which he found great ſtore of hoorded Treaſure;
The which, that Tyrant gather'd had by Wrong
And tortious Pow'r, without reſpect or meaſure.
Upon all which the *Briton* Prince made ſeiſure,
And afterwards continu'd there awhile,
To reſt himſelf, and ſolace in ſoft Pleaſure
Thoſe weaker Ladies after weary Toil;
To whom he did divide Part of his purchas'd Spoil.

XIII.

And for more Joy, that captive Lady fair,
The fair *Pæana* he enlarged free;
And by the reſt did ſet in ſumptuous Chair,
To feaſt and frolick; nathemore would ſhe
Shew gladſome Countenance nor pleaſant Glee:
But grieved was for Loſs both of her Sire,
And eke of Lordſhip, with both Land and Fee;
But moſt ſhe touched was with Grief entire,
For loſs of her new Love, the Hope of her Deſire.

XIV.

But her the Prince, through his well-wonted Grace,
To better Terms of Mildneſs did intreat,
From that foul Rudeneſs, which did her deface;
And that ſame bitter Corſive, which did eat
Her tender Heart, and made refrain from Meat,
He with good Thews and Speeches well apply'd,
Did mollify, and calm her raging Heat.
For though ſhe were moſt fair, and goodly dide,
Yet it all did mar with Cruelty and Pride.

XV.

And for to ſhut up all in friendly Love,
Sith Love was firſt the ground of all her Grief,
That truſty Squire he wiſely well did move
Not to deſpiſe that Dame, which lov'd him lief;
Till he had made of her ſome better prief,
But to accept her to his wedded Wife.
Thereto he offer'd for to make him chief
Of all her Land and Lordſhip during Life:
e yielded, and her took; ſo ſtinted all their Strife.

XVI.

From that day forth, in Peace and joyous Bliſs,
They liv'd together long without Debate:
Ne private Jar, ne Spite of Enemis
Could ſhake the ſafe aſſurance of their ſtate.
And ſhe whom Nature did ſo fair create,
That ſhe mote match the faireſt of her days,
Yet with leud Loves and Luſt intemperate
Had it defac'd; thenceforth reform'd her ways,
iat all men much admir'd her Change, and ſpake her Praiſe.

XVII.

Thus when the Prince had perfectly compil'd
Theſe Pairs of Friends in Peace and ſettled Reſt;
Himſelf, whoſe Mind did travail as with child
Of his old Love, conceiv'd in ſecret Breaſt,
Reſolved to purſue his former Gueſt:
And taking leave of all, with him did bear
Fair *Amoret*, whom Fortune by bequeſt
Had left in his Protection whileare,
changed out of one into another Fear.

XVIII.

Fear of her Safety did her not conſtrain:
For, well ſhe wiſt now in a mighty Hond,
Her Perſon late in Peril, did remain,
Who able was, all Dangers to withſtond.
But now in fear of Shame *ſhe* more did ſtond,
Seeing herſelf all ſoly ſuccourleſs,
eft in the Victor's Power, like Vaſſal bond:
hoſe Will her Weakneſs could no way repreſs,
his burning Luſt ſhould break into exceſs.

XIX.

But cauſe of Fear ſure had ſhe none at all
Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
The Courſe of looſe Affection to foreſtall,
And lawleſs Luſt to rule with Reaſon's Lore
That all the while he by his ſide her bore,
She was as ſafe as in a Sanctuary.
Thus many Miles they two together wore,
To ſeek their Loves diſperſed diverſly,
Yet neither ſhew'd to other their Hearts Privity

XX.

At length they came, whereas a Troop of Ki
They ſaw together ſkirmiſhing, as ſeem'd:
Six they were all, all full of fell Deſpight;
But four of them the Battel beſt beſeem'd,
That which of them was beſt, mote not be
Thoſe four were they, from whom falſe *Flori*
By *Braggadochio* lately was redeem'd;
To weet, ſtern *Druon*, and leud *Claribel*,
Love-laviſh *Blandamore*, and luſtful *Paridel*.

XXI.

Druon's Delight was all in ſingle Life,
And unto Ladies Love would lend no leiſure:
The more was *Claribel* enraged rife
With fervent Flames, and loved out of meaſu
So eke lov'd *Blandamore*, but yet at pleaſure
Would change his Liking, and new Lemans
But *Paridel* of Love did make no Treaſure,
But luſted after all that him did move.
So diverſly theſe four diſpoſed were to love.

XXII.

But thoſe two other, which beſide them ſtoo
Were *Britomart*, and gentle *Scudamore*,
Who all the while beheld their wrathful Mo
And wondred at their implacable Stour,
Whoſe like they never ſaw till that ſame hou
So dreadful Strokes each did at other drive,
And laid on load with all their Might and Po
As if that every Dint the Ghoſt would rive
of their wretched Corſes, and their Lives

XXIII.

When *Æolus* in great diſpleaſure,
loſs of his dear Love by *Neptune* hent,
ls forth the Winds out of his hidden Treaſure,
n the Sea to wreak his fell Intent;
:y breaking forth with rude Unruliment,
n all four Parts of Heaven do rage full ſore,
. toſs the Deeps and tear the Firmament,
all the World confound with wide Uprore,
nſtead thereof, they *Chaos* would reſtore.

XXIV.

ſe of their Diſcord, and ſo fell Debate,
s for the Love of that ſame ſnowy Maid,
om they had loſt in Turneyment of late;
i ſeeking long, to weet which way ſhe ſtraid,
t here together: where, through leud Upbraid
Ate and *Dueſſa*, they fell out;
i each one taking part in other's aid,
is cruel Conflict raiſed there-about,
e dangerous Succeſs depended yet in doubt.

XXV.

ſometimes *Paridel* and *Blandamore*
e better had, and bet the others back;
ſoons the others did the Field recoure,
id on their Foes did work full cruel wrack:
t neither would their fiend-like Fury ſlack,
t evermore their Malice did augment;
ll that uneath they forced were, for lack
Breath, their raging Rigour to relent,
reſt themſelves, for to recover Spirits ſpent.

XXVI.

ere 'gan they change their ſides, and new parts take:
r *Paridel* did take to *Druon*'s ſide,
r old deſpight, which now forth newly brake
ainſt *Blandamore*, whom always he envy'd:
d *Blandamore* to *Claribel* rely'd.
all afreſh gan former Fight renew:
when two Barks, this carried with the Tide,
at with the Wind, contrary Courſes ſue,
nd and Tide do change, their Courſes change anew.

XXVII.

Thence-forth, they much more furiously gan fa
As if but then the Battel had begun;
Ne Helmets bright, ne Hawberks ſtrong did ſpa
That through the Clifts the vermeil Blood out ſq
And all adown their riven Sides did run.
Such mortal Malice, wonder was to ſee
In Friends profeſt, and ſo great Out-rage done:
But ſooth is ſaid, and try'd in each degree,
Faint Friends when they fall out, moſt cruel Foe-n

XXVIII.

Thus they long while continued in fight,
Till *Scudamore*, and that ſame *Briton* Maid,
By Fortune in that Place did chance to light:
Whom ſoon as they with wrathful Eye bewraid
They 'gan remember of the foul Up-braid,
The which that *Britoneſs* had to them done,
In that late Turney for the ſnowy Maid;
Where ſhe had them both ſhamefully fordone,
And eke the famous Prize of Beauty from them w

XXIX.

Eftſoones all burning with a freſh Deſire
Of fell Revenge, in their malicious Mood,
They from themſelves 'gan turn their furious Ir
And cruel Blades yet ſteeming wi h hot Blood,
Againſt thoſe two let drive, as they were wood:
Who wondring much at that ſo ſudden Fit,
Yet nought diſmaid, them ſtoutly well withſto
Ne yielded foot, ne once aback did flit,
But being doubly ſmitten, likewiſe doubly ſmit.

XXX.

The war-like Dame was on her part aſſaid
Of *Claribel* and *Blandamore* attone;
And *Peridel* and *Druon* fiercely laid
At *Scudamore*, both his profeſſed Fone.
Four charged two, and two ſurcharged one:
Yet did thoſe two themſelves ſo bravely bear,
That th' other little gained by the lone,
But with their own repayed duly were,
And *Uſury withal*: ſuch Gain was gotten dear.

1-times did *Britomart* aſſay
to them, and ſome Emparlance move;
for nought their cruel Hands would ſtay,
n Ear to ought that might behove.
an eager Maſtiff once doth prove
e of Blood of ſome engored Beaſt,
s may rate, nor Rigour him remove
edy hold of that his bloody Feaſt:
they hearken to her ſweet Beheaſt.

XXXII.

hen the *Briton* Prince afar beheld,
s of ſo unequall Match oppreſt,
ty Heart with Indignation ſwell'd,
ird Grudge fill'd his heroick Breaſt:
himſelf he to their aid addreſt.
ning fierce into the thickeſt Preaſe,
hem, however loth to reſt,
ld them fain from Battel to ſurceaſe,
words perſuading them to friendly Peace.

XXXIII.

ſo far from Peace or Patience were,
it once at him 'gan fiercely fly,
n load, as they him down would bear;
Storm, which hovers under Sky
: and there, and round about doth ply,
breaks down in Rain, and Hail, and Sleet,
n one Coaſt, till nought thereof be dry;
another till that likewiſe fleet;
ſide to ſide, till all the World it weet.

XXXIV.

heir Forces greatly were decay'd,
:e yet being freſh untouch'd afore;
n with Speeches mild 'gan firſt diſſuade
foul Outrage, and them long forbore:
them thro Suffrance heartned more,
e bent their furies to abate;
it them ſo ſharply and ſo ſore,
:ly them compelled to retreat,
ought in danger, to relent too late.

XXXV.

But now his Courage being throughly fir'd,
He meant to make them know their Folly's Priſe,
Had not thoſe two him inſtantly deſir'd
T' aſſuage his Wrath, and pardon their Meſpriſe.
At whoſe Requeſt he gan himſelf adviſe
To ſtay his hand, and of a Truce to treat
In milder Terms, as liſt them to deviſe:
'Mongſt which, the cauſe of their ſo cruel Heat
He did them aſk, who all that paſſed 'gan repeat:

XXXVI.

And told at large how that ſame errant Knight,
To weet fair *Britomart*, them late had foil'd
In open Turney, and by wrongful Fight,
Both of their publick Praiſe had them deſpoil'd,
And alſo of their private Loves beguil'd;
Of two, full hard to read the harder Theft.
But ſhe that wrongful Challenge ſoon aſſoil'd,
And ſhew'd that ſhe had not that Lady reft
(As they ſuppos'd) but her had to her liking left.

XXXVII.

To whom, the Prince thus goodly wel reply'd;
Certes, Sir Knight, ye ſeemen much to blame,
To rip up Wrong, that Battel once hath try'd;
Wherein the Honour both of Arms ye ſhame,
And eke the Love of Ladies foul defame:
To whom the World this Franchiſe ever yielded,
That of their Loves choice they might Freedom claim
And in that Right, ſhould by all Knights be ſhielded,
'Gainſt which me ſeems this War ye wrongfully have wield

XXXVIII.

And yet, quoth ſhe, a greater Wrong remains:
For, I thereby my former Love have loſt;
Whom ſeeking ever ſince with endleſs pains,
Hath me much Sorrow and much Travel coſt:
Aye me! to ſee that gentle Maid ſo toſt.
But *Scudamore*, then ſighing deep, thus ſaid;
Certes, her Loſs ought me to ſorrow moſt
Whoſe right ſhe is, where-ever ſhe be ſtray'd,
Through many Perils won, and many Fortunes waide.

XXX

XXXIX.

from the firſt that I her Love profeſt,
this hour, this preſent luckleſs hour,
er joyed Happineſs nor Reſt;
thus turmoil'd from one to other Stour,
le my Life, and do my Days devour
etched Anguiſh and inceſſant Woe,
ıg the meaſure of my feeble Pow'r;
living thus, a Wretch, and loving ſo,
r eam my Love, ne yet my Life forego.

XL.

good Sir *Claribel* him thus beſpake;
were it not Sir *Scudamore* to you
:eful Pain, ſo ſad a task to take,
we entreat you, ſith this gentle Crew
ıw ſo well accorded all anew,
as we ride together on our way,
'ill recount to us in order due
hat Adventure, which ye did aſſay
t'fair Lady's Love: paſt Perils well apay.

XLI.

an the reſt him likewiſe to require;
Britomart did him importune hard,
ıke on him that pain: whoſe great Deſire
lad to ſatify, himſelf prepar'd
ell through what Misfortune he had far'd,
ıat Atchievement, as to him befel,
all thoſe Dangers unto them declar'd:
ch ſith they cannot in this Canto well
ſed be, I will them in another tell.

CANTO X.

Scudamore *doth his Conqueſt tell,*
***Of virtuous* Amoret:**
Great* Venus' *Temple is deſcrib'd,
And Lover's Life forth ſet.

I.

TRUE he it ſaid, what-ever Man it ſaid,
That Love with Gall and Hony doth aboun
But if the one be with the other weigh'd,
For every Dram of Hony therein found,
A Pound of Gall doth over it redound.
That I too true by trial have approv'd:
For, ſince the day that firſt with deadly Wound
My Heart was launc'd and learned to have lov'd,
I never joyed hour, but ſtill with Care was mov'd.

II.

And yet ſuch Grace is given them from above,
That all the Cares and Evil which they meet,
May nought at all their ſettled Minds remove,
But ſeem 'gainſt common Senſe to them moſt ſwe
As boaſting in their Martyrdom unmeet.
So all that ever yet I have endur'd,
I count as nought, and tread down under feet,
Sith of my Love at length I reſt aſſur'd,
That to Diſloyalty ſhe will not be allur'd.

III.

Long were to tell the Travel and long Toil,
Through which this Shield of Love I late have v
And purchaſed this peerleſs Beauty's Spoil,
That harder may be ended, than begun.
But ſince ye ſo deſire, your Will be done.
Then hark, ye gentle Knights and Ladies free,
My hard Miſhaps, that ye may learn to ſhun;
For, though ſweet Love to conquer glorious b
[redacted] Pain thereof much greater than the

IV.

hat Time the Fame of this renowned Priſe
ew firſt abroad, and all Mens Ears poſſeſt,
aving Arms then taken, 'gan aviſe
› win me Honour by ſome noble Geſt,
nd purchaſe me ſome place among the beſt.
oldly thought (ſo young Mens thoughts are bold)
hat this ſame brave Emprize for me did reſt,
nd that both Shield and She whom I behold,
ht be my lucky Lot: ſith all by Lot we hold.

V.

›, on that hard Adventure forth I went,
nd to the place of peril ſhortly came:
'hat was a Temple fair and auncient,
Vhich of great Mother *Venus* bare the name,
nd far renowned through exceeding Fame;
luch more than that, which was in *Paphos* built,
)r that in *Cyprus*, both long ſince this ſame,
Though all the Pillours of the one were gilt,
d all the other's Pavement were with Ivory ſpilt.

VI.

And it was ſeated in an Iſland ſtrong,
Abounding all with Delices moſt rare,
And wall'd by Nature 'gainſt Invaders Wrong.
That none mote have acceſs, nor inward fare,
But by one way, that Paſſage did prepare.
It was a Bridge ybuilt in goodly wiſe,
With curious Corbs, and Pendants graven fair,
And (arched all with Porches) did ariſe
ſtately Pillours, fram'd after the *Dorick* Guiſe.

VII.

And for Defence thereof, on th' other end
There reared was a Caſtle fair and ſtrong,
That warded all which in or out did wend,
And flanked both the Bridge's Sides along,
Gainſt all that *would it fain* to force or wrong.
nd therein wonned twenty valiant Knights;
I twenty try'd in War's Experience long;
oſe office was, againſt all manner Wights,
means to maintain that Caſtle's antient Rights

VIII.

Before that Caſtle was an open Plain,
And in the midſt thereof a Pillour plac'd;
On which this Shield, of many ſought in vain,
The Shield of Love, whoſe Guerdon me hath grac'
Was hang'd on high, with golden Ribbands lac'd;
And in the marble Stone was written this,
With golden Letters goodly well enchac'd,
Bleſſed the Man that well can uſe his Bliſs:
Whoſe-ever be the Shield, fair Amoret *he bis.*

IX.

Which when I read, my Heart did inly yearn,
And pant with hope of that Adventure's hap:
Ne ſtayed further news thereof to learn,
But with my Spear upon the Shield did rap,
That all the Caſtle ringed with the clap.
Strait forth iſſu'd a Knight all arm'd to proof,
And bravely mounted to his moſt miſhap;
Who, ſtaying nought to queſtion from aloof,
Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunſt from his Hoofs!

X.

Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
And by good fortune ſhortly him unſeated.
Eftſoons out ſprung two more of equal mould;
But I them both with equal hap defeated:
So all the twenty I likewiſe entreated,
And left them groaning there upon the Plain.
Then preacing to the Pillour, I repeated
The read thereof for Guerdon of my Pain,
And taking down the Shield, with me did it retain

XI.

So forth without Impediment I paſt,
Till to the Bridge's outer Gate I came:
The which I found ſure lock'd and chained faſt.
I knock'd, but no man anſwer'd me by Name;
I call'd, but no Man anſwer'd to my claim.
Yet I perſever'd ſtill to knock and call;
Till at the laſt I ſpide within the ſame,
Where one ſtood peeping through a Crevis ſmall
To w[illegible]ll'd aloud, half angry therewith:

XII.

That was, to weet, the Porter of the Place.
Unto whoſe Truſt the Charge thereof was lent:
His Name was *Doubt*, that had a double Face,
Th' one forward looking, the other backward bent,
Therein reſembling *Janus* auncient,
Which had in Charge the Ingate of the Year:
And evermore his Eyes about him went,
As if ſome proved Peril he did fear,
Or did miſ-doubt ſome Ill, whoſe Cauſe did not appear.

XIII.

On th' one ſide he, on th' other ſate *Delay*,
Behind the Gate, that none her might eſpy;
Whoſe manner was all Paſſengers to ſtay,
And entertain with her Occaſions ſly;
Thro which ſome loſt great Hope unheedily,
Which never they recover might again;
And others quite excluded forth, did lie
Long languiſhing there in unpitied Pain,
And ſeeking often Entrance afterwards in vain.

XIV.

Me when-as he had privily eſpy'd,
Bearing the Shield which I had conquer'd late,
He ken'd it ſtrait, and to me open'd wide:
So in I paſt, and ſtrait he clos'd the Gate.
But being in, *Delay* in cloſe Await
Caught hold on me, and thought my Steps to ſtay,
Feigning full many a fond Excuſe to prate,
And Time to ſteal, the Treaſure of Man's Day;
Whoſe ſmalleſt Minute loſt, no Riches render may.

XV.

But by no means my way I would forſlow,
For ought that ever ſhe could do or ſay;
But from my lofty Steed diſmounting low,
Paſt forth on foot, beholding all the way
The goodly Works, and ſtones of rich Aſſay,
Caſt into ſundry Shapes by wondrous Skill,
That like on Earth no where I reckon may)
And underneath, the River rolling ſtill
With murmur ſoft, that ſeem'd to ſerve the Will

... stopt the Entrance w
And with the Terrour of l
Full many did affray, that el
XV
His Name was *Danger*, dre
Who day and night did wat
From fearful Cowards, Entr
And faint-heart Fools, who
Could terrify from Fortunes
For oftentimes faint Hearts,
Of his grim Face, were from
Unworthy they of Grace, wh
Excludes from faireſt Hope, witl
XVIII.
Yet many doughty Warriors,
In greater Perils to be ſtout an
Durſt not the Sternneſs of his
But ſoon as they his Count'na
Began to faint, and feel their
Again, ſome other, that in
Were Cowards known, and lit
Either thro Gifts, or Guile
Crept in

XX.

I enter'd, I did backward look,
ar of Harm, that might lie hidden there;
o! his Hind-parts (whereof heed I took)
more deformed fearful ugly were,
all his former Parts did earſt appear.
latred, Murder, Treaſon, and Deſpight,
many more, lay in Ambuſhment there,
ing to entrap the wareleſs Wight,
id not them prevent with vigilant Fore-ſight.

XXI.

having paſt all Peril, I was come
n the Compaſs of that Iſland's Space;
hich did ſeem unto my ſimple Doom,
ily pleaſant and delightful Place,
ever troden was of Footing's Trace.
l that Nature by her Mother Wit
frame in Earth, and form of Subſtance baſe,
here; and all that Nature did omit,
ing ſecond Nature's Part) ſupplied it.

XXII.

ee, that is of count, in Green-wood grows,
loweſt Juniper to Cedar tall;
w'r in Field, that dainty Odour throws,
ecks his Branch with Bloſſoms over all;
ere was planted, or grew natural:
nſe of Man ſo coy and curious nice,
ere mote find to pleaſe it ſelf withal;
eart could wiſh for any quaint Device,
it preſent was, and did frail Senſe entice.

XXIII.

luxurious Plenty of all Pleaſure,
'd a ſecond Paradiſe I gheſs,
ſhly enrich'd with Nature's Treaſure,
f the happy Souls, which do poſſeſs
lyſian Fields, and live in laſting Bleſs,
happen this with living Eye to ſee,
oon *would loath their* leſſer Happineſs,
th to Life return'd again to be,
s joyous Place they mote have Joyance free.

XXIV

XXIV.

Freſh Shadows, fit to ſhroud from ſunny Ray;
Fair Lawnds, to take the Sun in Seaſon due;
Sweet Springs, in which a thouſand Nymphs d
Soft rumbling Brooks, that gentle Slumber d
High reared Mounts, the Lands about to view
Low-looking Dales, diſloign'd from common
Delightful Bow'rs, to ſolace Lovers true;
Falſe Labyrinths, fond Runners Eyes to daze:
All which, by Nature made, did Nature's ſelf an

XXV.

And all without were Walks and Alleys dight
With divers Trees, enrang'd in even Ranks;
And here and there were pleaſant Arbors pigl
And ſhady Seats, and ſundry flowring Banks,
To ſit and reſt the Walkers weary Shanks:
And therein thouſand Pairs of Lovers walk'd,
Praiſing their God, and yielding him great Th
Ne ever ought but of their true Loves talk'd,
Ne ever for Rebuke or Blame of any balk'd.

XXVI.

All theſe together by themſelves did ſport
Their ſpotleſs Pleaſures, and ſweet Loves cor
But far away from theſe, another ſort
Of Lovers linked in true Heart's Conſent;
Which loved not as theſe, for like intent,
But on chaſte Vertue grounded their Deſire,
Far from all Fraud, or feigned Blandiſhment
Which in their Spirits kindling zealous Fire,
Brave Thoughts and noble Deeds did evermore ir

XXVII.

Such were great *Hercules*, and *Hylas* dear;
True *Jonathan*, and *David* truſty try'd;
Stout *Theſeus*, and *Perithous* his Fear;
Pylades, and *Oreſtes* by his ſide;
Mild Titus, and *Geſippus* without Pride;
Damon and *Pythias*, whom Death could not
All theſe, and all that ever had been ty'd
*of Friend*ſhip, there did live for
although decay'd, yet Loves

XXVIII.

h, when as I, that never taſted Bliſs,
appy Hour, beheld with gazeful Eye,
ught there was none other Heaven than this;
gan their endleſs Happineſs envy,
being free from Fear and Jealouſy,
: frankly there their Love's Deſire poſſeſs;
t I, through Pains and perlous Jeopardy,
forc'd to ſeek my Life's dear Patroneſs: (treſs.
arer be the Things, which come through hard Diſ-

XXIX.

ll thoſe Sights, and all that elſe I ſaw,
: not my Steps with-hold, but that forth-right
that purpos'd Place I did me draw,
eas my Love was lodged day and night:
Temple of great *Venus*, that is hight
Queen of Beauty, and of Love the Mother,
: worſhipped of every living Wight;
e goodly Workmanſhip far paſt all other
r were on Earth, all were they ſet together.

XXX.

hat fame famous Temple of *Diane*,
e Height all *Epheſus* did over-ſee,
vhich all *Aſia* ſought with Vows profane,
f the World's ſeven Wonders ſaid to be,
: match with this by many a degree:
at, which that wiſe King of *Jewry* fram'd,
endleſs Coſt, to be th' Almighty's See;
ll that elſe through all the World is nam'd
he Heathen Gods, might like to this be chaim'd.

XXXI.

ch admiring that ſo goodly Frame
the Porch approach'd, which open ſtood;
herein ſat an amiable Dame,
ſeem'd to be of very ſober Mood,
n her Semblant ſhew'd great Womanhood:
: *was her Tire*; for on her Head a Crown
re, *much like* unto a *Daniſh* Hood,
' *with Pearl* and Stone; and all her Gown
as *with Gold*, that raught full low

XXXII.

On either ſide of her two young Men ſtood,
Both ſtrongly arm'd, as fearing one another;
Yet were they Brethren both of half the Blood,
Begotten by two Fathers of one Mother,
Though of contrary Natures each to other:
The one of them hight *Love*, the other *Hate*.
Hate was the elder, *Love* the younger Brother;
Yet was the younger ſtronger in his State
Than th' elder, and him maiſter'd ſtill in all Deba

XXXIII.

Nath'leſs, that Dame ſo well them temper'd bot
That ſhe them forced Hand to join in Hand,
Albe that *Hatred* was thereto full loth,
And turn'd his Face away, as he did ſtand,
Unwilling to behold that lovely Band,
Yet ſhe was of ſuch Grace and vertuous Might,
That her Commaundment he could not withſta
But bit his Lip for ſelonous Deſpight,
And gnaſh'd his iron Tuſks at that diſpleaſing Sigh

XXXIV.

Concord ſhe cleeped was in common Reed,
Mother of bleſſed *Peace*, and *Friendſhip* true;
They both her Twins, both born of heavenly Se
And ſhe herſelf likewiſe divinely grew;
The which right well her Works divine did ſhe
For Strength, and Wealth, and Happineſs ſhe l
And Strife, and War, and Anger does ſubdue;
Of little much, of Foes ſhe maketh Friends,
And to afflicted Minds ſweet Reſt and Quiet ſends

XXXV.

By her the Heav'n is in his Courſe contain'd,
And all the World in State unmoved ſtands,
As their Almighty Maker firſt ordain'd,
And bound them with inviolable Bands;
Elſe would the Waters overflow the Lands,
And Fire devour the Air, and Hell them quite
But that ſhe holds them with her bleſſed Ha
She is the Nurſe of Pleaſure and Delight,
Venus' Grace the Gate doth open r

XXXVI.

By her I entring, half diſmayed was ;
But ſhe in gentle wiſe me entertain'd,
And 'twixt her ſelf and Love did let me paſs ;
But *Hatred* would my Entrance have reſtrain'd,
And with his Club me threatned to have brain'd,
Had not the Lady, with her pow'rful Speech,
Him from his wicked Will uneath refrain'd ;
And th' other eke his Malice did empeach,
Il I was throughly paſt the Peril of his Reach.

XXXVII.

Into the inmoſt Temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with Frankincenſe I found,
And Odours riſing from the Altars Flame.
Upon an hundred Marble Pillors round,
The Roof up high was reared from the Ground,
All deck'd with Crowns, and Chains, and Girlonds gay,
And thouſand precious Gifts worth many a Pound,
The which ſad Lovers for their Vows did pay ;
nd all the Ground was ſtrow'd with Flowers as freſh as *May*.

XXXVIII.

An hundred Altars round about were ſet,
All flaming with their Sacrifice's Fire,
That with the Steam thereof the Temple ſwet,
Which, roll'd in Clouds, to Heaven did aſpire,
And in them bore true Lovers Vows entire :
And eke an hundred braſen Cauldrons bright,
To bathe in Joy and amorous Deſire,
Every of which was to a Damſel hight ;
or all the Prieſts were Damſels, in ſoft Linen d ght.

XXXIX.

Right in the midſt the Goddeſs' ſelf did ſtand,
Upon an Altar of ſome coſtly Maſs,
Whoſe Subſtance was uneath to underſtand :
For neither precious Stone, nor dureful Braſs,
Nor ſhining Gold, nor mouldring Clay it was ;
But much more rare and precious to eſteem,
Pure in aſpect, and like to cryſtal Glaſs,
Yet Glaſs was not, if one did rightly deem ;
being fair and brickle, likeſt Glaſs did ſeem.

XL.

But it in Shape and Beauty di
All other Idols which th' Hea
Far paſſing that, which by fu
Phidias did make in *Paphos*
With which that wretched G
Did fall in love: yet this m
But cover'd with a ſlender V
And both her Feet and Legs
Were with a Snake, whoſe Hea

XL

The Cauſe why ſhe was co
Was hard to know, for th
From People's Knowledge
But ſooth it was not ſure
Nor any Blemiſh which th
But for (they ſay) ſhe ha
Both Male and Female,
She Sire and Mother is h
Begets, and eke conceives,

And all about her Neck
A Flock of little Loves,
With nimble Wings of
Whoſe Shapes ſeem'd
But like to Angels pl
The whilſt their elder
Cupid, their eldeſt Br
The wide Kingdom o
And to his Law compel

And all about her A
Great ſorts of Lover
Some of their Loſs,
Some of their Pride
Some fearing Fraud,
As every one had c
Amongſt the reſt,
Tormented ſore, c
thus brake forth,

XLIV.

s, Queen of Beauty and of Grace,
f Gods and Men, that under Sky
t ſhine, and moſt adorn thy Place,
thy ſmiling Look doſt pacify
; Seas, and mak'ſt the Storms to fly:
leſs, thee the Winds, the Clouds do fear,
thou ſpred'ſt thy Mantle forth on high,
rs play, and pleaſant Lands appear,
laugh, and all the World ſhews joyous Chear.

XLV.

the *Dædale* Earth throw forth to thee
r fruitful Lap aboundant Flow'rs:
all living Wights, ſoon as they ſee
g break forth out of his luſty Bow'rs,
lo learn to play the Paramours:
he merry Birds, thy pretty Pages,
cked with thy luſtful Pow'rs,
l to thee out of their leafy Cages,
heir Mother, call to cool their kindly Rages.

XLVI.

he ſalvage Beaſts begin to play
ıſant Friſks, and loath their wonted Food:
; roar, the Tygers loudly bray,
g Bulls rebellow through the Wood,
king forth, dare tempt the deepeſt Flood,
where thou doſt draw them with Deſire.
ıgs elſe, that nouriſh vital Blood,
'ith Fury thou doſt them inſpire,
ɔn ſeek to quench their inward Fire.

XLVII.

: World by thee at firſt was made,
y yet thou doſt the ſame repair:
: on Earth that merry is and glad,
: on Earth that lovely is and fair,
the *ſame for* Pleaſure didſt prepare.
the Root of all that joyous is,
of Men and Women, Queen of th' Air,
Laughter, and Well-ſpring of Bliſs;
of my Love at laſt I may not miſ-

XLVIII.

So did he ſay: but I with Murmur ſoft,
That none might hear the Sorrow of my Hear
Yet inly groaning deep, and ſighing oft,
Beſought her to grant Eaſe unto my Smart,
And to my Wound her gracious Help impart.
Whilſt thus I ſpake, behold with happy Eye
I ſpy'd, where at the Idol's Feet apart
A Bevy of fair Damſels cloſe did lie,
Waiting when-as the Anthem ſhould be ſung on

XLIX.

The firſt of them did ſeem of riper Years,
And graver Countenance than all the reſt;
Yet all the reſt were eke her equal Peers,
Yet unto her obeyed all the beſt;
Her Name was *Womanhood*, that ſhe expreſt
By her ſad Semblant and Demeanure wiſe:
For ſtedfaſt ſtill her Eyes did fixed reſt,
Ne roy'd at random after Gazer's Guiſe,
Whoſe 'luring Baits oft-times do heedleſs Hearts e

L.

And next to her ſate goodly *Shamefac'dneſs*;
Ne ever durſt her Eyes from ground up-rear,
Ne ever once did look up from her Deſs,
As if ſome Blame of Evil ſhe did fear,
That in her Cheeks made Roſes oft appear:
And her againſt ſweet *Chearfulneſs* was plac'd,
Whoſe Eyes like twinkling Stars in Evening c
Were deck'd with Smiles, that all ſad Humour
And darted forth Delights, the which her goodly

LI.

And next to her ſate ſober *Modeſty*,
Holding her Hand upon her gentle Heart;
And her againſt ſate comely *Courteſy*,
That unto every Perſon knew her Part;
And her before was ſeated over-thwart
Soft Silence, and ſubmiſs Obedience,
Both link'd together never to diſpart,
Both Gifts of God not gotten but from the
h Girlonds of his Saints againſt their Foe

LII.

Thus ſate they all around in ſeemly rate:
And in the midſt of them a goodly Maid,
Even in the Lap of *Womanhood* there ſate,
The which was all in lilly White array'd,
With ſilver Streams amongſt the Linen ſtray'd;
Like to the Morn, when firſt her ſhining Face
Hath to the gloomy World it ſelf bewray'd:
That ſame was faireſt *Amoret* in place,
Shining with Beauty's Light, and heavenly Vertue's Grace.

LIII.

Whom ſoon as I beheld, my Heart 'gan throb,
And wade in Doubt what beſt were to be done:
For Sacrilege me ſeem'd the Church to rob;
And Folly ſeem'd to leave the thing undone,
Which with ſo ſtrong Attempt I had begun.
Tho, ſhaking off all Doubt and ſhamefac'd Fear,
Which Lady's Love I heard had never won
'Mongſt Men of Worth, I to her ſtepped near,
And by the lilly Hand her labour'd up to rear.

LIV.

Thereat that formoſt Matron me did blame,
And ſharp rebuke, for being over-bold;
Saying it was to Knight unſeemly Shame,
Upon a recluſe Virgin to lay hold,
That unto *Venus*' Services was ſold.
To whom I thus; Nay but it fitteth beſt,
For *Cupid*'s Man with *Venus*' Maid to hold:
For ill your Goddeſs' Services are dreſt
By Virgins, and her Sacrifices let to reſt.

LV.

With that my Shield I forth to her did ſhow,
Which all that while I cloſely had conceal'd;
On which when *Cupid*, with his killing Bow
And cruel Shafts emblaſon'd ſhe beheld,
At ſight thereof ſhe was with Terror quell'd,
And ſaid no more: but I which all that while,
The Pledge of Faith, her Hand engaged held,
Like wary *Hind within the* weedy Soil,
For no Intreaty would forgo ſo glorious Spoil.

LVI.

And evermore upon the Goddeſs' Face
Mine Eye was fix'd, for fear of her Offence:
Whom when I ſaw with amiable Grace
To laugh on me, and favour my Pretence,
I was embolden'd with more Confidence;
And nought for Niceneſs, nor for Envy ſparing,
In preſence of them all forth led her thence,
All looking on, and like aſtoniſh'd ſtaring,
Yet to lay hand on her, not one of all them daring.

LVII.

She often pray'd, and often me beſought,
Sometime with tender Tears to let her go,
Sometime with witching Smiles: but yet for nought
That ever ſhe to me could ſay or do,
Could ſhe her wiſhed Freedom from me woo;
But forth I led her through the Temple-gate,
By which I hardly paſt with much ado:
But that ſame Lady which me friended late
In Entrance, did me alſo friend in my Retreat.

LVIII.

No leſs did *Danger* threaten me with Dread,
When-as he ſaw me, maugre all his Pow'r,
That glorious Spoil of Beauty with me lead,
Than *Cerberus*, when *Orpheus* did recour
His Leman from the *Stygian* Prince's Bow'r;
But evermore my Shield did me defend,
Againſt the Storm of every dreadful Stour:
Thus ſafely with my Love I thence did wend.
So ended he his Tale, where I this Canto end.

CANTO XI.

Marinel's former Wound is heal'd,
He comes to Proteus' *Hall,*
Where Thamis *doth the* Medway *wed,*
And feasts the Sea-Gods all.

I.

BUT ah for Pity! that I have thus long
Left a fair Lady languiſhing in Pain:
Now weal-away, that I have done ſuch Wrong,
To let fair *Florimel* in Bands remain,
In Bands of Love, and in ſad Thraldom's Chain;
From which, unleſs ſome heavenly Power her free
By Miracle, not yet appearing plain,
She lenger yet is like captiv'd to be:
Vaſt ev'n to think thereof, it inly pities me.

II.

Here need you to remember how erewhile
Unlovely *Proteus*, miſſing to his Mind
That Virgin's Love to win by Wit or Wile,
Her threw into a Dungeon deep and blind,
And there in Chains her cruelly did bind,
In hope thereby her to his Bent to draw:
For when as neither Gifts nor Graces kind,
Her conſtant Mind could move at all he ſaw,
He thought her to compel by Cruelty and Awe.

III.

Deep in the Bottom of an huge great Rock
The Dungeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither iron Bars, nor brazen Lock
Did need to guard from Force, or ſecret Theft
Of all her Lovers, which would her have reft.
For wall'd it was with Waves, which rag'd and roar'd
As they the Cliff in pieces would have cleft:
Beſides, ten thouſand Monſters foul abhor'd
Wait about it, gaping grieſly, all begor'd.

IV.

And in the midſt thereof did Horror dwell,
And Darkneſs dread, that never viewed Day;
Like to the baleful Houſe of loweſt Hell,
In which old *Styx* her aged Bones alway
(Old *Styx*, the Grandame of the Gods) doth l
There did this luckleſs Maid three Months a
Ne ever Evening ſaw, ne Morning's Ray,
Ne ever from the Day the Night deſcry'd,
But thought it all one Night, that did no Hours

V.

And all this was for Love of *Marinel*,
Who her deſpis'd (ah! who would her deſpiſe
And Womens Love did from his Heart expel.
And all thoſe Joys that weak Mankind entice
Nath'leſs, his Pride full dearly he did priſe;
For of a Woman's Hand it was ywroke,
That of the Wound he yet in Languor lies,
Ne can be cured of that cruel Stroke,
Which *Britomart* him gave, when he did her p

VI.

Yet far and near the Nymph his Mother ſou
And many Salves did to his Sore apply,
And many Herbs did uſe: but when-as nough
She ſaw could eaſe his rankling Malady,
At laſt, to *Tryphon* ſhe for Help did hie
(This *Tryphon* is the Sea-gods Surgeon hight)
Whom ſhe beſought to find ſome Remedy:
And for his Pains, a Whiſtle him behight,
That of a Fiſhes Shell was wrought with rare De

VII.

So well that Leach did hark to her Requeſt,
And did ſo well employ his careful Pain,
That in ſhort ſpace his Hurts he had redreſt,
And him reſtor'd to healthful State again:
In which he long time after did remain
There with the Nymph his Mother, like her
Who ſore againſt his Will did him retain,
for fear of Peril, which to him mote fall,
gh his too ventrous Proweſs proved ever

VIII.

an'd then, a ſolemn Feaſt was there
the Sea-gods, and their fruitful Seed,
iour of the Spouſals, which then were
t the *Medway* and the *Thames* agreed.
ad the *Thames* (as we in Records read)
that Day her wooed to his Bed;
e proud Nymph would for no worldly Meed,
Entreaty to his Love be led;
at laſt relenting, ſhe to him was wed.

IX.

n agreed, that this their bridal Feaſt
for the Gods in *Proteus'* Houſe be made;
ich they all repair'd, both moſt and leaſt,
ll which in the mighty Ocean trade,
t in Rivers ſwim, or Brooks do wade.
nich, not if an hundred Tongues to tell,
undred Mouths, and Voice of Braſs I had,
ndleſs Memory, that mote excel,
ıs they came, could I recount them well.

X.

herefore, O thou ſacred Imp of *Jove!*
ourſling of Dame *Memory* his Dear,
ıom thoſe Rolls, laid up in Heaven above,
ecords of Antiquity appear,
ich no Wit of Man may comen near;
ne to tell the Names of all thoſe Floods,
l thoſe Nymphs, which then aſſembled were
ıt great Banquet of the watry Gods,
heir ſundry Kinds, and all their hid Abodes.

XI.

ıme great *Neptune*, with his three-forkèd Mace,
rules the Seas, and makes them riſe or fall;
wy Locks did drop with Brine apace,
his Diadem Imperial:
ıy his ſide, his Queen with Coronal,
mphitrite, moſt divinely fair,
: ivory Shoulders weren cover'd all,
th a Robe, *with her* own ſilver Hair;
'd *with Pearls*, which th' *Indian* Seas for her

XII.

Theſe marched far afore the other Crew;
And all the way before them as they went,
Triton his Trumpet ſhrill before them blew,
For goodly Triumph and great Jollyment,
That made the Rocks to roar, as they were rent.
And after them the royal Iſſue came,
Which of them ſprung by lineal Deſcent:
Firſt, the Sea-gods, which to themſelves do claim
The Power to rule the Billows, and the Waves to tame.

XIII.

Phorcys, the Father of that fatal Brood,
By whom thoſe old Heroes won ſuch Fame;
And *Glaucus*, that wiſe Soothſays underſtood;
And tragick *Ino*'s Son, the which became
A God of Seas through his mad Mother's Blame,
Now hight *Palemon*, and is Sailor's Friend:
Great *Brontes* and *Aſtræus*, that did ſhame
Himſelf with Inceſt of his Kin unken'd;
And huge *Orion*, that doth Tempeſts ſtill portend.

XIV.

The rich *Cteatus*, and *Eurytus* long,
Neleus and *Pelias*, lovely Brethren both;
Mighty *Chryſaor*, and *Caïcus* ſtrong;
Eurypulus, that calms the Waters wroth;
And fair *Euphæmus*, that upon them go'th
As on the Ground, without Diſmay or Dread:
Fierce *Eryx*, and *Alebius*, that know'th
The Water's Depth, and doth their Bottom tread;
And ſad *Aſopus*, comely with his hoary Head.

XV.

There alſo ſome moſt famous Founders were
Of puiſſant Nations, which the World poſſeſs'd;
Yet Sons of *Neptune*, now aſſembled here:
Auncient *Ogyges*, even th' auncienteſt,
And *Inachus*, renown'd above the reſt;
Phœnix, and *Aon*, and *Pelaſgus* old,
Great *Belus*, *Phœax*, and *Agenor*, beſt;
And mighty *Albion*, Father of the bold
Warlike People, which the Britain Iſlands hold.

XVI.

', *Albion* the Son of *Neptune* was;
ho for the proof of his great Puiſſance,
t of his *Albion* did on dry-foot paſs
o old *Gaul*, that now is cleeped *France*,
fight with *Hercules*, that did advance
vanquiſh all the World with matchleſs Might;
d there his mortal Part by great miſchance
as ſlain: but that which is th' immortal Spright,
ſtill; and to this Feaſt with *Neptune*'s Seed was dight.

XVII.

t what do I their Names ſeek to rehearſe,
hich all the World have with their Iſſue fill'd?
w can they all in this ſo narrow Verſe
ntained be, and in ſmall compaſs held?
t them record them, that are better ſkill'd,
nd know the Monuments of paſſed Times:
ly what needeth, ſhall be here fulfill'd,
' expreſs ſome part of that great Equipage,
ch from great *Neptune* do derive their Parentage.

XVIII.

ext, came the aged *Ocean*, and his Dame
ld *Tethys*, th' oldeſt two of all the reſt;
r, all the reſt, of thoſe two Parents came,
/hich afterward both Sea and Land poſſeſt:
f all which, *Nereus*, th' eldeſt and the beſt,
id firſt proceed, than which none more upright,
e more ſincere in Word and Deed profeſt;
ſoft void of Guile, moſt free from foul Deſpight,
ig himſelf, and teaching others to do right.

XIX.

'hereto he was expert in Prophecies,
nd could the Ledden of the Gods unfold;
'hrough which, when *Paris* brought his famous Prize,
'he fair *Tindarid* Laſs, he him foretold,
'hat her all *Greece* with many a Champion bold
hould fetch again, and finally deſtroy
'roud *Priam*'s Town. So wiſe is *Nereus* old,
nd ſo well ſkill'd; nath'leſs he takes great joy
times among the wanton Nymphs to ſport and [illegible]

XX.

And after him the famous Rivers came,
Which do the Earth enrich and beautify:
The fertile *Nile*, which Creatures new doth frame;
Long *Rhodanus*, whoſe Sourſe ſprings from the Sky;
Fair *Iſter*, flowing from the Mountains high;
Divine *Scamander*, purpled yet with Blood
Of *Greeks* and *Trojans*, which therein did die;
Pactolus, gliſtering with his golden Flood,
And *Tigris* fierce, whoſe Streams of none may be withſtood.

XXI.

Great *Ganges*, and immortal *Euphrates*,
Deep *Indus*, and *Meander* intricate,
Slow *Peneus*, and tempeſtuous *Phaſide*,
Swift *Rhene*, and *Alpheus* ſtill immaculate:
Oraxes, feared for great *Cyrus'* Fate;
Tybris, renowned for the *Romans* Fame,
Rich *Oranoeby*, though but knowen late;
And that huge River, which doth bear his name
Of warlike *Amazons*, which do poſſeſs the ſame.

XXII.

Joy on thoſe warlike Women, which ſo long
Can from all Men ſo rich a Kingdom hold;
And ſhame on you, O Men, which boaſt your ſtrong
And valiant Hearts, in Thoughts leſs hard and bold,
Yet quail in Conqueſt of that Land of Gold.
But this to you, O *Britons*, moſt pertains,
To whom the Right hereof it ſelf hath ſold;
The which, for ſparing little coſt or pains,
Loſe ſo immortal Glory, and ſo endleſs Gains.

XXIII.

Then was there heard a moſt celeſtial Sound
Of dainty Muſick, which did next enſue
Before the Spouſe: that was *Arion* crown'd;
Who playing on his Harp, unto him drew
The Ears and Hearts of all that goodly Crew,
That even yet the Dolphin, which him bore
Thro the Ægean Seas from Pirates view,
Stood ſtill by him aſtoniſh'd at his Lore,
All the raging Seas for joy forgot to roar.

XX

XXIV.

it he playing on the watry Plain,
fter whom the lovely Bridegroom came,
ble *Thames*, with all his goodly Train;
m before there went, as beſt became,
ncient Parents, namely th' auncient *Thame*.
uch more aged was his Wife than he,
xe, whom Men do *Iſis* rightly name;
eak and crooked Creature ſeemed ſhe,
oft blind thro Eld, that ſcarce her way could ſee.

XXV.

ore on either ſide ſhe was ſuſtain'd
small Grooms, which by their Name were hight
burne, and *Charwell*, two ſmall Streams, which
elves her footing to direct aright, (pain'd
failed oft through faint and feeble Plight:
ame was ſtronger, and of better ſtay,
em'd full aged by his outward ſight,
Head all hoary, and his Beard all gray,
ith ſilver Drops, that trickled down alway.

XXVI.

ke he ſomewhat ſeem'd to ſtoop afore
bowed Back, by reaſon of the Load,
uncient heavy Burden, which he bore
t fair City, wherein make abroad
ny learned Impes, that ſhoot abroad,
ith their Branches ſpred all *Britany*,
ſs than do her elder Siſter's Brood.
you both, ye double Nurſery
but *Oxford* thine doth *Thame* moſt glorify.

XXVII.

: their Son full freſh and jolly was,
cked in a Robe of watchet hew,
aich the Waves, glittring like Chryſtal Glaſs,
ningly enwoven were, that few
wenen, whether they were falſe or true;
his Head like to a Coronet
that ſeemed ſtrange to common view,
were many Towers and Caſtles ſet,
mpaſs'd round as with a golden Fret.

XXVIII.

Like as the Mother of the Gods, they ſay,
In her great iron Chariot wonts to ride,
When to *Jove*'s Palace ſhe doth take her way;
Old *Cybele*, array'd with pompous Pride,
Wearing a Diadem embattled wide
With hundred Turrets, like a Turribant:
With ſuch an one was *Thamis* beautify'd;
That was to weet, the famous *Troynovant*,
In which her Kingdom's Throne is chiefly reſiant.

XXIX.

And round about him many a pretty Page
Attended duly, ready to obey;
All little Rivers, which owe Vaſſalage
To him, as to their Lord, and Tribute pay:
The chaulky *Kenet*, and the *Thetis* grey,
The moriſh *Cole*, and the ſoft-ſliding *Brean*,
The wanton *Lee*, that oft doth loſe his way,
And the ſtill *Darent*, in whoſe Waters clean
Ten thouſand Fiſhes play, and deck his pleaſant Str

XXX.

Then came his Neighbour Floods, which nigh him
And water all the *Engliſh* Soil throughout;
They all on him this day attended well,
And with meet Service waited him about;
Ne one diſdained low to him to lout:
No not the ſtately *Severn* grudg'd at all,
Ne ſtorming *Humber*, though he looked ſtout;
But both him honour'd as their Principal,
And let their ſwelling Waters low before him fall.

XXXI.

There was the ſpeedy *Tamar*, which divides
The *Corniſh*, and the *Devoniſh* Confines;
Through both whoſe Borders ſwiftly down it glide
And meeting *Plim*, to *Plimouth* thence declines:
And *Dart*, nigh choak'd with Sands of tinny Mi
But *Avon* marched in more ſtately Path,
Proud of his Adamants, with which he ſhines
And gliſters wide, as als of wondrous Bath,
Harlow fair, which on his Waves he builded

XXXII.

ame *Stoure* with terrible Aſpect,
fix deformed Heads on high,
his Courſe through *Blandford* Plains direct,
h *Winborne* Meades in Seaſon dry.
went *Wylibourne* with paſſage ſly;
s Wilineſs his Name doth take,
ſelf doth name the Shire thereby:
that like a nouſling Mole doth make
nder ground, till *Thamis* he o'ertake.

XXXIII.

: the *Rother*, decked all with Woods
od-God, and flowing faſt to *Rby*:
that parteth with his pleaſant Floods
n *Saxons* from the Southern nigh,
and *Harwich* both doth beautify:
v'd *Yar*, ſoft waſhing *Norwich* Wall,
him brought a Preſent joyfully
n Fiſh unto their Feſtival,
me elſe could ſhew, the which they Ruffins call.

XXXIV.

, the plenteous *Ouſe* came far from Land,
City and by many a Town,
Rivers, taking under hand
Vaters, as he paſſeth down,
he *Were*, the *Guant*, the *Sture*, the *Rowne*.
th by *Huntingdon* and *Cambridge* flit,
r *Cambridge*, whom as with a Crown
dorn, and is adorn'd of it
a gentle Muſe, and many a learned Wit.

XXXV.

him the fatal *Welland* went,
ld Sawes prove true (which God forbid)
wn all *Holland* with his Excrement,
ſee *Stamford*, though now homely hid,
e in Learning more than ever did
or *Oxford*, *England*'s goodly Beams.
to him the *Nene* down ſoftly ſlid;
teous *Trent*, that in himſelf enſeams
orts of Fiſh, and thirty ſundry Strea

Of Scots and English both, that [illegible]

XXXVII.

Then came those six sad Brethren, like
That whilome were (as antique Father
Six valiant Knights, of one fair Nympl
Which did in noble Deeds of Arms ex
And wonned there, where now *York* P
Still *Ure*, swift *Werfe*, and *Oze* the m
High *Swale*, unquiet *Nyde*, and troubl
All whom a *Scythian* King, that *Humi*
Slew cruelly, and in the River drowned q

XXXVIII.

But past not long, ere *Brutus* warlike
Locrinus, them aveng'd, and the same
Which the proud *Humber* unto them l
By equal Doom repay'd on his own Pa
For, in the self-same River, where he
Had drenched them, he drowned him
And nam'd the River of his wretched l
Whose bad Condition yet it doth retain
Oft tossed with his Storms, which therein

XXXIX.

XL.

ce the *Iriſh* Rivers abſent were,
leſt famous than the reſt they be,
i in Neighbourhood of Kingdom near,
ould they not likewiſe in Love agree,
' likewiſe this ſolemn Day to ſee?
w it all, and preſent were in place;
I them all according their degree,
recount, nor tell their hidden Race,
he ſalvage Countries, thorough which they paſs.

XLI.

as the *Liffie*, rolling down the *Lea*,
ly *Slane*, the ſtony *Aubrian*,
cious *Shenan* ſpreading like a Sea,
aſant *Boyne*, the fiſhy fruitful *Ban*,
uniduff, which of the *Engliſh*-man
Blackwater, and the *Liffar* deep,
wis, that once his People over-ran,
Allo, tombling from *Slewlogher* ſteep,
s mine, whoſe Waves I whilom taught to weep.

XLII.

ere the three renowned Brethren were,
that great Giant *Blomius* begot
fair Nymph *Rheuſa* wandring there,
, as ſhe to ſhun the Seaſon hot,
lewbloome in ſhady Grove was got,
iant found her, and by force deflowr'd:
f conceiving, ſhe in time forth brought
aree fair Sons, which being thence forth pour'd
eat Rivers ran, and many Countries ſcour'd.

XLIII.

t the gentle *Sbure*, that making way
t *Clonmel*, adorns rich *Waterford*;
t, the ſtubborn *Newre*, whoſe Waters grey
Kilkenny and *Roſſeponte* board;
rd, the goodly *Barow*, which doth hoard
eaps of Salmons in his deep Boſom:
ch long ſundred, do at laſt accord
in one, e'er to the Sea they come,
all from one, all one at laſt become.

There alſo was the wide embayed *Iway*,
The pleaſant *Bandon*, crown'd with many a Wo
The ſpreading *Lee*, that like an Iſland fair
Encloſeth *Corke* with his divided Flood;
And baleful *Oure*, late ſtain'd with *Engliſh* Bloo
With many more, whoſe Names no Tongue ca
All which that day in order ſeemly good
Did on the *Thames* attend, and waited well
To do their dueful Service, as to them befel.

XLV.

Then came the Bride, the lovely *Medway* came
Clad in a Veſture of unknowen Geare,
And uncouth Faſhion, yet her well became;
That ſeem'd like Silver, ſprinkled here and the
With glittering Spangs, that did like Stars appe
And wav'd upon, like water Chamelot,
To hide the Metal, which yet every where
Bewray'd itſelf, to let Men plainly wot,
It was no mortal Work, that ſeem'd and yet was

XLVI.

Her goodly Locks adown her Back did flow
Unto her Waſte, with Flow'rs beſcattered,
The which ambroſial Odours forth did throw
To all about, and all her Shoulders ſpred
As a new Spring: and likewiſe on her Head
A Chapelet of ſundry Flow'rs ſhe wore,
From under which the dewy Humour ſhed,
Did trickle down her Hair, like to the hore
Congealed little Drops, which do the Morn adore.

XLVII.

On her, two pretty Handmaids did attend,
One call'd the *Theiſe*, the other call'd the *Cran*
Which on her waited, things amiſs to mend,
And both behind up-held her ſpreading Train;
Under the which, her Feet appeared plain,
Her ſilver Feet, fair waſh'd againſt this day:
And her before there paced Pages twain,
Both clad in Colours like, and like Array,
Doung and eke the Frith, both which prepar'

XLVIII.

And after theſe the Sea-Nymphs marched all,
All goodly Damzels, deck'd with long green Hair,
Whom of their Sire *Nereides* Men call,
All which the Ocean's Daughter to him bare;
The gray-ey'd *Doris*: all which, fifty are;
All which ſhe there on her attending had.
Swift *Proto*, mild *Eucrate*, *Thetis* fair,
Soft *Spio*, ſweet *Endore*, *Sao* ſad,
Light *Doto*, wanton *Glauce*, and *Galene* glad;

XLIX.

White-handed *Euuiea*, proud *Dinamene*,
Joyous *Thalia*, goodly *Amphitrite*,
Lovely *Paſithee*, kind *Eulimene*,
Light-foot *Cymothoe*, and ſweet *Melite*,
Faireſt *Pheruſa*, *Phao* lilly white,
Wondred *Agave*, *Poris*, and *Neſæa*,
With *Erato* that doth in Love delight,
And *Panopæ*, and wiſe *Protomedæa*,
And ſnow-neck'd *Doris*, and milk-white *Galathæa*;

L.

Speedy *Hippothoe*, and chaſte *Actea*,
Large *Liſianaſſa*, and *Pronæa* ſage,
Evagore, and light *Pontoporea*,
And ſhe, that with her leaſt word can aſſuage
The ſurging Seas, when they do ſoreſt rage,
Cymodoce, and ſtout *Autonoe*,
And *Neſo*, and *Eione* well in Age,
And ſeeming ſtill to ſmile, *Glauconome*,
And ſhe that hight of many Heſts, *Polynome*;

LI.

Freſh *Alimeda*, deck'd with Garland green;
Hyponeo, with ſalt bedewed Wreſts:
Laomedia, like the Cryſtal ſheen;
Liagore, much prais'd for wiſe Beheſts;
And *Pſamathe*, for her broad ſnowy Breaſts;
Cymo, *Eupompe*, and *Themiſte* juſt;
And ſhe that Vertue loves and Vice deteſts,
Everna, and *Menippe* true in Truſt,
And *Nemertea* learned well to rule her Luſts.

And all Mankind do nouriſh with their W

LIII.

The which, more eath it were for mort
To tell the Sands, or count the Stars on
Or ought more hard, than think to reck
But well I wote, that theſe which I deſi
Were preſent at this great Solemnity:
And there amongſt the reſt, the Mother
Of luckleſs *Marinel, Cymodoce,*
Which, for my Muſe herſelf now tired l
Unto another Canto I will over-paſs.

CANTO XII.

Mârin' *for Love of* Florimel, *In Languor waſtes his Life: The Nymph, his Mother, getteth And gives to him for Wife.*

I.

O What an endleſs Work have I in h
To count the Sea's abundant Proge

II.

: the antique Wizards well invented,
us of the foamy Sea was bred ;
:he Seas by her are moſt augmented :
:h' exceeding Fry, which there are fed,
drous Shoals, which may of none be read.
me me not, if I have err'd in 'count
of Nymphs, of Rivers yet unread :
:h their Numbers do much more ſurmount,
e ſame were there, which earſt I did recount.

III.

were there, and many other more,
ames and Nations were too long to tell.
teus' Houſe they fill'd e'en to the Door ;
they all in order, as beſel,
; their Degrees, diſpoſed well.
the reſt, was fair *Cymodoce*,
her of unlucky *Marinel*,
her with her came, to learn and ſee
r of the Gods when they at Banquet be.

IV.

e was half mortal, being bred
l Sire, though of immortal Womb,
: not with immortal Food be fed,
th' eternal Gods to Banquet come ;
'd abroad, and round about did roam,
the Building of that uncouth Place,
n'd unlike unto his earthly Home :
is he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
him betid a diſadventrous Caſe.

V.

e Hanging of an hideous Cliff,
the lamentable Voice of one,
ouſly complain'd her careful Grief,
ever ſhe before diſclos'd to none,
r ſelf her Sorrow did bemoan.
ly her Caſe ſhe did complain,
th it moved in the rocky Stone,
e *it ſeem to feel* her grievous Pain,
roan *with Billows* beating from the

And greedy Seas do in the Spoil of Life del

VII.

Yet lo! the Seas I ſee by often beating
Do pierce the Rocks, and hardeſt Marb
But his hard rocky Heart for no entreat
Will yield; but when my piteous Plaint
Is hardned more with my abundant Tear
Yet though he never lift to me relent,
But let me waſte in Woe my wretche
Yet will I never of my Love repent,
But joy that for his ſake I ſuffer Priſon

VIII.

And when my weary Ghoſt, with Grief
By timely Death ſhall win her wiſhed F
Let then this Plaint unto his Ears be t
That Blame it is to him, that Arms
To let her die, whom he might have re
There did ſhe pauſe, inforced to give pl
Unto the Paſſion, that her Heart oppr
And after ſhe had wept and wail'd a ſp
She 'gan afreſh thus to renew her wretche

IX.

Ye Gods of Seas, if any Gods at all
Have care of Right, or ruth of Wretch
By one or other way me wreaful Thi

X.

f that Life ye unto me decree,
: let me live as Lovers ought to do,
of my Life's dear Love beloved be:
if he ſhould thro Pride your Doom undo,
ou by Dureſs him compel thereto,
in this Priſon put him here with me;
Priſon fitteſt is to hold us two:
ıd I rather to be thrall than free;
'hraldom or ſuch Freedom let it ſurely be.

XI.

O vain Judgment, and Conditions vain,
which the Priſoner points unto the Free!
whiles I him condemn, and deem his Pain,
*w*here he lift goes looſe, and laughs at me:
ver looſe, ſo ever happy be.
where ſo looſe or happy that thou art,
w *Marinel* that all this is for thee.
h that ſhe wept and wail'd, as if her Heart
quite have burſt through great Abundance of her

XII. (Smart.

which Complaint, when *Marinel* had heard,
underſtood the Cauſe of all her Care
:ome of him, for uſing her ſo hard,
ſtubborn Heart, that never felt Misfare,
: touch'd with ſoft Remorſe and Pity rare;
t even for Grief of Mind he oft did groan,
inly wiſh, that in his power it were
to redreſs: but ſince he means found none,
ıld no more but her great Miſery bemoan.

XIII.

ıs whilſt his ſtony Heart with tender ruth
: touch'd, and mighty Courage mollifide,
ıe *Venus*' Son that tameth ſtubborn Youth
h iron Bit, and maketh him abide,
like a *Victor on his* Back he ride,
his Mouth his maiſtring Bridle threw,
made him ſtoop, till he did him beſtride:
'gan he make him tread his Steps anew,
ı to love, by learning Lovers Pains to rue.

XIV.

Now 'gan he in his grieved Mind deviſe,
How from that Dungeon he might her enlarg
Some while he thought, by fair and humble v
To *Proteus*' ſelf to ſue for her Diſcharge,
But then he fear'd his Mother's former Charg
'Gainſt Women's Love, long given him in va
Then 'gan he think, perforce with Sword and
Her forth to fetch, and *Proteus* to conſtrain:
But ſoon he 'gan ſuch Folly to forthink again.

XV.

Then did he caſt to ſteal her thence away,
And with him bear, where none of her migh
But all in vain: for why he found no way
To enter in, or iſſue forth below;
For all about that Rock the Sea did flow.
And though unto his Will ſhe given were,
Yet without Ship or Boat her thence to row,
He wiſt not how her thence away to bear;
And Danger well he wiſt long to continue there.

XVI.

At laſt, when-as no means he could invent,
Back to himſelf he 'gan return the Blame,
That was the Author of her Puniſhment;
And with vile Curſes, and reproachful Shame
To damn himſelf by every evil Name,
And deem unworthy or of Love or Life,
That had deſpis'd ſo chaſte and fair a Dame,
Which him had fought through Trouble and k
Yet had refus'd a God that her had fought to W

XVII.

In this ſad Plight he walked here and there,
And roamed round about the Rock in vain,
As he had loſt himſelf, he wiſt not where;
Oft liſtning if he mote her hear again;
And ſtill bemoaning her unworthy Pain:
Like as an Hind, whoſe Calf is fal'n unware
Into ſome Pit, where ſhe him hears compl
hundred times about the Pit-ſide fares
ſorrowfully mourning her bereaved C

XVIII.

And now by this, the Feaſt was throughly ended,
And every one 'gan homeward to reſort:
Which ſeeing, *Mariuel* was ſore offended,
That his Departure thence ſhould be ſo ſhort,
And leave his Love in that ſea-walled Fort,
Yet durſt he not his Mother diſobey;
But her attending in full ſeemly ſort,
Did march amongſt the many all the way;
And all the way did inly mourn, like one aſtray.

XIX.

Being returned to his Mother's Bow'r,
In ſolitary Silence far from Wight,
He 'gan record the lamentable Stow'r,
In which his wretched Love lay day and night,
For his dear ſake, that ill deſerv'd that Plight:
The Thought whereof empierc'd his Heart ſo deep,
That of no worldly thing he took delight;
Ne daily Food did take, ne nightly Sleep,
But pin'd, and mourn'd, and languiſh'd, and alone did weep.

XX.

That in ſhort ſpace his wonted chearful Hue
'Gan fade, and lively Spirits deaded quite:
His Cheek-bones raw, and Eye-pits hollow grew,
And brawny Arms had loſt their knowen Might,
That nothing like himſelf he ſeem'd in ſight.
E'er long, ſo weak of Limb, and ſick of Love
He woxe, that lenger he n'ote ſtand upright,
But to his Bed was brought, and laid above,
Like rueful Ghoſt, unable once to ſtir or move.

XXI.

Which when his Mother ſaw, ſhe in her Mind
Was troubled ſore, ne wiſt well what to ween:
Ne could by Search nor any means out-find
The ſecret Cauſe and Nature of his Teen,
Whereby ſhe might apply ſome Medicine;
But weeping day and night did him attend,
And mourn'd to ſee her Loſs before her Eyne:
Which griev'd her more, that ſhe it could not mend
To ſee an helpleſs Evil, double Grief doth lend.

XXII.

Nought could ſhe read the Root of
Ne ween what miſter Malady it is,
Whereby to ſeek ſome means it to
Moſt did ſhe think, but moſt ſhe th
That that ſame former fatal Wou
Whileare by *Tryphon* was not throu
But cloſely rankled under th' Orific
Leaſt did ſhe think, that which he
That Love it was, which in his Heart

XXIII.

Therefore to *Tryphon* ſhe again doth
And him doth chide as falſe and fra
That fail'd the Truſt which ſhe in l
To cure her Son, as he his Faith
Who now was fal'n into new Lang
Of his old Hurt, which was not th
So back he came unto her Patient;
Where ſearching every Part, her w
That it was no old Sore, which his ne

XXIV.

But that it was ſome other Malady,
Or Grief unknown, which he coul
So left he her withouten Remedy.
Then 'gan her Heart to faint, and
And inly troubled was, the Truth
Unto himſelf ſhe came, and him b
Now with fair Speeches, now with
If ought lay hidden in his grieved
It to reveal: who ſtill her anſwer'd,

XXV.

Nath'leſs ſhe reſted not ſo ſatisfy'd
But leaving watry Gods, as bootin
Unto the ſhiny Heaven in haſte ſhe
And thence *Apollo*, King of Leac
Apollo came; who ſoon as he had
Through his Diſeaſe, did by and
That he did languiſh of ſome in
The which afflicted his engrieved
Love be read to be, that

XXVI.

Which when he had unto his Mother told,
She 'gan thereat to fret, and greatly grieve.
And coming to her Son, 'gan firſt to ſcold,
And chide at him, that made her miſbelieve:
But afterwards ſhe 'gan him ſoft to ſhrieve,
And woo with fair Intreaty to diſcloſe
Which of the Nymphs his Heart ſo ſore did mieve;
For ſure ſhe ween'd it was ſome one of thoſe,
Which he had lately ſeen, that for his Love he choſe.

XXVII.

Now leſs ſhe feared that ſame fatal Read,
That warned him of Women's Love beware;
Which being meant of mortal Creature's Seed,
For Love of Nymphs ſhe thought ſhe need not care,
But promis'd him, whatever Wight ſhe were,
That ſhe her Love to him would ſhortly gain.
So he her told: but ſoon as ſhe did hear
That *Florimel* it was which wrought his Pain,
He 'gan afreſh to chafe, and grieve in every Vein.

XXVIII.

Yet ſince ſhe ſaw the ſtraight Extremity,
In which his Life unluckily was laid,
It was no time to ſcan the Prophecy,
Whether old *Proteus* true or falſe had ſaid,
That his Decay ſhould happen by a Maid.
It's late in Death of Danger to adviſe,
Or Love forbid him, that is Life deny'd:
But rather 'gan in troubled Mind deviſe,
How ſhe that Lady's Liberty might enterpriſe.

XXIX.

To *Proteus'* ſelf to ſue, ſhe thought it vain,
Who was the Root and Worker of her Woe:
Nor unto any meaner to complain,
But unto great King *Neptune*'s ſelf did go,
And on her Knee before him falling low,
Made humble Suit unto his Majeſty,
To grant to Her her Son's Life, which his Foe
That cruel Tyrant had preſumptuouſly
Wicked Doom condemn'd, a wretched Death to dy.

XXX.

To whom God *Neptune* ſoftly ſmiling, thus;
Daughter, me ſeems of double Wrong ye 'plain,
'Gainſt one that hath both wronged you and u
For Death t' award I ween'd did appertain
To none, but to the Sea's ſole Sovereign.
Read therefore who it is which this hath wroug
And for what Cauſe; the Truth diſcover plain:
For never Wight ſo evil did or thought,
But would ſome rightful Cauſe pretend, tho rightly

XXXI.

To whom ſhe anſwer'd; Then it is by Name
Proteus, that hath ordain'd my Son to die;
For that a Waiſt, the which by Fortune came
Upon your Seas, he claim'd as Property:
And yet not his, nor his in Equity,
But yours the Waiſt by high Prerogative.
Therefore I humbly crave your Majeſty,
It to replevy, and my Son reprieve:
So ſhall you by one Gift ſave all us three alive.

XXXII.

He graunted it: and ſtraight his Warrant made,
Under the Sea-god's Seal authentical,
Commanding *Proteus* ſtraight t' enlarge the Mai
Which wandring on his Seas imperial
He lately took, and ſithence kept as Thrall.
Which ſhe receiving with meet Thankfulneſs,
Departed ſtraight to *Proteus* therewithal:
Who reading it with inward Loathfulneſs,
Was grieved to reſtore the Pledge he did poſſeſs.

XXXIII.

Yet durſt he not the Warrant to withſtand,
But unto her deliver'd *Florimel*.
Whom ſhe receiving by the lilly Hand,
Admir'd her Beauty much, as ſhe mote well,
For ſhe all living Creatures did excel;
And was right joyous that ſhe gotten had
So fair a Wife for her Son Marinel.
So home with her ſhe ſtraight the Virgin l
ad ſhewed her to him, then being ſore beſta

XXXIV.

on as he beheld that Angel's Face,
l with all divine Perfection,
ired Heart eftſoons away 'gan chace
ith, revived with her ſweet Inſpection,
ble Spirit inly felt Refection:
er'd Weed through cruel Winter's Tine,
els the Warmth of ſunny Beam's Reflection,
his Head, that did before decline,
to ſpread his Leaf before the fair Sunſhine.

XXXV.

) himſelf did *Marinel* up-rear,
ıe in place his deareſt Love did ſpy;
ough his Limbs could not his Body bear,
ner Strength return ſo ſuddenly,
arful Signs he ſhewed outwardly.
was ſhe in ſecret Heart affected,
t ſhe maſked it with Modeſty,
ſhe ſhould of Lightneſs be detected:
another Place I leave to be perfected.

The End of the Fourth Book.

THE

IFTH BOOK

OF THE

IRY-QUEEN:

CONTAINING

egend of *Arthegal*, or of Juſtice.

I.

oft as I, with State of preſent time,
he Image of the antique World compare,
hen-as Man's Age was in his freſheſt Prime,
d the firſt Bloſſom of fair Vertue bare;
s I find 'twixt thoſe, and theſe which are,
through long Continuance of his Courſe,
the World is run quite out of ſquare,
irſt Point of his appointed Sourſe,
ce amiſs, grows daily worſe and

II.

For from the golden Age, that firſt was nam'd,
It's now as earſt become a ſtony one;
And Men themſelves, the which at firſt were fr
Of earthly Mould, and form'd of Fleſh and Bo
Are now transformed into hardeſt Stone;
Such as behind their Backs (ſo backward bred)
Were thrown by *Pyrrha* and *Deucalion* a[illegible]
And if than thoſe may any worſe be read,
They into that e'er long will be degenered.

III.

Let none then blame me, if in Diſcipline
Of Vertue and of civil Uſe's Lore,
I do not form them to the common Line
Of preſent Days, which are corrupted ſore;
But to the antique Uſe, which was of yore,
When Good was only for it ſelf deſir'd,
And all Men ſought their own, and none no mo
When Juſtice was not for moſt Meed out-hir'd,
But ſimple Truth did reign, and was of all admir'd.

IV.

For that which all Men then did Vertue call,
Is now call'd Vice; and that which Vice was h
Is now hight Vertue, and ſo us'd of all:
Right now is Wrong, and Wrong that was is R
As all things elſe in time are changed quite.
Ne wonder; for the Heavens Revolution
Is wandred far from where it firſt was pight,
And ſo do make contrary Conſtitution
Of all this lower World, toward his Diſſolutio

V.

For whoſo liſt into the Heavens look,
And ſearch the Courſes of the rolling Sphera
Shall find that from the Point, where the
Their ſetting forth, in theſe few thouſand
They all are wander'd much; that plain
For that ſame golden fleecy Ram, which
Phrixus and *Helle* from their Stepdame'
Hath now forgot, where he was plac'd a
id ſhoulder'd hath the Bull, which fair

VI.

And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent Horn
So hardly butted thoſe two Twins of *Jove*,
That they have cruſh'd the Crab, and quite him borne
Into the great *Nemean* Lion's Grove.
So now all range, and do at random rove
Out of their proper Places far away;
And all this World with them amiſs do move,
And all his Creatures from their Courſe aſtray,
Till they arrive at their laſt ruinous Decay.

VII.

Ne is that fame great glorious Lamp of Light,
That doth enlumine all thoſe leſſer Fires,
In better caſe, ne keeps his Courſe more right,
But is miſcarry'd with the other Sphears.
For ſince the Term of fourteen hundred Years
That learned *Ptolemy* his Height did take,
He is declined from that Mark of theirs,
Nigh thirty Minutes, to the Southern Lake;
That makes me fear in time he will us quite forſake.

VIII.

And if to thoſe *Egyptian* Wizards old,
Which in Star-read were wont have beſt Inſight,
Faith may be given, it is by them told,
That ſince the time they firſt took the Sun's Height,
Four times his Place he ſhifted hath in ſight,
And twice hath riſen, where he now doth weſt,
And weſted twice, where he ought riſe aright.
But moſt is *Mars* amiſs of all the reſt,
And next to him old *Saturn*, that was wont be beſt.

IX.

For during *Saturn*'s antient Reign, it's ſaid,
That all the World with Goodneſs did abound;
All loved Vertue, no Man was affraid
Of Force, ne Fraud in Wight was to be found:
No War was known, no dreadful Trumpet's Sound,
Peace univerſal reign'd 'mongſt Men and Beaſts,
And all things freely grew out of the Ground:
Juſtice ſate high ador'd with ſolemn Feaſts,
And to all People did divide her dread Behaeſts.

X.

Moſt ſacred Vertue ſhe of all the reſt,
Reſembling God in his Imperial Might;
Whoſe ſovereign Pow'r is herein moſt expreſs'd,
That both to Good and Bad he dealeth right,
And all his Works with Juſtice hath bedight.
That Pow'r he alſo doth to Princes lend,
And makes them like himſelf in glorious Sight,
To ſit in his own Seat, his Cauſe to end,
And rule his People right, as he doth recommend.

XI.

Dread ſovereign Goddeſs, that doſt higheſt ſit
In Seat of Judgment, in th' Almighty's ſtead,
And with magnifick Might and wondrous Wit
Doſt to thy People righteous Doom aread,
That furtheſt Nations fills with aweful Dread;
Pardon the Boldneſs of thy baſeſt Thrall,
That dare diſcourſe of ſo divine a read,
As thy great Juſtice praiſed over all;
The Inſtrument whereof lo here thy *Artbegal.*

CANTO I.

Arthegal, train'd in Juſtice' Lore,
Irena's Queſt purſu'd:
He doth avenge on Sanglier
His Lady's Blood embru'd.

I.

Though Vertue then were held in higheſt Price,
In thoſe old times, of which I do entreat,
t then likewiſe the wicked Seed of Vice
gan to ſpring; which ſhortly grew full great,
id with their Boughs the gentle Plants did beat.
t evermore ſome of the vertuous Race
ſe up, inſpired with heroic Heat,
iat cropt the Branches of the Cyen baſe,
with ſtrong Hand their fruitful Rankneſs did deface.

II.

ch firſt was *Bacchus*, that with furious Might
l th' *Eaſt*, before untam'd, did over-run,
id Wrong repreſſed, and eſtabliſh'd Right,
hich lawleſs Men had formerly foredone.
heir Juſtice firſt her princely Rule begun.
ext, *Hercules* his like Enſample ſhew'd,
ho all the *Weſt* with equal Conqueſt won,
nd monſtrous Tyrants with his Club ſubdu'd:
Club of Juſtice dread, with kingly Pow'r endu'd.

III.

nd ſuch was he, of whom I have to tell,
he Champion of true Juſtice, *Artegal:*
hom (as ye lately mote remember well)
n hard Adventure, which did then befal,
ito redoubted Peril forth did call;
hat was, *to ſuccour* a diſtreſſed Dame,
hom a ſtrong Tyrant did unjuſtly thrall,
d from the Heritage, which ſhe did claim,
ith ſtrong Hand withhold: Grantorto was his

IV.

Wherefore the Lady, which *Irena* hight,
Did to the *Fairy Queen* her way addreſs;
To whom complaining her afflicted Plight,
She her beſought of gracious Redreſs.
That ſovereign Queen, that mighty Empereſs,
Whoſe Glory is to aid all Suppliants poor,
And of weak Princes to be Patroneſs,
Choſe *Artbegal* to Right her to reſtore;
For that to her he ſeem'd beſt ſkill'd in righteous Lore.

V.

For *Artbegal* in Juſtice was up-brought
Even from the Cradle of his Infancy,
And all the Depth of rightful Doom was taught
By fair *Aſtræa*, with great Induſtry,
Whilſt here on Earth ſhe lived mortally.
For till the World from his Perfection fell
Into all Filth and foul Iniquity,
Aſtræa here 'mongſt earthly Men did dwell,
And in the Rules of Juſtice them inſtructed well.

VI.

Whiles through the World ſhe walked in this ſort,
Upon a day ſhe found this gentle Child,
Amongſt his Peers playing his childiſh Sport:
Whom ſeeing fit, and with no Crime defil'd,
She did allure with Gifts and Speeches mild,
To wend with her. So thence him far ſhe brought
Into a Cave from Company exil'd,
In which ſhe nourſled him, till Years he raught,
And all the Diſcipline of Juſtice there him taught.

VII.

There ſhe him taught to weigh both Right and W
In equal Ballance with due Recompence,
And Equity to meaſure out along,
According to the Line of Conſcience,
When-ſo it needs with Rigour to diſpenſe.
Of all the which, for want there of Mankind,
She cauſed him to make Experience
[illegible] *wild Beaſts*, which ſhe in Woods did find
[illegible]*ful Pow'r* oppreſſing others of their

VIII.

: him trained, and thus ſhe him taught
: Skill of deeming Wrong and Right,
: Ripeneſs of Man's Years he raught;
n wild Beaſts did fear his awful Sight,
n admir'd his over-ruling Might:
iv'd on ground, that durſt withſtand
dful Heaſt, much leſs him match in Fight,
the Horrour of his wreakful Hand,
e lift in Wrath lift up his ſteely Brand.

IX.

teely Brand, to make him dreaded more,
: unto him, gotten by her Slight
reſt Search, where it was kept in ſtore
s eternal Houſe, unwiſt of Wight,
himſelf it us'd in that great Fight
the *Titans*, that whilom rebell'd
nigheſt Heaven; *Chryſaor* it was hight;
', that all other Swords excell'd, (quell'd.
'd in that ſame Day, when *Jove* thoſe Giants

X.

noſt perfect Metal it was made,
'd with Adamant amongſt the ſame,
niſh'd all with Gold upon the Blade
ly wiſe, whereof it took his Name,
s of no leſs Vertue, than of Fame.
re no Subſtance was ſo firm and hard,
would pierce or cleave, where-ſo it came;
Armour could his Dint out-ward,
ſoever it did light, it throughly ſhar'd.

XI.

hen the World with Sin 'gan to abound,
loathing longer here to ſpace
t wicked Men, in whom no Truth ſhe found,
d to Heaven, whence ſhe deriv'd her Race;
ſhe hath *now an* everlaſting Place
: *thoſe twelve* Signs, which nightly we do ſee
ven's bright-ſhining Baudrike to enchace;
te Virgin, ſixth in her Degree:
rſelf, her righteous Ballance hanging

XII.

But when ſhe parted hence, ſhe left her Groom
An yron Man, which did on her attend
Always, to execute her ſtedfaſt Doom,
And willed him with *Artlegal* to wend,
And do whatever thing he did intend.
His Name was *Talus*, made of yron Mould,
Immovable, reſiſtleſs, without end;
Who, in his Hand, an yron Flail did hold,
With which he threſh'd out Falſhood, and did trut

XIII.

He now went with him in this new Inqueſt,
Him for to aid, if Aid he chaunc'd to need,
Againſt that cruel Tyrant, which oppreſs'd
The fair *Irena* with his foul Miſdeed;
And kept the Crown in which ſhe ſhould ſucceed
And now together on their way they bin,
When as they ſaw a Squire in ſquallid Weed,
Lamenting ſore his ſorrowful ſad Tine,
With many bitter Tears ſhed from his blubber'd I

XIV.

To whom as they approached, they eſpy'd
A ſorry Sight, as ever ſeen with Eye;
An headleſs Lady lying him beſide,
In her own Blood all wallow'd woefully,
That her gay Clothes did in Diſcolour dye.
Much was he moved at that rueful Sight,
And flam'd with Zeal of Vengeance inwardly;
He aſk'd, who had that Dame ſo foully dight;
Or whether his own Hand, or whether other Wi

XV.

Ah! woe is me, and weal-away, quoth he,
Burſting forth Tears, like Springs out of a Ba
That ever I this diſmal Day did ſee:
Full far was I from thinking ſuch a Prank;
Yet little Loſs it were, and mickle Thank,
If I ſhould grant that I have done the ſame,
That I mote drink the Cup whereof ſhe dran
[redacted]t that I ſhould die guilty of the Blame,
[redacted]ich another did, who now is fled wit'

XVI.

Who was it then, ſaid *Arthegal*, that wrought?
And why? do it declare unto me true.
A Knight, ſaid he, if Knight he may be thought,
That did his Hand in Lady's Blood embrue,
And for no Cauſe, but as I ſhall you ſhew.
This day as I in Solace ſate hereby
With a fair Love, whoſe Loſs I now do rue,
There came this Knight, having in Company
His luckleſs Lady, which now here doth headleſs lie.

XVII.

He, whether mine ſeem'd fairer in his Eye,
Or that he, wexed weary of his own,
Would change with me; but I did it deny:
So did the Ladies both, as may be known.
But he, whoſe Spirit was with Pride up-blown,
Would not ſo reſt contented with his Right,
But having from his Courſer her down-thrown,
From me reft mine away by lawleſs Might,
And on his Steed her ſet, to bear her out of ſight.

XVIII.

Which when his Lady ſaw, ſhe follow'd faſt,
And on him catching hold, 'gan loud to cry
Not ſo to leave her, nor away to caſt,
But rather of his Hand beſought to die.
With that, his Sword he drew all wrathfully,
And at one Stroke cropt off her Head with Scorn,
In that ſame place, whereas it now doth lie:
So he my Love away with him hath borne,
And left me here, both his and mine own Love to mourn.

XIX.

Aread, ſaid he, which way then did he make?
And by what Marks may he be known again?
To hope, quoth he, him ſoon to overtake,
That hence ſo long departed, is but vain;
But yet he pricked over yonder Plain;
And as I *marked*, bore upon his Shield,
By which it's eaſy him to know again,
A broken Sword within a bloody Field;
preſſing well his Nature which the ſame did wield.

XX.

No ſooner ſaid, but ſtraight he after ſent
His yron Page, who him purſu'd ſo light,
As that it ſeem'd above the Ground he went:
For he was ſwift as Swallow in her Flight,
And ſtrong as Lion in his lordly Might.
It was not long before he overtook
Sir *Sanglier* (ſo cleeped was that Knight)
Whom at the firſt he gueſſed by his Look,
And by the other Marks, which off his Shield he took.

XXI.

He bade him ſtay, and back with him retire;
Who full of Scorn to be commanded ſo,
The Lady to alight did eft require,
Whilſt he reformed that uncivil Foe:
And ſtraight at him with all his Force did go.
Who mov'd no more therewith, than when a Rock
Is lightly ſtriken with ſome Stone's throw;
But to him leaping, lent him ſuch a knock,
That on the Ground he laid him like a ſenſleſs Block.

XXII.

But e'er he could himſelf recure again,
Him in his Iron Paw he ſeized had;
That when he wak'd out of his wareleſs Pain,
He found himſelf, unwiſt, ſo ill beſtad,
That Limb he could not wag. Thence he him lad,
Bound like a Beaſt appointed to the Stall:
The Sight whereof the Lady ſore adrad,
And fain'd to fly for fear of being Thrall;
But he her quickly ſtay'd, and forc'd to wend withall.

XXIII.

When to the Place they came, where *Arthegal*
By that ſame careful Squire did them abide,
He gently 'gan him to demaund of all
That did betwixt him and that Squire betide.
Who with ſtern Count'nance and indignant Pride
Did anſwer, that of all he guiltleſs ſtood,
And his Accuſer thereupon defy'd:
For neither he did ſhed that Lady's Blood,
[illegible]k away his Love, but his own proper Good

XXIV.

ell did the Squire perceive himſelf too weak,
› anſwer his Defiance in the Field,
id rather choſe his Challenge off to break,
ıan to approve his Right with Spear and Shield;
id rather guilty choſe himſelf to yield.
t *Artbegal* by Signs perceiving plain,
ıat he it was not, which that Lady kill'd,
t that ſtrange Knight, the fairer Love to gain,
aſt about by Sleight the Truth thereout to ſtrain;

XXV.

id ſaid, Now ſure this doubtful Cauſe's Right
n hardly but by Sacrament be try'd,
elſe by Ordele, or by bloody Fight;
ıat ill perhaps mote fall to either ſide.
t if ye pleaſe, that I your Cauſe decide,
rhaps I may all further Quarrel end,
ye will ſwear my Judgment to abide.
ıereto they both did frankly condeſcend,
to his Doom with liſtful Ears did both attend.

XXVI.

:h then, ſaid he, ye both the dead deny,
ıd both the living Lady claim your Right,
t both the Dead and Living equally
vided be betwixt you here in Sight,
nd each of either take his Share aright.
ıt look who does diſſent from this my Read,
e for a Twelvemonth's Day ſhall in deſpight
ear for his Penance that ſame Lady's Head;
witneſs to the World, that ſhe by him is dead.

XXVII.

Vell pleaſed with that Doom was *Sangliere*,
ınd offer'd ſtraight the Lady to be ſlain.
ıut that ſame Squire, to whom ſhe was moſt dear,
When-as he ſaw ſhe ſhould be cut in twain,
Did yield, ſhe rather ſhould with him remain
Alive, than to himſelf be ſhared dead:
ınd rather than his Love ſhould ſuffer Pain,
choſe with Shame to bear that Lady's Head.
ove deſpiſeth Shame, when Life is call'd in

XXVIII.

Whom when ſo willing *Arthegal* perceiv'd;
No ſo, thou Squire, he ſaid, but thine I dee
The living Lady, which from thee he reav'd
For worthy thou of her doſt rightly ſeem.
And you, Sir Knight, that love ſo light eſt
As that ye would for little leave the ſame,
Take here your own, that doth you beſt beſ
And with it bear the Burden of Defame;
Your own dead Lady's Head, to tell abroad yo

XXIX.

But *Sangliere* diſdained much his Doom,
And ſternly 'gan repine at his Beheaſt;
Ne would for ought obey, as did become,
To bear that Lady's Head before his Breaſt;
Untill that *Talus* had his Pride repreſs'd,
And forced him, maulgre, it up to rear.
Who, when he ſaw it bootleſs to reſiſt,
He took it up, and thence with him did bea
As rated Spaniel takes his Burden up for fear.

XXX.

Much did that Squire Sir *Arthegal* adore
For his great Juſtice, held in high regard;
And (as his Squire) him offer'd evermore
To ſerve, for want of other meet Reward,
And wend with him on his Adventure hard
But he thereto would by no means conſent;
But leaving him, forth on his Journey far'd
Ne Wight with him but only *Talus* went;
They two enough t'encounter an whole Regim

CANTO II.

Arthegal hears of Florimel,
Does with the Pagan *fight,*
Him ſlays, drowns Lady Munera,
Does raſe her Caſtle quite.

I.

'Ought is more honourable to a Knight,
Ne better doth beſeem brave Chevalry,
a to defend the Feeble in their Right,
Wrong redreſs in ſuch as wend awry.
lom thoſe great Heroes got thereby
r greateſt Glory for their rightful Deeds,
Place deſerved with the Gods on high.
in the Nobleſs of this Knight exceeds,
ow to Perils great for Juſtice ſake proceeds.

II.

vhich as he now was upon the way,
haunc'd to meet a Dwarf in haſty Courſe;
m he requir'd his forward Haſte to ſtay,
he of Tidings mote with him diſcourſe.
was the Dwarf, yet did he ſtay perforce,
'gan of ſundry News his Store to tell,
) his Memory they had recourſe:
:hiefly of the faireſt *Florimel,*
e was found again, and ſpous'd to *Marinel.*

III.

:his was *Dony, Florimel's* own Dwarf;
m having loſt (as ye have heard whileare)
finding in the way the ſcatter'd Scarf,
Fortune of her Life long time did fear.
f her Health when *Arthegal* did hear,
ſafe Return, he was full inly glad;
d'd him where, and when her bridal Chear
be ſolemniz'd: for if time he had,
be there, and Honour to her Spouſal add.

IV.

Within three Days, quoth he, as I do hear,
It will be at the Castle of the *Strond*;
What time, if nought me let, I will be there
To do her Service, so as I am bond.
But in my way a little here beyond,
A cursed cruel *Saracin* doth wonne,
That keeps a Bridge's Passage by strong Hond
And many errant Knights hath there fordone,
That makes all Men for fear that Passage for to

V.

What mister Wight, quoth he, and how far
Is he, that doth to Travellers such Harms?
He is, said he, a Man of great Defence;
Expert in Battel and in Deeds of Arms;
And more embolden'd by the wicked Charms,
With which his Daughter doth him still supp
Having great Lordships got and goodly Farms.
Through strong Oppression of his Power exto
By which he still them holds, and keeps with str

VI.

And daily he his Wrongs encreaseth more;
For never Wight he lets to pass that way
Over his Bridge, albe he rich or poor,
But he him makes his Passage-penny pay:
Else he doth hold him back, or beat away.
Thereto he hath a Groom of evil Guise,
Whose Scalp is bare, that Bondage doth bewra
Which polls and pills the poor in piteous wise
But he himself upon the Rich doth tyrannize.

VII.

His Name is hight *Pollente*, rightly so,
For that he is so puissant and strong,
That with his Pow'r he all doth over-go,
And makes them subject to his mighty Wrong
And some by Slight he eke doth undersong,
For on a Bridge he custometh to fight,
Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;
[illegible] the same are many Trap-falls pight,
[illegible]ch the Rider down doth fall throu

VIII.

And underneath the ſame a River flows,
That is both ſwift and dangerous deep withall;
Into the which whom-ſo he overthrows,
All deſtitute of Help, doth headlong fall:
But he himſelf, through Practice uſual,
Leaps forth into the Flood, and there aſſays
His Foe, confuſed through his ſudden Fall,
That Horſe and Man he equally diſmays,
And either both them drowns, or traiterouſly ſlays.

IX.

Then doth he take the Spoil of them at will,
And to his Daughter brings, that dwells thereby:
Who all that comes doth take, and therewith fill
The Coffers of her wicked Treaſury;
Which ſhe with Wrongs hath heaped up ſo high,
That many Princes ſhe in Wealth exceeds,
And purchas'd all the Country lying nigh
With the Revenue of her plenteous Meeds;
Her Name is *Munera*, agreeing with her Deeds.

X.

There-to ſhe is full fair, and rich attir'd,
With golden Hands and ſilver Feet beſide,
That many Lords have her to Wife deſir'd:
But ſhe them all deſpiſeth for great Pride.
Now by my Life, ſaid he, and God to Guide,
None other way will I this day betake,
But by that Bridge, whereas he doth abide:
Therefore me thither lead. No more he ſpake,
But thitherward forth-right his ready way did make.

XI.

Unto the Place he came within a-while,
Where on the Bridge he ready armed ſaw
The *Sarazin*, awaiting for ſome Spoil.
Who as they to the Paſſage 'gan to draw,
A Villain *to them* came with Skull all raw,
That Paſſage-money did of them require,
According to the Cuſtom of their Law.
To whom he anſwer'd wroth, Lo! there thy [illegible]
And with that Word him ſtrook, that ſtraight [illegible]

XII.

Which, when the *Pagan* saw, he wexed wroth,
And straight himself unto the Fight address'd;
Ne was Sir *Arthegal* behind: so both
Together ran with ready Spears in Rest.
Right in the midst, whereas they Breast to Breast
Should meet, a Trap was letten down to fall
Into the Flood: straight lept the Carle unblest,
Well weening that his Foe was fal'n withall:
But he was well aware, and leap'd before his fall.

XIII.

There being both together in the Flood,
They each at other tyrannously flew;
Ne ought the Water cooled their hot Blood,
But rather in them kindled Choler new.
But there the Paynim, who that Use well knew
To fight in Water, great Advantage had,
That oftentimes him nigh he over-threw:
And eke the Courser, whereupon he rad,
Could swim like to a Fish, whiles he his Back bestrad.

XIV.

Which Odds when-as Sir *Arthegal* espy'd,
He saw no way, but close with him in haste;
And to him driving strongly down the Tide,
Upon his iron Collar griped fast,
That with the Straint, his Wesand nigh he brast.
There they together strove and struggled long,
Either the other from his Steed to cast;
Ne ever *Arthegal* his Griple strong
For any thing would slack, but still upon him hong.

XV.

As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met,
In the wide Champian of the Ocean Plain,
With cruel Chauf their Courages they whet,
The Maisterdom of each by force to gain,
And dreadful Battel 'twixt them do darrain:
They snuff, they snort, they bounce, they rage, they
That all the Sea (disturbed with their Train)
[illegible] *fry* with Foam above the Surges hore:
[illegible] 'twixt these two the troublesome Upro

XVI.

egal, at length, him forc'd forſake
ſe's Back, for dread of being drown'd,
his handy Swimming him betake;
s himſelf he from his Hold unbound,
:n no odds at all in him he found:
begal in ſwimming ſkilful was,
rſt the Depth of any Water ſound.
ıt each Knight, that Uſe of Peril has,
ing be expert, through Water's Force to paſs.

XVII.

ery doubtful was the War's Event,
in whether had the better ſide:
h were ſkill'd in that Experiment,
th in Arms well train'd and throughly try'd.
rbegal was better breath'd beſide,
wards th' end grew greater in his Might,
is faint Foe no longer could abide
ſſlance, ne bear himſelf upright,
the Water to the Land betook his Flight.

XVIII.

rbegal purſu'd him ſtill ſo near,
›right Chryſaor in his cruel Hand,
s his Head he 'gan a little rear,
the Brink, to tread upon the Land,
›te it off, that tumbling on the Strand,
he Earth for very fell deſpight,
ıaſhed with his Teeth, as if he band
God, whoſe Goodneſs he deſpaired quite,
the Hand, which did that Vengeance on him digh

XIX.

ırps was carry'd down along the Lee,
Waters with his filthy Blood it ſtain'd:
ı blaſphemous Head, that all might ſee,
th'd upon a Pole on high ordain'd;
: many *Years* it afterwards remain'd,
a *Mirror to all mighty* Men,
e right Hands great Power is contain'd,
ne of them the Feeble over-ren,
do their Pow'r within juſt Compaſs

XX.

That done, unto the Caſtle he did wend,
In which the Paynim's Daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend:
Of whom he Entrance ſought, but was deny'd,
And with reproachful Blaſphemy defy'd,
Beaten with Stones down from the Battlement,
That he was forced to withdraw aſide;
And bade his Servant *Talus* to invent
Which way he enter might, without Endangerme

XXI.

Eftſoons his Page drew to the Caſtle-gate,
And with his iron Flail at it let fly,
That all the Warders it did ſore amate,
The which e'er-while ſpake ſo reproachfully,
And made them ſtoup, that looked earſt ſo higl
Yet ſtill he bet and bounc'd upon the Door,
And thundred Strokes thereon ſo hideouſly,
That all the Piece he ſhaked from the Floor,
And filled all the Houſe with Fear and great Upro

XXII.

With noiſe thereof, the Lady forth appear'd
Upon the Caſtle-wall; and when ſhe ſaw
The dangerous State in which ſhe ſtood, ſhe fe
The ſad Effect of her near Overthrow;
And 'gan intreat that iron Man below,
To ceaſe his Outrage, and him fair beſought,
Sith neither Force of Stones, which they did th
Nor Pow'r of Charms, which ſhe againſt him
Might otherwiſe prevail, or make him ceaſe for o

XXIII.

But when-as yet ſhe ſaw him to proceed,
Unmov'd with Prayers, or with piteous Thoug
She meant him to corrupt with goodly Meed;
And caus'd great Sacks, with endleſs Riches fr
Unto the Battlement to be up-brought,
And poured forth over the Caſtle-wall,
That ſhe might win ſome time (though dear
Whilſt he to gathering of the Gold did fall.
he was nothing mov'd, nor tempted ther

XXIV.

l continu'd his Aſſault the more,
d on Load with his huge iron Flail,
t the length he has yrent the Door,
ade way for his Maiſter to aſſail.
eing enter'd, nought did then avail
ght, againſt his Pow'r themſelves to rear:
ıe did fly; their Hearts began to fail,
i themſelves in Corners here and there;
heir Dame, half dead, did hide her ſelf for fear.

XXV.

ıey her ſought, yet no where could they find her,
ıre they ween'd ſhe was eſcap'd away:
lus, that could like a Lime-hound wind her,
l things ſecret wiſely could bewray,
ɣth found out, whereas ſhe hidden lay
ın Heap of Gold. Thence he her drew
fair Locks, and foully did array,
ıten Pity of her goodly Hue,
begal himſelf her ſeemleſs Plight did rue.

XXVI.

· no Pity would he change the Courſe
ice, which in *Talus*' Hand did lie;
ıdely hal'd her forth without Remorſe,
ılding up her ſuppliant Hands on high,
ıeeling at his Feet ſubmiſſively.
her ſuppliant Hands, thoſe Hands of Gold,
:e her Feet, thoſe Feet of ſilver Dye
ı ſought Unrighteouſneſs, and Juſtice ſold)
; and nail'd on high, that all might them behold.

XXVII.

f then took he by the ſlender Waſte,
loud crying, and into the Flood
he Caſtle-wall adown her caſt,
ıere her drowned in the dirty Mud:
: Stream waſh'd away her guilty Blood.
fter all that mucky Pelf he took,
ıil of People's evil-gotten Good,
ch her Sire had ſcrap'd by hook and cro
all to Aſhes, pour'd it down the Bu

XXVIII.

And laſtly, all that Caſtle quite he ras'd,
Even from the Sole of his Foundation,
And all the hewen Stones thereof defac'd,
That there mote be no hope of Reparation,
Nor Memory thereof to any Nation.
All which when *Talus* throughly had perform'd,
Sir *Artbegal* undid the evil Faſhion,
And wicked Cuſtoms of that Bridge reform'd.
Which done, unto his former Journey he return'd.

XXIX.

In which they meaſur'd mickle weary way,
Till that at length nigh to the Sea they drew;
By which as they did travel on a day,
They ſaw before them, far as they could view,
Full many People gather'd in a Crew;
Whoſe great Aſſembly they did much admire,
For never there the like Reſort they knew.
So towards them they coaſted, to enquire
What thing ſo many Nations met, did there deſire.

XXX.

There they beheld a mighty Giant ſtand
Upon a Rock, and holding forth on high
An huge great Pair of Ballance in his Hand,
With which he boaſted in his Surquedry,
That all the World he would weigh equally,
If ought he had the ſame to counterpoiſe:
For want whereof he weighed Vanity,
And fill'd his Ballance full of idle Toys;
Yet was admired much of Fools, Women, and Boys.

XXXI.

He ſaid, that he would all the Earth up-take,
And all the Sea, divided each from either:
So would he of the Fire one Ballance make,
And one of th' Air, without or Wind or Weather.
Then would he ballance Heaven and Hell together,
And all that did within them all contain;
Of all whoſe Weight he would not miſs a Feather,
And look what Surplus did of each remain,
He would to his own part reſtore the ſame again.

XXXII.

y, he ſaid, they all unequal were,
id encroached upon other's Share;
; the Sea (which plain he ſhewed there)
orne the Earth: ſo did the Fire the Air;
the reſt did other's Parts empair:
were Realms and Nations run awry.
ich he undertook for to repair,
as they were formed auntiently;
hings would reduce unto Equality.

XXXIII.

fore the Vulgar did about him flock,
luſter thick unto his Leaſings vain;
fooliſh Flies about an Honey-Crock,
pe by him great Benefit to gain,
ncontrolled Freedom to obtain.
hich, when *Artbegal* did ſee and hear,
he miſ-led the ſimple People's Train,
hainful wiſe he drew unto him near,
us unto him ſpake, without regard or fear;

XXXIV.

a that preſum'ſt to weigh the World a-new,
all things to an Equal to reſtore,
ad of Right, meſeems great Wrong doſt ſhew,
far above thy Force's Pitch to ſoar.
e'er thou limit what is leſs or more
very thing, thou oughteſt firſt to know
it was the Poiſe of every Part of yore:
look then how much it doth overflow,
thereof, ſo much is more than juſt I trow.

XXXV.

at the firſt they all created were
oodly meaſure, by their Maker's Might;
weighed out in Ballances ſo near,
t not a Dram was miſſing of their Right.
Earth was in the middle Centre pight,
hich *it doth immoveable* abide,
'd in with Waters, like a Wall in ſight;
hey with Air, that not a Drop can ſlide:
h the Heav'ns contain, and in their Courſe

XXXVI.

Such heav'nly Juſtice doth among
That every one do know their cert
In which they do theſe many Year
And 'mongſt them all no Change h
But if thou now ſhould'ſt weigh th
We are not ſure they would ſo lon
All Change is perilous, and all Ch
Therefore leave off to weigh them
Till we may be aſſur'd they ſhall thei

XXXVII.

Thou fooliſh Elf, ſaid then the Gi
Seeſt not how badly all things preſe
And each Eſtate quite out of order
The Sea it ſelf doſt thou not plainl
Encroach upon the Land there und
And th' Earth it ſelf how daily it's
By all that dying to it turned be?
Were it not good that Wrong were
And from the moſt, that ſome were

XXXVIII.

Therefore I will throw down theſe
And make them level with the lov
Theſe towring Rocks, which reach
I will thruſt down into the deepeſt l
And as they were, them equalize a
Tyrants, that make Men ſubject t
I will ſuppreſs, that they no more
And Lordings curb, that Common
And all the Wealth of rich Men, to t

XXXIX.

Of things unſeen how canſt thou de
Then anſwered the righteous *Arth*
Sith thou miſdeem'ſt ſo much of th
What though the Sea with Waves
Do eat the Earth, it is no more at
Ne is the Earth the leſs, or loſeth
For whatſoever from one place do
Is with the Tide unto another br
there is nothing loſt, that may

XL.

viſe the Earth is not augmented more,
ll that dying into it do fade.
of the Earth they formed were of yore;
ever gay their Bloſſom or their Blade
ourish now, they into Duſt ſhall vade.
t Wrong then is it, if that when they die,
turn to that whereof they firſt were made?
n the Pow'r of their great Maker lie:
atures muſt obey the Voice of the moſt High.

XLI.

r live, they die, like as he doth ordain,
ver any aſketh reaſon why:
Hills do not the lowly Dales diſdain:
Dales do not the lofty Hills envy.
naketh Kings to ſit in Sovereignty;
naketh Subjects to their Pow'r obey;
pulleth down, he ſetteth up on high;
gives to this, from that he takes away;
l we have is his: what he lift do, he may.

XLII.

atever thing is done, by him is done,
any may his mighty Will withſtand:
any may his ſovereign Power ſhun,
looſe that he hath bound with ſtedfaſt Band.
ain therefore doſt thou now take in hand,
call to 'count, or weigh his Works anew,
ioſe Counſel's Depth thou canſt not underſtand,
of things ſubject to thy daily View
doſt not know the Cauſes, nor their Courſes due,

XLIII.

take thy Ballance (if thou be ſo wiſe)
d weigh the Wind that under Heav'n doth blow;
weigh the Light, that in the *Eaſt* doth riſe;
weigh the Thought that from Man's Mind doth flow:
if the Weight of theſe thou canſt not ſhow,
igh but one Word which from thy Lips doth fall.
how canſt thou thoſe greater Secrets know,
doſt not know the leaſt thing of them all?
e *rule the Great*, that cannot reach the Small.

XLIV.

Therewith the Giant, much abaſhed, ſaid,
That he of little Things made reckoning light;
Yet the leaſt Word that ever could be laid
Within his Ballance, he could weigh aright.
Which is, ſaid he, more heavy than in Weight,
The Right or Wrong, the Falſe or elſe the True?
He anſwered, that he would try it ſtraight:
So he the Words into his Ballance threw;
But ſtraight the winged Words out of his Ballance flew.

XLV.

Wroth wex'd he then, and ſaid, that Words were li
Ne would within his Ballance well abide:
But he could juſtly weigh the Wrong or Right.
Well then, ſaid *Arthegal*, let it be try'd;
Firſt in one Ballance ſet the True aſide.
He did ſo firſt, and then the Falſe he laid
In th' other Scale; but ſtill it down did ſlide,
And by no mean could in the Weight be ſtaid:
For by no means the Falſe will with the Truth be weg

XLVI.

Now take the Right likewiſe, ſaid *Arthegal*,
And counterpeiſe the ſame with ſo much Wrong.
So firſt the Right he put into one Scale;
And then the Giant ſtrove with Puiſſance ſtrong
To fill the other Scale with ſo much Wrong.
But all the Wrongs that he therein could lay,
Might not it peiſe; yet did he labour long,
And ſwat, and chauft, and proved every way;
Yet all the Wrongs could not a little Right down lay

XLVII.

Which when he ſaw, he greatly grew in Rage,
And almoſt would his Ballances have broken:
But *Arthegal* him fairly 'gan aſſuage,
And ſaid; Be not upon thy Ballance wroken:
For they do nought but Right or Wrong betoken;
But in the Mind the Doom of Right muſt be;
And ſo likewiſe of Words, the which be ſpoke
The Ear muſt be the Ballance, to decree
And judge, whether with Truth or Falſhood t

t

XLVIII.

Truth, and ſet the Right aſide
'ith Wrong or Falſhood will not fare)
o Wrongs together to be try'd,
Falſes, of each equal Share;
ogether do them both compare:
s one, and Right is ever one.
nd then plain it did appear,
them the greater were attone:
: in the middeſt of the Beam alone.

XLIX.

Right from thence did thruſt away,
ot the Right which he did ſeek;
trove Extremities to weigh,
liminiſh, th' other for to eke:
lean he greatly did miſleek.
nſo leudly-minded *Talus* found,
; nigh unto him Cheek by Cheek,
'd him from off the higher Ground,
Rock him throwing, in the Sea him drown'd.

L.

ip, whom cruel Tempeſt drives
: with horrible Diſmay,
i Ribs in thouſand Pieces rives,
all her Gears and goodly Ray.
ier ſelf Misfortune's piteous Prey:
Cliff the wretched Giant tumbled;
Ballances in pieces lay,
Bones all broken rudely rumbled:
h-aſpiring with huge Ruin humbled.

LI.

he People, which had thereabout
, ſaw his ſudden Deſolation,
gather in tumultuous Rout,
g, to ſtir up civil Faction,
oſs of ſo great Expectation;
hoped to have got great Good,
Riches by his Innovation:
'ving to revenge his Blood,
s, and all in Battel-order ſtood.

LII.

Which lawleſs Multitude him coming to
In warlike wiſe, when *Arthegal* did view,
He much was troubled, ne wiſt what to do.
For loth he was his noble Hands t'embrue
In the baſe Blood of ſuch a raſcal Crew:
And otherwiſe, if that he ſhould retire,
He fear'd leſt they with Shame would him purſu
Therefore he *Talus* to them ſent, t' enquire
The Cauſe of their Array, and Truce for to deſire.

LIII.

But ſoon as they him nigh approaching ſpy'd,
They 'gan with all their Weapons him aſſay,
And rudely ſtrook at him on every ſide:
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought diſma
But when at them he with his Flail 'gan lay,
He like a Swarm of Flies them overthrew;
Ne any of them durſt come in his way,
But here and there before his Preſence flew,
And hid themſelves in Holes and Buſhes from his

LIV.

As when a Faulcon hath with nimble Flight
Flown at a Fluſh of Ducks, foreby the Brook,
The trembling Fowl diſmay'd with dreadful Sigh
Of death, the which them almoſt overtook,
Do hide themſelves from her aſtonying Look,
Amongſt the Flags and Covert round about.
When *Talus* ſaw they all the Field forſook,
And none appear'd of all that raſcal Rout,
To *Arthegal* he turn'd, and went with him throug

CANTO III.

The Spouſals of fair Florimel,
Where turney many Knights:
There Braggadochio *is uncas'd,*
In all the Ladies ſights.

I.

FTER long Storms and Tempeſts over-blown,
The Sun at length his joyous Face doth clear;
when-as Fortune all her Spight hath ſhown,
ıe bliſsful Hours at laſt muſt needs appear;
: would afflicted Wights oft-times deſpair.
:omes it now to *Florimel* by turn,
er long Sorrows ſuffered whileare,
vhich captiv'd ſhe many Months did mourn,
te of Joy, and to wont Pleaſures to return.

II.

ıo being freed from *Proteus'* cruel Band
Marinel, was unto him affy'd,
ı by him brought again to Fairy-Land;
.ere he her ſpous'd, and made his joyous Bride.
: Time and Place was blazed far and wide;
ı ſolemn Feaſts and Giuſts ordain'd therefore:
which there did reſort from every ſide
Lords and Ladies infinite great Store;
y Knight was abſent that brave Courage bore.

III.

tell the Glory of the Feaſt that day
: goodly Service, the deviſeful Sights,
: Bridegroom's State, the Bride's moſt rich Array,
: Pride of Ladies, and the Worth of Knights,
: royal Banquets, and the rare Delights,
re *Work fit for* an Herald, not for me:
for ſo much as to my Lot here lights,
with this preſent Treatiſe doth agree,
rtue *to advance,* ſhall here recounted be.

IV.

When all Men had with full Satiety
Of Meats and Drinks their Appetites
To Deeds of Arms and Proof of Chev
They 'gan themſelves addreſs, full rich
As each one had his Furnitures devis'd
And firſt of all iſſu'd Sir *Marinel*,
And with him ſix Knights more, whi
To challenge all in Right of *Florimel*,
And to maintain, that ſhe all others did

V.

The firſt of them was hight Sir *Orimo*
A noble Knight, and try'd in hard Af
The ſecond had to name Sir *Belliſont*,
But ſecond unto none in Prowesſ' Prai
The third was *Brunel*, famous in his I
The fourth *Ecaſtor*, of exceeding Migh
The fifth *Armeddan*, ſkill'd in lovely I
The ſixth was *Lanſacke*, a redoubted K
All ſix well ſeen in Arms, and prov'd in

VI.

And them againſt came all that liſt to
From every Coaſt, and Country under
None was debarr'd, but all had leave t
The Trumpets ſound; then all togeth
Full many Deeds of Arms that day we
And many Knights unhors'd, and man
As Fortune fell; yet little loſt or won
But all that day the greateſt Praiſe red
To *Marinel*, whoſe Name the Heralds lo

VII.

The ſecond Day, ſo ſoon as morrow Li
Appear'd in Heav'n, into the Field the
And there all day continu'd cruel Fight
With diverſe Fortune fit for ſuch a Ga
In which all ſtrove with Peril to win F
Yet whether ſide was Victor, no'te be
But at the laſt, the Trumpets did pr
That Marinel that day deſerved beſt
"ſparted were, and all Men

VIII.

ıe third Day came, that ſhould due Trial lend
all the reſt, and then this warlike Crew
ıgether met, of all to make an end.
ıere *Marinel* great Deeds of Arms did ſhew;
ıd through the thickeſt like a Lion flew,
ıſhing off Helms, and riving Plates aſunder,
ıat every one his Danger did eſchew:
terrible his dreadful Strokes did thunder,
all Men ſtood amaz'd, and at his Might did wonder.

IX.

t what on Earth can always happy ſtand?
ıe greater Proweſs greater Perils find.
far he paſt amongſt his En'my's Band,
hat they have him encloſed ſo behind,
ı by no means he can himſelf out-wind,
nd now perforce they have him Priſ'ner taken;
nd now they do with captive Bands him bind;
nd now they lead him thence, of all forſaken,
ſs ſome Succour had in time him overtaken.

X.

fortun'd, whilſt they were thus ill beſet,
r *Arthegal* into the Tilt-yard came
/ith *Braggadochio*, whom he lately met
pon the way, with that his ſhowy Dame.
/here, when he underſtood by common Fame,
/hat evil hap to *Marinel* betid,
e much was mov'd at ſo unworthy Shame,
nd ſtraight that Boaſter pray'd, with whom he rid,
:hange his Shield with him, to be the better hid.

XI.

› forth he went, and ſoon them over-hent,
/here they were leading *Marinel* away,
/hom he aſſail'd with dreadleſs Hardiment,
nd forc'd the Burden of their Prize to ſtay.
hey were an hundred Knights of that Array;
f which th' one half upon himſelf did ſet,
*ıe other ſtay'd beh*ind to guard the Prey.
he e'er long the former fifty bet;
m the other fifty ſoon the Priſoner fet.

XII.

So back he brought Sir *Marinel* a
Whom having quickly arm'd agai
They both together joined might
To ſet afreſh on all the other Cre
Whom with ſore Havock ſoon th
And chaced quite out of the Field
Againſt them durſt his Head to P
So were they left Lords of the Fi
So *Marinel* by him was reſcu'd from

XIII.

Which when he had perform'd,
To *Braggadochio* did his Shield r
Who all this while behind him d
Keeping there cloſe with him in
That his falſe Lady, as ye heard
Then did the Trumpets ſound,
And all theſe Knights, which th
Came to the open Hall, to liſten
The Honour of the Prize ſhould be

XIV.

And thither alſo came in open fig
Fair *Florimel*, into the common
To greet his Guerdon unto every
And beſt to him, to whom the
Then for that Stranger Knight t
To whom that day they ſhould th
Who came not forth: but for Si
Came *Braggadochio*, and did ſhe
Which bore the Sun, broad blazed

XV.

The Sight whereof did all with C
So unto him they did addeem th
Of all that Triumph. Then th
Don *Braggadochio*'s Name reſou
So Courage lent a Cloak to Cow
And then to him came faireſt F
And goodly 'gan to greet his br
And thouſand Thanks him yie
pprov'd that Day, that ſhe all

XVI.

e Boaſter, that all Knights did blot,
Diſdain did ſcornful Aunſwer make;
e did that Day, he did it not
for his own dear Lady's ſake,
s Peril he did undertake,
d eke all others to excel:
lid uncomely Speeches crake.
: Words the gentle Lady quell,
e for Shame to hear what he did tell.

XVII.

ıe brought his ſnowy *Florimel*,
part had in keeping there beſide,
ı People's Gazement with a Veil.
. diſcover'd they had throughly ey'd,
ımazement they were ſtupefy'd;
at ſurely *Florimel* it was,
not *Florimel* ſo try'd,
'l her ſelf ſhe then did paſs:
of perfect things the Vulgar has.

XVIII.

-as *Marinel* beheld likewiſe,
with exceedingly diſmay'd;
'hat to think, or to deviſe:
ne, whom Fiends had made affraid,
ıiſh'd ſtood: ne ought he ſaid,
did, but with faſt fixed Eyes
l upon that ſnowy Maid:
as he did the more avize,
: true *Florimel* he did ſurmiſe.

XIX.

› Suns appear in th' azure Sky,
Phœbus' Charet fiery bright;
forth fair Beams to each Man's Eye,
ırn'd with Lamps of flaming Light;
›ld ſo ſtrange prodigious Sight,
Nature's Work, nor what to ween,
Wonder, and with rare Affright:
Marinel, when he had ſeen
this falſe, by his fair Beauty's Queen.

XX.

All which, when *Arthegal* (who all this
Stood in the Preſs cloſe cover'd) well had
And ſaw that Boaſter's Pride and graceleſs
He could no longer bear, but forth iſſu'd,
And unto all himſelf there open ſhew'd:
And to the Boaſter ſaid; Thou Loſel baſe
That haſt with borrow'd Plumes thy ſelf
And other's Worth with Leaſings doſt defa
When they are all reſtor'd, thou ſhalt reſt i

XXI.

That Shield which thou doſt bear, was it
Which this Day's Honour fav'd to *Marin*
But not that Arm, nor thou the Man I re
Which didſt that Service unto *Florimel*.
For Proof, ſhew forth thy Sword, and let
What Strokes, what dreadful Stour it ſtir
Or ſhew the Wounds which unto thee be
Or ſhew the Sweat, with which thou didſ
So ſharp a Battel, that ſo many did diſmay

XXII.

But this the Sword, which wrought thoſe
And this the Arm, the which that Shield
And theſe the Signs (ſo ſhewed forth his
By which that Glory gotten doth appear.
As for this Lady which he ſheweth here,
Is not (I wager) *Florimel* at all:
But ſome fair Franion, fit for ſuch a
That by Misfortune in his Hand did fall:
For proof whereof, he bade them *Florimel* ſo

XXIII.

So forth the noble Lady was ybrought,
Adorn'd with Honour and all comely Gra
Whereto her baſhful Shamefac'dneſs yroug
A great Increaſe in her fair bluſhing Face
As Roſes did with Lillies interlace.
For of thoſe Words, the which that Boaſ
She inly yet conceived great Diſgrace.
Whom when as all the People ſuch did
[illegible]houted loud, and Sign s of Gladnei

XXIV.

d he ſet her by that ſnowy one,
: true Saint beſide the Image ſet;
ı their Beauties to make Paragone,
ial, whether ſhould the Honour get.
way ſo ſoon as both together met,
haunted Damſel vaniſh'd into nought:
wy Subſtance melted as with Heat.
ıat goodly Hue remained ought,
ıpty Girdle which about her Waſte was wrought.

XXV.

n the Daughter of *Thaumantes* fair,
a watry Cloud diſplayed wide
dly Bow, which paints the liquid Air,
. Men wonder at her Colours Pride;
lenly, e'er one can look aſide,
rious Picture vaniſheth away,
token doth thereof abide:
his Lady's goodly Form decay.
ıothing go, e'er one could it bewray.

XXVI.

whenas all, that preſent were, beheld,
icken were with great Aſtoniſhment;
ir faint Hearts with ſenſleſs Horror quel'd,
he thing that ſeem'd ſo excellent,
ı from their Fancies Wonderment;
hat of it became, none underſtood.
ggadochio's ſelf with Dreriment
ted was in his deſpairing Mood,
a lifeleſs Corſe immovable he ſtood.

XXVII.

begal that golden Belt up-took,
ich of all her Spoil was only left;
was not hers, as many it miſtook,
imel's own Girdle, from her reft,
he was flying, like a weary Weft,
at foul Monſter, which did her compel
great; which he unbuckling eft,
to the faireſt Florimel:
bout her tender Waſte it fitted well.

XXVIII.

Full many Ladies often had assay'd,
About their Middles that fair Belt to knit;
And many a one suppos'd to be a Maid:
Yet it to none of all their Loins would fit,
Till *Florimel* about her fastned it.
Such Pow'r it had, that to no Woman's Waste,
By any Skill or Labour it would fit,
Unless that she were continent and chaste,
But it would loose or break, that many had disgrac'd.

XXIX.

Whilst thus they busied were 'bout *Florimel*,
And boastful *Braggadochio* to defame,
Sir *Guyon* (as by Fortune then befel)
Forth from the thickest Preasse of People came,
His own good Steed, which he had stoln to claim;
And th' one hand seizing on his golden Bit,
With the other drew his Sword: for, with the sa
He meant the Thief there deadly to have smit:
And had he not been held, he nought had fail'd of it

XXX.

Thereof great hurly-burly moved was
Throughout the Hall, for that same warlike Ho
For, *Braggadochio* would not let him pass;
And *Guyon* would him algates have perforce,
Or it approve upon his carrion Corse.
Which troublous Stir when *Arthegal* perceiv'd
He nigh them drew, to stay th' Avenger's For
And 'gan inquire, how was that Steed bereav'
Whether by Might extort, or else by Slight dec

XXXI.

Who, all that piteous Story, which befel
About that woful Couple which were slain,
And their young bloody Babe to him 'gan te
With whom whiles he did in the Wood rem
His Horse purloined was by subtil Train:
For which he challenged the Thief to fight
But he for nought could him thereto conf
For, as the Death he hated such Despig
ather had to lose, than try in Arm

XXXII.

ch *Arthegal* well hearing, though no more
aw of Arms there need one's Right to try,
as the wont of war-like Knights of yore,
n that his Foe the Field ſhould him deny:
further Right by Tokens to deſcry,
ſk'd what privy Tokens he did bear.
at, ſaid *Guyon*, may you ſatisfy,
hin his Mouth a black Spot doth appear,
like a Horſe's Shoe, who liſt to ſeek it there.

XXXIII.

reof to make due Trial, one did take
Horſe in hand, within his Mouth to look:
with his Heels ſo ſorely he him ſtrake,
t all his Ribs he quite in pieces broke,
t never word from that day forth he ſpoke.
ther that would ſeem to have more Wit,
by the bright embroidered Head-ſtall took;
by the Shoulder him ſo ſore he bit,
ie him maimed quite, and all his Shoulder ſplit.

XXXIV.

ie his Mouth would open unto Wight,
l that *Guyon*'s ſelf unto him ſpake,
called *Brigadore* (ſo was he hight):
ɔſe Voice ſo ſoon as he did undertake,
ɔons he ſtood as ſtill as any ſtake,
ſuffred all his ſecret Mark to ſee:
when as he him nam'd, for joy he brake
Bands, and follow'd him with gladful Glee,
iſkt, and ſlong aloft, and louted low on Knee.

XXXV.

reby Sir *Arthegal* did plain areed,
t unto him the Horſe belong'd, and ſaid;
there Sir *Guyon*, take to you the Seed,
ie with golden Saddle is array'd:
let that Loſel, plainly now diſplay'd,
ee fare on foot, till he an Horſe have gain'd.
he proud Boaſter 'gan his Doom upbraid,
him revil'd, and rated, and diſdain'd,
dgment ſo unjuſt againſt him had ordain'd.

XXXVI.

Much was the Knight incens'd with his leud Word,
To have revenged that his Villany:
And thrice did lay his hand upon his Sword,
To have him ſlain, or dearly doen aby.
But *Guyon* did his Choler pacify,
Saying, Sir Knight, it would Diſhonour be
To you, that are our Judge of Equity,
To wreak your Wrath on ſuch a Carle as he:
It's puniſhment enough, that all his Shame do ſee.

XXXVII.

So did he mitigate Sir *Arthegal*;
But *Talus* by the Back the Boaſter hent,
And drawing him out of the open Hall,
Upon him did inflict this Puniſhment:
Firſt, he his Beard did ſhave, and foully ſhent;
Then from him reft his Shield, and it r'enverſt,
And blotted out his Arms with Falſhood blent,
And himſelf baſſuld, and his Arms unherſt,
And broke his Sword in twain, and all his Armour ſpurn'd.

XXXVIII.

The whiles, his guileful Groom was fled away;
But vain it was to think from him to fly:
Who over-taking him, did diſarray,
And all his Face deform'd with Infamy,
And out of Court him ſcourged openly.
So ought all Faytours, that true Knighthood ſhame,
And Arms diſhonour with baſe Villany,
From all brave Knights be baniſh'd with Defame;
For, oft their Leudneſs blotteth good Deſerts with Blame.

XXXIX.

Now, when theſe Counterfeits were thus uncas'd
Out of the fore-ſide of their Forgery,
And in the ſight of all Men clean diſgrac'd,
All 'gan to jeſt and gibe full merrily
At the Remembrance of their Knavery:
Ladies 'gan laugh at Ladies, Knights at Knights,
To think with how great Vaunt of Bravery
He them abuſed, through his ſubtil Slights,
And what a glorious Shew he made in all their ſight

XL.

ere leave we them in Pleaſure and Repaſt,
nding their joyous Days and gladful Nights,
l taking Uſury of time fore-paſt,
th all dear Delices and rare Delights,
for ſuch Ladies, and ſuch lovely Knights:
l turn we here to this fair Furrow's end
: weary Yokes, to gather freſher Sprights,
at when-as time to *Arthegal* ſhall tend,
i his firſt Adventure may him forward ſend.

CANTO IV.

Arthegal dealeth Right betwixt
Two Brethren that do ſtrive:
Saves Terpine *from the Gallow-Tree,*
And doth from Death reprieve.

I.

WHOSO upon himſelf will take the Skill
True Juſtice unto People to divide,
d need have mighty Hands, for to fulfil
at which he doth with righteous Doom decide,
d for to maiſter Wrong and puiſſant Pride.
· vain it is to deem of things aright,
d makes Wrong-doers Juſtice to deride,
leſs it be perform'd with dreadleſs Might;
'ow'r is the right Hand of Juſtice truely hight.

II.

erefore whilom to Knights of great Empriſe,
e Charge of Juſtice given was in Truſt,
at they might execute her Judgments wiſe.
d with their Might beat down licentious Luſt,
hich proudly did impugn her Sentence juſt:
hereof no brayer Precedent this day
nains on Earth, preſerv'd from iron Ruſt
ude Oblivion, and long Time's Decay,
his of Arthegal, which here we have to ſ

III.

Who having lately left that lovely Pair,
Enlinked faſt in Wedlock's loyal Bond,
Bold *Marinel* with *Florimel* the fair,
With whom great Feaſt and goodly Glee he found,
Departed from the Caſtle of the *Strond*,
To follow his Adventure's firſt Intent,
Which long ago he taken had in hond:
Ne Wight with him for his Aſſiſtance went.
But that great iron Groom, his Guard and Government.

IV.

With whom as he did paſs by the Sea-ſhore,
He chaunc'd to come, whereas two comely Squires,
Both Brethren, whom one Womb together bore,
But ſtirred up with different Deſires,
Together ſtrove, and kindled wrathful Fires:
And them beſide two ſeemly Damſels ſtood,
By all means ſeeking to aſſuage their Ires,
Now with fair Words, but Words did little good;
Now with ſharp Threats, but Threats the more increas'd their Mood.

V.

And there before them ſtood a Coffer ſtrong,
Faſt bound on every ſide with iron Bands,
But ſeeming to have ſuffer'd mickle Wrong,
Either by being wreckt upon the Sands,
Or being carry'd far from foreign Lands:
Seem'd that for it theſe Squires at odds did fall,
And bent againſt themſelves their cruel Hands.
But evermore thoſe Damſels did foreſtal
Their furious Encounter, and their Fierceneſs pall.

VI.

But firmly fix'd they were, with Dint of Sword,
And Battel's doubtful Proof, their Rights to try,
Ne other end their Fury would afford,
But what to them Fortune would juſtify.
So ſtood they both in readineſs thereby,
To join the Combat with cruel Intent;
When Artegal, arriving happily,
Did ſtay awhile their greedy Bickerment,
- had queſtioned the Cauſe of their Diſſent.

VII.

'o whom the elder did this Anſwer frame;
'hen weet ye, Sir, that we two Brethren be,
'o whom our Sire, *Makelo* by Name,
'id equally bequeath his Lands in Fee,
wo Iſlands, which ye there before you ſee
ot far in Sea; of which the one appears
ut like a little Mount of ſmall degree;
et was as great and wide e'er many Years,
hat ſame other Iſle, that greater Breadth now bears.

VIII.

ut Track of Time, that all things doth decay,
nd this devouring Sea, that nought doth ſpare,
he moſt part of my Land hath waſh'd away,
nd thrown it up unto my Brother's Share:
his encreaſed, but mine did empair.
:fore which time I lov'd, as was my Lot,
hat further Maid, hight *Philtera* the fair,
'ith whom a goodly Dow'r I ſhould have got,
ſhould have joined been to her in Wedlock's Knot.

IX.

hen did my younger Brother *Amidas*,
ve that ſame other Damſel, *Lucy* bright,
o whom but little Dow'r allotted was:
er Vertue was the Dow'r, that did delight;
'hat better Dow'r can to a Dame behight?
it now when *Philtra* ſaw my Lands decay,
nd former Live'lod fail, ſhe left me quite,
nd to my Brother did elope ſtraightway:
taking her from me, his own Love left aſtray.

X.

ie, ſeeing then her ſelf forſaken ſo,
hrough dolorous Deſpair, which ſhe conceiv'd,
to the Sea her ſelf did headlong throw,
hinking to have her Grief by Death bereav'd:
it ſee how much her Purpoſe was deceiv'd.
'hilſt thus, amidſt the Billows beating of her,
'ixt Life and Death, long to and fro ſhe weav'd,
chaunc'd unwares to light upon this Coffer,
o her in that Danger Hope of Life did offer.

XI.

The wretched Maid, that earſt deſir'd to die,
When-as the Pain of Death ſhe taſted had,
And but half ſeen his ugly Viſnomy,
'Gan to repent that ſhe had been ſo mad,
For any Death to change Life, though moſt ba
And catching hold of this Sea-beaten Cheſt,
The lucky Pilot of her Paſſage ſad,
After long toſſing in the Seas diſtreſs'd,
Her weary Bark at laſt upon mine Iſle did reſt.

XII.

Where I by chaunce then wandring on the Sh
Did her eſpy, and through my good Endeavour,
From dreadful Mouth of Death, which threatn
Her to have ſwallow'd up, did help to ſave he
She then in Recompence of that great Favou
Which I on her beſtow'd, beſtow'd on me
The Portion of that Good which Fortune gav
Together with herſelf in Dowry free:
Both goodly Portions; but of both, the better ſh

XIII.

Yet in this Coffer, which ſhe with her brough
Great Treaſure ſithence we did find contain'd
Which as our own we took, and ſo it though
But this ſame other Damſel ſince hath feign'
That to herſelf that Treaſure appertain'd;
And that ſhe did tranſport the ſame by Sea,
To bring it to her Huſband new ordain'd,
But ſuffer'd cruel Shipwreck by the way:
But whether it be ſo or no, I cannot ſay.

XIV.

But whether it indeed be ſo or no,
This do I ſay, that what ſo Good or Ill
Or God or Fortune unto me did throw
(Not wronging any other by my Will)
I hold mine own, and ſo will hold it ſtill.
And though my Land he firſt did win away,
And then my Love (though now it little ſkill
Yet my good Luck he ſhall not likewiſe pr
I will it defend, whilſt ever that I ma

XV.

g ſaid, the younger did enſue;
it is, what-ſo about our Land
her here declared hath to you:
for it this Odds 'twixt us doth ſtand,
his Treaſure thrown upon his Strand;
ell I prove, as ſhall appear by Trial,
s Maid's, with whom I faſtned Hand,
y good Marks, and perfect good Eſpial;
ought be render'd her without Denial.

XVI.

y thus ended had, the Knight began;
our Strife were eaſy to accord,
remit it to ſome righteous Man.
r ſelf, ſaid they, we give our word,
hat Judgment ye ſhall us afford.
Aſſurance to my Doom to ſtand,
foot let each lay down his Sword,
you ſhall my Sentence underſtand:
em laid down his Sword out of his Hand.

XVII.

begal thus to the younger ſaid;
me, *Amidas*, if that ye may,
her's Land, the which the Sea hath laid
r Part, and pluck'd from his away,
ood Right do you with-hold this day?
er Right, quoth he, ſhould you eſteem,
he Sea it to my Share did lay?
it is good, ſaid he, and ſo I deem,
he Sea unto you ſent, your own ſhould ſeem.

XVIII.

ing to the elder, thus he ſaid;
cidas, let this likewiſe be ſhown;
her's Treaſure, which from him is ſtray'd,
Dowry of his Wife well known,
ight do you claim to be your own?
r Right, quoth he, ſhould you eſteem,
e Sea hath it unto me thrown?
is good, ſaid he, and ſo I deem,
Sea unto you ſent, your own ſhould

XIX.

For equal Right in equal Things doth ſtand;
For what the mighty Sea hath once poſſeſs'd,
And plucked quite from all Poſſeſſors Hand,
Whether by Rage of Waves, that never reſt,
Or elſe by Wreck, that Wretches hath diſtreſs'd,
He may diſpoſe by his imperial Might,
As Thing at random left, to whom he lift.
So *Amidas*, the Land was yours firſt hight,
And ſo the Treaſure yours is, *Bracidas*, by Right.

XX.

When he his Sentence thus pronounced had,
Both *Amidas* and *Philtra* were diſpleas'd:
But *Bracidas* and *Lucy* were right glad,
And on the Treaſure by that Judgment ſeiz'd.
So was their Diſcord by this Doom appeas'd,
And each one had his Right. Then *Arthegal*
When-as their ſharp Contention he had ceas'd,
Departed on his way, as did befal,
To follow his old Queſt, the which him forth did call.

XXI.

So as he travelled upon the way,
He chaunc'd to come, where happily he ſpy'd
A Rout of many People far away;
To whom his Courſe he haſtily apply'd,
To weet the Cauſe of their Aſſemblance wide.
To whom when he approached near in ſight
(An uncouth Sight) he plainly then deſcry'd
To be a Troop of Women, warlike dight,
With Weapons in their Hands, as ready for to fight.

XXII.

And in the midſt of them he ſaw a Knight,
With both his Hands behind him pinion'd hard
And round about his Neck an Halter tight,
As ready for the Gallow-tree prepar'd:
His Face was cover'd, and his Head was bar'd
That who he was, uneath was to deſcry;
And with full heavy Heart with them he far'd
Griev'd to the Soul, and groaning inwardly
at he of Womens hands ſo baſe a Dea

XXIII.

ey like Tyrants mercileſs, the more
d at his miſerable Caſe,
m reviled, and reproached ſore
bitter Taunts, and Terms of vile Diſgrace.
hen as *Arthegal*, arriv'd in place,
c what Cauſe brought that Man to decay,
ound about him 'gan to ſwarm apace,
ag on him their cruel Hands to lay,
ave wrought unwares ſome villanous Aſſay.

XXIV.

: was ſoon aware of their ill Mind,
rawing back, deceived their Intent;
ough himſelf did ſhame on Woman-kind
ighty Hand to ſhend, he *Talus* ſent
eck on them their Folly's Hardiment:
with few Souſes of his yron Flail,
ſed all their Troop incontinent,
ent them home to tell a piteous Tale
vain Proweſs, turned to their proper Bale.

XXV.

iat ſame wretched Man, ordain'd to die,
left behind them, glad to be ſo quit:
Talus took out of Perplexity,
Horrour of foul Death for Knight unfit,
more than Loſs of Life ydreaded it:
iim reſtoring unto living Light,
ought unto his Lord, where he did ſit,
ding all that womaniſh weak Fight;
ſoon as he beheld, he knew, and thus behight:

XXVI.

rpine, hapleſs Man, what make you here?
ive you loſt your ſelf, and your Diſcretion,
ever in this wretched Caſe ye were?
ive ye yielded you to proud Oppreſſion
'omen's Pow'r, that boaſt of Men's Subjection?
ſe, what other deadly diſmal Day
'n on you, by Heaven's hard Direction,
re were run ſo fondly far aſtray,
lead your ſelf unto your own Decay?

XXVII.

Much was the Man confounded in hi
Partly with Shame, and partly with I
That all aſtoniſh'd he himſelf did fir
And little had for his Excuſe to ſay
But only thus; Moſt hapleſs well y
Me juſtly term, that to this Shame
And made the Scorn of Knighthood
But who can 'ſcape, what his own F
The Work of Heaven's Will ſurpaſſeth

XXVIII.

Right true: but faulty Men uſe oft
To attribute their Folly unto Fate,
And lay on Heav'n the Guilt of their
But tell, Sir *Terpine*, ne let you ama
Your Miſery, how fell ye in this Stat
Then ſith ye needs, quoth he, will k
And all the Ill which chaunc'd to me
I ſhortly will to you rehearſe the ſa
In hope ye will not turn Misfortune to

XXIX.

Being deſirous (as all Knights are wo
Through hard Adventures Deeds of
And after Fame and Honour for to h
I heard Report that far abroad did fly,
That a proud *Amazon* did late defy
All the brave Knights that hold of M
And unto them wrought all the Villa
That ſhe could forge in her maliciou
Which ſome hath put to Shame, and m

XXX.

The Cauſe, they ſay, of this her cruel
Is for the ſake of *Bellodant* the bold,
To whom ſhe bore moſt fervent Love
And wooed him by all the ways ſhe c
But when ſhe ſaw at laſt, that he ne w
For ought or nought be won unto he
She turn'd her Love to Hatred manif
And for his ſake, vow'd to do all th
Which ſhe could do to Knights: which

XXXI.

For all those Knights, the which by Force or Guile
She doth subdue, she foully doth intreat:
First, she doth them of warlike Arms despoil,
And clothe in Womens Weeds; and then with Threat
Doth them compel to work, to earn their Meat,
To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring;
Ne doth she give them other thing to eat
But Bread and Water, or like feeble thing,
[illegible]em to disable from Revenge adventuring.

XXXII.

But if through stout Disdain of manly Mind,
Any her proud Observance will withstand,
Upon that Gibbet, which is there behind,
She causeth them be hang'd up out of hand;
In which Condition I right now did stand.
For being overcome by her in Fight,
And put to that base Service of her Band,
I [illegible] chose to die in Life's Despight,
[illegible] lead that shameful Life, unworthy of a Knight.

XXXIII.

How hight that *Amazon* (said *Arthegal*)?
And where, and how far hence does she abide?
Her Name, quoth he, they *Radigund* do call,
A Princess of great Pow'r, and greater Pride,
And Queen of *Amazons*, in Arms well try'd,
And sundry Battels, which she hath atchiev'd
With great Success, that her hath glorify'd,
And made her famous, more than is believ'd:
[illegible] I it have ween'd, had I not late it priev'd.

XXXIV.

Now sure, said he, and by the Faith that I
To Maidenhead and noble Knighthood owe,
I will not rest, till I her Might do try,
And venge the Shame, that she to Knights doth show.
Therefore Sir *Terpine* from you lightly throw
This squalid Weed, the Pattern of Despair,
And wend with me, that ye may see and know,
How Fortune will your ruin'd Name repair,
[illegible] of Maidenhead, whose Praise she would empair.

XXXV.

With that, like one that hopeleſs was repriev'd,
From Deathes Door, at which he lately lay,
Thoſe yron Fetters, wherewith he was giv'd,
The Badges of Reproach, he threw away,
And nimbly did him dight to guide the way,
Unto the Dwelling of that *Amazone*.
Which was from thence not paſt a Mile or tway;
A goodly City, and a mighty one,
The which of her own Name ſhe called *Radigon*.

XXXVI.

Where they arriving, by the Watchman were
Deſcried ſtraight; who all the City warn'd,
How that three warlike Perſons did appear,
Of which the one him ſeem'd a Knight all arm'd,
And th' other two well likely to have harm'd.
Eſtſoons the People all to Harneſs ran,
And like a ſort of Bees in Cluſters ſwarm'd:
E'er long, their Queen her ſelf, arm'd like a Man,
Camp forth into the Rout, and them t' array began.

XXXVII.

And now the Knights, being arrived near,
Did beat upon the Gates to enter in,
And at the Porter ſcorning them ſo few,
Threw many Threats, if they the Town did win,
To tear his Fleſh in pieces for his Sin.
Which when as *Radigund* there coming heard,
Her Heart for Rage did grate, and Teeth did grin:
She bad that ſtraight the Gates ſhould be unbarr'd,
And to them way to make, with Weapons well prepar'd.

XXXVIII.

Soon as the Gates were open to them ſet,
They preſſed forward, Entrance to have made:
But in the middle way they were ymet
With a ſharp Show'r of Arrows, which them ſtay'd,
And better bad adviſe, e'er they aſſay'd
Unknowen Peril of bold Women's Pride.
Then all that Rout upon them rudely laid,
And heaped Strokes ſo faſt on every ſide,
That Arrows hail'd ſo thick, that they could not abide.

XXXIX.

Radigund her ſelf, when ſhe eſpy'd
Terpine, from her direful Doom acquit,
cruel Doale amongſt her Maids divide,
avenge that Shame, they did on him commit;
ſuddenly enflam'd with furious Fit,
e a fell Lioneſs at him ſhe flew,
l on his Head-piece him ſo fiercely ſmit,
it to the Ground him quite ſhe overthrew,
y'd ſo with the Stroke, that he no Colours knew.

XL.

n as ſhe ſaw him on the Ground to grovel,
lightly to him leap'd; and in his Neck
proud Foot ſetting, at his Head did level,
ening at once her Wrath on him to wreak,
l his Contempt, that did her Judgment break:
when a Bear hath ſeiz'd her cruel Claws
in the Carcaſs of ſome Beaſt too weak,
udly ſtands over, and awhile doth pauſe,
ar the piteous Beaſt pleading her Plantiff Cauſe.

XLI.

om when-as *Artbegal*, in that Diſtreſs
:hance beheld, he left the bloody Slaughter,
vhich he ſwam, and ran to his Redreſs.
re her aſſailing fiercely freſh, he raught her
n an huge Stroke, that it of Senſe diſtraught her;
l had ſhe not it warded warily,
ad depriv'd her Mother of a Daughter:
h'leſs for all the Pow'r ſhe did apply,
e her ſtagger oft, and ſtare with ghaſtly Eye.

XLII.

: to an Eagle in his kingly Pride,
ing thro his wide Empire of the Air,
weather his broad Sails, by chance hath ſpy'd
oſhawk, which hath ſeized for her ſhare
n ſome Fowl, that ſhould her Feaſt prepare;
dreadful Force he flies at her bylive,
with his Souſe, which none endure dare,
m the Quarrey he away doth drive,
her griping Pounce the greedy Prey doth

And with their Troops did far af
But 'mongſt the reſt the Fight did t

XLIV.

And every while that mighty yro
With his ſtrange Weapon, never
Them ſorely vex'd, and cours'd,
And broke their Bows, and did th
That none of all the many once d
Him to aſſault, nor once approach
But like a ſort of Sheep diſperſed
For Dread of their devouring Enen
Through all the Fields and Vallies di

XLV.

But when-as Day's fair ſhiny Bean
With fearful Shadows of deformed
Warn'd Man and Beaſt in quiet R
Bold *Radigund* (with Sound of Tr
Caus'd all her People to ſurceaſe f
And gathering them unto her City
Made them all enter in before her
And all the wounded, and the wea
To be conveyed in, e'er ſhe would o

XLVI.

When thus the Field was voided all
And all things quieted, the Elfin K

XLVII.

ll of heart-gnawing Grief,
hich ſhe ſuſtain'd that day,
t, ne would receive Relief;
roublous Mind, what way
that Blot, which on her lay.
her ſelf in ſingle Fight
e, and his Force aſſay,
:r People ſpoiled quite,
day a diſaventrous Sight.

XLVIII.

her a truſty Maid,
t fitteſt for that Buſineſs,
rind', and thus to her ſaid;
y, do thy ſelf addreſs
:, which I ſhall expreſs:
: Stranger Fairy Knight,
ve us to ſuch Diſtreſs;
row I with him will fight,
d, whether hath greater Might.

XLIX.

ns do to him propound,
him, he ſhould obey
r to my Lore be bound;
ne he vanquiſh may,
like to do or ſay:
ake with thee, to witneſs it,
: of the beſt Array,
: both Wine and Juncates fit,
:nceforth he oft ſhall hungry ſit.

L.

;ht obey'd: and putting all
: to the Town-gate went;
)ud a Trumpet from the Wall,
e Knights ſhe warning ſent.
: iſſuing from the Tent,
: way did fearleſs take,
:hat Trumpet's Sounding meant:
Damſel loudly him beſpake,
h his Lord ſhe would Emparlance make.

LI.

So he them ſtraight conducted to his Lord;
Who, as he could, them goodly well did greet,
Till they had told their Meſſage word by word:
Which he accepting well, as he could weet,
Them fairly entertain'd with Court'ſies meet,
And gave them Gifts and things of dear Deligt
So back again they homeward turn'd their Feet.
But *Arthegal* himſelf to Reſt did dight,
That he mote freſher be againſt the next day's Fig

CANTO V.

Arthegal *fights with* Radigund, *And is ſubdu'd by Guile: He is by her empriſoned, But wrought by* Clarind's *Wile.*

I.

SO ſoon as Day, forth dawning from the E
Night's humid Curtain from the Heavens wi
And early calling forth both Man and Beaſt,
Commanded them their daily Works renew,
Theſe noble Warriors, mindful to purſue
The laſt Day's Purpoſe of their vowed Fight,
Themſelves thereto prepar'd in Order due;
The Knight, as beſt was ſeeming for a Knight;
And th' *Amazon*, as beſt it lik'd her ſelf to dight.

II.

All in a Camis light of Purple Silk,
Woven upon with Silver, ſubtly wrought,
And quilted upon Sattin white as Milk,
Trailed with Ribbands diverſly diſtraught,
Like as the Workman had their Courſes taught
Which was ſhort tucked for light Motion
Up to her Ham: but when ſhe liſt, it raught
Down to her loweſt Heel, and thereupon
wore for her Defence a mailed Habergeon.

III.

nd on her Legs ſhe painted Buſkins wore,
ıſted with Bends of Gold on every ſide,
nd Mails between, and laced cloſe afore:
pon her Thigh her Scimiter was ty'd,
'ith an embroider'd Belt of mickle Pride;
nd on her Shoulder hung her Shield, bedeck'd
ɔen the Boſs with Stones, that ſhined wide,
s the fair Moon in her moſt full Aſpect,
: to the Moon it mote be like in each reſpect.

IV.

ı forth ſhe came out of the City-Gate,
'ith ſtately Port and proud Magnificence,
uarded with many Damſels, that did wait
ɔon her Perſon for her ſure Defence,
aying on Shaums and Trumpets, that from hence
heir Sound did reach unto the Heaven's Height.
ı forth into the Field ſhe marched thence,
'here was a rich Pavilion ready pight,
to receive, till time they ſhould begin the Fight.

V.

hen forth came *Arthegal* out of his Tent,
ll arm'd to point, and firſt the Liſts did enter:
ɔon after eke came ſhe, with fell Intent,
nd Countenance fierce, as having fully bent her,
'hat Battel's utmoſt Trial to adventure.
he Liſts were cloſed faſt, to bar the Rout
rom rudely preſſing to the middle Center;
Vhich in great Heaps them circled all about,
iting how Fortune would reſolve that dangerous Doubt.

VI.

'he Trumpets ſounded, and the Field began;
Vith bitter Strokes it both began and ended.
ihe at the firſt Encounter on him ran
Vith furious Rage, as if ſhe had intended
)ut of his Breaſt the very Heart have rended:
lut he that had like Tempeſts often try'd,
rom that firſt Flaw himſelf right well defende
he more *ſhe rag'd*, the more he did abide;
lew'd, ſhe foin'd, ſhe laſh'd, ſhe laid on

VII.

Yet ſtill her Blows he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at laſt to win advantage new;
Yet ſtill her Cruelty encreaſed more,
And though Pow'r fail'd, her Courage did accrue:
Which failing, he 'gan fiercely her purſue;
Like as a Smith that to his cunning Feat
The ſtubborn Metal ſeeketh to ſubdue,
Soon as he feels it mollify'd with Heat,
With his great Iron Sledge doth ſtrongly on it beat.

VIII.

So did Sir *Arthegal* upon her lay,
As if ſhe had an Iron Anvil been,
That Flakes of Fire, bright as the ſunny Ray,
Out of her ſteely Arms were flaſhing ſeen,
That all on fire ye would her ſurely ween.
But with her Shield ſo well her ſelf ſhe warded,
From the dread Danger of his Weapon keen,
That all that while her Life ſhe ſafely guarded:
But he that Help from her againſt her Will diſcarded.

IX.

For with his trenchant Blade at the next Blow
Half of her Shield he ſhared quite away,
That half her Side it ſelf did naked ſhow,
And thenceforth unto Danger open'd way.
Much was ſhe moved with the mighty Sway
Of that ſad Stroke, that half enrag'd ſhe grew,
And like a greedy Bear unto her Prey,
With her ſharp Scimiter at him ſhe flew,
That glancing down his Thigh, the Purple Blood forth drew.

X.

Thereat ſhe 'gan to triumph with great Boaſt,
And to up-braid that Chance which him miſ-fell,
As if the Prize ſhe gotten had almoſt,
With ſpightful Speeches, ſitting with her well;
That his great Heart 'gan inwardly to ſwell
With Indignation, at her Vaunting vain,
And at her ſtrook with Puiſſance fearful fell;
Yet with her Shield ſhe warded it again,
[illegible]at ſhatter'd all to pieces round about the Plain.

XI.

ing her thus diſarmed of her Shield,
n her Helmet he again her ſtrook,
t down ſhe fell upon the graſſy Field,
nſleſs Swoun, as if her Life forſook,
Pangs of Death her Spirit overtook.
om when he ſaw before his Foot proſtrated,
o her lept, with deadly dreadful Look,
her ſunſhiny Helmet ſoon unlac'd,
ng at once both Head and Helmet to have rac'd.

XII.

when-as he diſcover'd had her Face,
aw his Senſe's ſtrange Aſtoniſhment,
liracle of Nature's goodly Grace,
er fair Viſage void of Ornament,
bath'd in Blood and Sweat together ment;
ich, in the Rudeneſs of that evil Plight,
ray'd the Signs of Feature excellent:
: as the Moon in foggy Winter's Night,
eem to be her ſelf, though darkned be her Light.

XIII.

ight thereof his cruel minded Heart
pierced was with pitiful Regard,
t his ſharp Sword he threw from him apart,
ſing his Hand that had that Viſage marr'd;
Hand ſo cruel, nor no Heart ſo hard,
Ruth of Beauty will it mollify.
his, upſtarting from her Swoun, ſhe ſtar'd
hile about her with confuſed Eye;
ne that from his Dream is waked ſuddenly.

XIV.

n as the Knight ſhe there by her did ſpy,
iding with empty Hands all weapenleſs,
h freſh Aſſault upon him ſhe did fly,
l 'gan renew her former Cruelneſs:
though he ſtill retir'd, yet natheleſs
h huge redoubled Strokes ſhe on him laid;
more encreas'd her Outrage mercileſs,
more that he with meek Intreaty pray'd
athful Hand from greedy Vengeance to

Even ſo did *Radigund* with bootleſs Pai
Annoy this noble Knight, and ſorely him

XVI.

Nought could he do, but ſhun the dre
Of her fierce Wrath, and backward ſt
And with his ſingle Shield, well as he
Bear off the Burden of her raging Ire;
And evermore he gently did deſire,
To ſtay her Strokes, and he himſelf wo
Yet nould ſhe heark, ne let him once
Till he to her deliver'd had his Shield
And to her Mercy him ſubmitted in plain

XVII.

So was he overcome, not overcome,
But to her yielded of his own accord;
Yet was he juſtly damned by the Doo
Of his own Mouth, that ſpake ſo ware
To be her Thrall, and Service her aff
For though that he firſt victory obtain'

XIX.

n they thought on *Talus* Hands to lay,
his iron Flail amongſt them thunder'd,
ey were fain to let him 'ſcape away,
om his Company to be ſo ſunder'd;
'reſence all their Troops ſo much encumber'd,
Heaps of thoſe, which he did wound and ſlay,
he reſt diſmay'd, might not be number'd:
that while he would not once aſſay
his own Lord, but thought it juſt t' obey.

XX.

ok the *Amazon* this noble Knight,
her Will by his own wilful Blame,
iſed him to be diſarmed quite
he Ornaments of knightly Name,
hich whilom he gotten had great Fame:
whereof ſhe made him to be dight
nan's Weeds, that is to Manhood Shame,
t before his Lap an Apron white,
Curiets, and Baſes fit for Fight.

XXI.

g clad, ſhe brought him from the Field,
h he had been trained many a day,
ong large Chamber, which was ciel'd
ſonuments of many Knights Decay,
ſubdued in victorious Fray:
t the which ſhe caus'd his warlike Arms
g'd on high, that mote his Shame bewray;
ke his Sword, for fear of further Harms,
ch he wont to ſtir up battelous Alarms.

XXII.

nter'd in, he round about him ſaw
rave Knights, whoſe Names right well he knew,
ound t' obey that *Amazon*'s proud Law,
g and carding all in comely rue,
s big Heart loath'd ſo uncomely View.
y *were forc'd*, through Penury and Pine,
hoſe Works, to them appointed due:
ht *was given* them to ſup or dine,
ir *Hands* could earn by twiſting linnen

XXIII.

Amongſt them all ſhe placed him moſt low,
And in his Hand a Diſtaff to him gave,
That he thereon ſhould ſpin both Flax and Tow;
A ſordid Office for a Mind ſo brave:
So hard it is to be a Woman's Slave!
Yet he it took in his own ſelf's Deſpight,
And thereto did himſelf right well behave,
Her to obey, ſith he his Faith had plight,
Her Vaſſal to become, if ſhe him won in Fight.

XXIV.

Who had him ſeen, imagine mote thereby,
That whilom hath of *Hercules* been told,
How for *Iola*'s ſake he did apply
His mighty Hands, the Diſtaff vile to hold
For his huge Club, which had ſubdu'd of old
So many Monſters, which the World annoy'd;
His Lion's Skin chaung'd to a Pall of Gold,
In which forgetting Wars he only joy'd
In Combats of ſweet Love, and with his Miſtreſs toy'd.

XXV.

Such is the Cruelty of Womenkind,
When they have ſhaken off the ſhamefac'd Band
With which wiſe Nature did them ſtrongly bind,
T' obey the Heaſts of Man's well-ruling Hand,
That then all Rule and Reaſon they withſtand,
To purchaſe a licentious Liberty.
But vertuous Women wiſely underſtand,
That they were born to baſe Humility,
Unleſs the Heav'ns them lift to lawful Sovereignty.

XXVI.

Thus there long while continu'd *Artbegal*,
Serving proud *Radigund* with true Subjection;
However it his noble Heart did gall,
T' obey a Woman's tyrannous Direction,
That might have had of Life or Death Election
But having choſen, now he might not change.
During which time, the warlike *Amazon*,
Whoſe wandring Fancy after Luſt did range,
'Gan caſt a ſecret Liking to this Captive ſtrange.

XXVII.

; concealing in her covert Breaſt,
the Cud of Lovers careful Plight ;
t not ſo thoroughly digeſt,
xed in her wounded Spright,
ented her both day and night :
ſhe not thereto yield free Accord,
ıe lowly Vaſſal of her Might,
Servant make her ſovereign Lord :
'ride, that ſhe ſuch Baſeneſs much abhor'd.

XXVIII.

ıe greater ſtill her Anguiſh grew,
:ubborn handling of her love-ſick Heart ;
ıe more ſhe ſtrove it to ſubdue,
ſhe ſtill augmented her own Smart,
made the Wound of th' hidden Dart.
hen long ſhe ſtruggled had in vain,
ɔ ſtoop, and her proud Mind convert
Obeyſance of Love's mighty Rein,
reat for Grace, that had procur'd her Pain.

XXIX.

'elf in ſecret ſhe did call
t Handmaid, whom ſhe moſt did truſt,
r ſaid ; *Clarinda*, whom of all
ve, ſith I thee foſter'd firſt ;
e time, that I untimely muſt
nake trial in my greateſt Need :
ppen'd, that the Heavens unjuſt,
my happy Freedom, have agreed
/ looſer Life, or my laſt Bale to breed.

XXX.

t ſhe turn'd her Head, as half abaſh'd,
he Bluſh which in her Viſage roſe,
ıgh her Eyes like ſudden Lightning flaſh'd,
her Cheek with a vermilion Roſe :
ſhe did her Countenance compoſe,
er turning, thus began again ;
:f's deep Wound I would to thee diſcloſe,
:ompelled through heart-murdring Pain,
f *Shame my* doubtful Lips doth ſtill re

XXXI.

Ah my dear Dread (ſaid then the faithful Maid)
Can dread of ought your dreadleſs Heart with-ho
That many hath with dread of Death diſmay'd,
And dare even Death's moſt dreadful Face behold
Say on my ſovereign Lady, and be bold.
Doth not your Handmaid's Life at your foot lie
Therewith much comforted, ſhe 'gan unfold
The Cauſe of her conceived Malady,
As one that would confeſs, yet fain would it deny.

XXXII.

Clarind', ſaid ſhe, thou ſeeſt yond Fairy Knight,
Whom not my Valour, but his own brave Mind
Subjected hath to my unequal Might;
What Right is it, that he ſhould Thraldom find,
For lending Life to me a Wretch unkind,
That for ſuch Good him recompence with Ill?
Therefore I caſt how I may him unbind,
And by his Freedom get his free Good-will;
Yet ſo as bound to me, he may continue ſtill:

XXXIII.

Bound unto me, but not with ſuch hard Bands
Of ſtrong Compulſion, and ſtraight Violence,
As now in miſerable State he ſtands;
But with ſweet Love and ſure Benevolence,
Void of malicious Mind, or foul Offence.
To which if thou canſt win him any way,
Without Diſcovery of my Thought's Pretence
Both goodly Meed of him it purchaſe may,
And eke with grateful Service me right well ap

XXXIV.

Which that thou mayſt the better bring to p
Lo here this Ring, which ſhall thy Warran
And Token true to old *Eumenias*,
From time to time, when thou it beſt ſhal
That in and out thou mayſt have Paſſag
Go now, *Clarinda*, well thy Wits adviſe
And all thy Forces gather unto thee;
Armies of lovely Looks, and Speeches
h which thou canſt e'en *Jove* himſe

XXXV.

ſty Maid, conceiving her Intent,
ı ſure Promiſe of her good Endeavour,
r great Comfort, and ſome Heart's Content.
her parting, ſhe thenceforth did labour,
he means ſhe might, to curry Favour,
ı' Elfin Knight, her Lady's beſt Beloved;
aily Shew of courteous kind Behaviour,
the Mark-white of his Heart ſhe rov'd,
wide-glancing Words, one day ſhe thus him prov'd.

XXXVI.

y Knight, upon whoſe hopeleſs State
, envying Good, hath felly frown'd,
uel Heav'ns have heap'd an heavy Fate;
ıat thus thy better Days are drown'd
Deſpair, and all thy Senſes ſwoun'd
d Sorrow, ſith thy juſter Merit
elſe have with Felicity been crown'd:
p at laſt, and wake thy dulled Spirit,
how this long Death thou mighteſt diſinherit.

XXXVII.

lid he marvel at her uncouth Speech,
hidden Drift he could not well perceive;
an to doubt, leſt ſhe him ſought t' appeach
:aſon, or ſome guileful Train did weave,
;h which ſhe might his wretched Life bereave.
'hich to bar, he with this Anſwer met her;
ımſel, that with Ruth (as I perceive)
Miſhaps, art mov'd to wiſh me better,
your kind Regard, I can but reſt your Debtor.

XXXVIII.

:et ye well, that to a Courage great,
ɔ leſs beſeeming, well to bear
:orm of Fortune's Frown, or Heaven's Threat,
in the Sunſhine of her Count'nance clear
r to joy, and carry comely Chear.
ɔugh *this* Cloud have now me overcaſt,
I not of better Times deſpair;
ɔugh (unlike) they ſhould for ever laſt,
Truth's Aſſurance I reſt fixed faſt.

XXXIX.

But what ſo ſtony Mind (ſhe then reply'd)
But if in his own pow'r Occaſion lay,
Would to his Hope a Window open wide,
And to his Fortune's help make ready way?
Unworthy ſure, quoth he, of better Day,
That will not take the Offer of good Hope,
And eke purſue, if he attain it may.
Which Speeches ſhe applying to the Scope
Of her Intent, this further Purpoſe to him ſhope

XL.

Then why doſt not, thou ill-adviſed Man,
Make means to win thy Liberty forlorn,
And try if thou by fair Entreaty can
Move *Radigund?* who though ſhe ſtill have v
Her Days in War, yet (weet thou) was not bo
Of Bears and Tygers, nor ſo ſalvage minded,
As that, albe all Love of Men ſhe ſcorn,
She yet forgets, that ſhe of Men was kinded:
And ſooth oft ſeen, that proudeſt Hearts baſe l

XLI.

Certes *Clarinda*, not of canker'd Will,
Said he, nor obſtinate diſdainful Mind,
I have forbore this Duty to fulfil:
For well I may this ween, by that I find,
That ſhe a Queen, and come of Princely Kin
Both worthy is for to be ſu'd unto,
Chiefly by him, whoſe Life her Law doth bi
And eke of Pow'r her own Doom to undo,
And als of Princely Grace to be enclin'd thereto

XLII.

But want of Means hath been mine only Let
From ſeeking Favour, where it doth abound;
Which if I might by your good Office get,
I to your ſelf ſhould reſt for ever bound,
And ready to deſerve what Grace I found.
She feeling him thus bite upon the Bait,
Yet doubting leſt his Hold was but unſound,
And not well faſten'd, would not ſtrike him:
[redacted] drew him on with Hope, fit leiſure to aw

XLIII.

But fooliſh Maid, whiles heedleſs of the Hook,
She thus oft-times was beating off and on,
Through ſlippery Footing, fell into the Brook,
And there was caught to her Confuſion.
For ſeeking thus to ſalve the *Amazon*,
She wounded was with her Deceit's own Dart,
And 'gan thenceforth to caſt Affection,
Conceived cloſe in her beguiled Heart,
To *Artbegal*, through pity of his cauſleſs Smart.

XLIV.

Yet durſt ſhe not diſcloſe her Fancy's Wound,
Ne to himſelf, for doubt of being 'ſdain'd,
Ne yet to any other Wight on ground,
For fear her Miſtreſs ſhould have Knowledge gain'd,
But to her ſelf it ſecretly retain'd,
Within the Cloſet of her covert Breaſt:
The more thereby her tender Heart was pain'd.
Yet to await fit time ſhe weened beſt,
And fairly did diſſemble her ſad Thoughts Unreſt.

XLV.

One day her Lady, calling her apart,
'Gan to demaund of her ſome Tidings good,
Touching her Love's Succeſs, her lingring Smart.
Therewith ſhe 'gan at firſt to change her Mood,
As one adaw'd, and half confuſed ſtood;
But quickly ſhe it over-paſt, ſo ſoon
As ſhe her Face had wip'd, to freſh her Blood:
Tho, 'gan ſhe tell her all that ſhe had done,
And all the ways ſhe ſought his Love for to have won:

XLVI.

But ſaid, that he was obſtinate and ſtern,
Scorning her Offers and Conditions vain;
Nē would be taught with any Terms to learn
So fond a Leſſon, as to love again.
Die rather would he in penurious Pain,
And his abridged Days in Dolour waſte,
Than his Foe's Love or Liking entertain:
His *Reſolution was* both firſt and laſt,
His Body was her Thrall, his Heart was free.

XLVII.

Which when the cruel *Amazon* perceiv'd,
She 'gan to ſtorm, and rage, and rend her Gall,
For very fell Deſpight, which ſhe conceiv'd
To be ſo ſcorned of a baſe-born Thrall,
Whoſe Life did lie in her leaſt Eye-lid's Fall;
Of which ſhe vow'd with many a curſed Threat,
That ſhe therefore would him e'er long foreſtal.
Nathleſs, when calmed was her furious Heat,
She chang'd that threatful Mood, and mildly 'gan entreat.

XLVIII.

What now is left, *Clarinda?* what remains,
That we may compaſs this our Enterprize?
Great Shame to loſe ſo long employed Pains;
And greater Shame t' abide ſo great Miſpriſe,
With which he dares our Offers thus deſpiſe.
Yet that his Guilt the greater may appear,
And more my gracious Mercy by this wize,
I will awhile with his firſt Folly bear,
Till thou have try'd again, and tempted him more near.

XLIX.

Say and do all that may thereto prevail;
Leave nought unpromis'd that may him perſuade;
Life, Freedom, Grace, and Gifts of great Avail,
With which the Gods themſelves are milder made:
Thereto add Art, e'en Womens witty Trade,
The Art of mighty Words, that Men can charm;
With which in caſe thou canſt him not invade,
Let him feel Hardneſs of thy heavy Arm: (Harm.
Who will not ſtoop with Good, ſhall be made ſtoop with

L.

Some of his Diet do from him withdraw;
For I him find to be too proudly fed:
Give him more Labour, and with ſtreighter Law,
That he with Work may be forwearied.
Let him lodge hard, and lie in ſtrawen Bed,
That may pull down the Courage of his Pride;
And lay upon him, for his greater Dread,
Cold iron Chains, with which let him be ty'd;
, whatever he deſires, be him deny'd,

LI.

When thou haſt all the [illegible]
Of his Demean: there[illegible]
But like a Rebel ſtout I [illegible]
For I reſolve this Siege [illegible]
Till I the Conqueſt of my [illegible]
So ſhe departed full of Grief and Pain,
Which inly did to great Impatience move her.
But the falſe Maiden ſtraight return'd again
Into the Priſon, where her Heart and mind remain'd.

LII.

There all her ſubtle Net ſhe did unfold,
And all the Engins of her Wit diſplay;
In which ſhe meant him warelеſs to enfold,
And of his Innocence to make her Prey,
So cunningly ſhe wrought her Craft's Affay,
That both her Lady, and her ſelf withall,
And eke the Knight at once ſhe did betray:
But moſt the Knight, whom ſhe with guileful Call.
Did caſt for to allure, into her Trap to fall.

LIII.

As a bad Nurſe, which feigning to receive
In her own Mouth the Food, meant for her Child,
Withholds it to her ſelf, and doth deceive
The Infant, ſo for want of Nourture ſpoil'd:
E'en ſo *Clarinda* her own Dame beguil'd,
And turn'd the Truſt, which was in her affy'd,
To feeding of her private Fire, which boil'd
Her inward Breaſt, and in her Entrails fry'd,
The more that ſhe it ſought to cover and to hide.

LIV.

For coming to this Knight, ſhe Purpoſe feign'd,
How earneſt Suit ſhe earſt for him had made
Unto her Queen, his Freedom to have gain'd;
But by no means could her thereto perſuade:
But that *inſtead thereof*, ſhe ſternly bade
His Miſery to be augmented more,
And many iron Bands on him to lade.
All which nath'leſs ſhe for his Love forbore:
Praying him t' accept her Service evermore.

LV.

And more than that, ſhe promis'd that ſhe would,
In caſe ſhe might find Favour in his Eye,
Devize how to enlarge him out of Hold.
The Fairy glad to gain his Liberty,
'Gan yield great Thanks for ſuch her Courteſy;
And with fair Words (fit for the Time and Place)
To feed the Humour of her Malady,
Promis'd, if ſhe would free him from that Caſe,
He would, by all good means he might, deſerve ſuch Grace.

LVI.

So daily he fair Semblant did her ſhew,
Yet never meant he in his noble Mind,
To his own abſent Love to be untrue:
Ne ever did deceitful *Clarind'* find
In her falſe Heart, his Bondage to unbind;
But rather how ſhe mote him faſter tie.
Therefore unto her Miſtreſs moſt unkind
She daily told, her Love he did defy;
And him ſhe told, her Dame his Freedom did deny.

LVII.

Yet thus much Friendſhip ſhe to him did ſhow,
That his ſcarce Diet ſomewhat was amended,
And his Work leſſen'd, that his Love mote grow:
Yet to her Dame him ſtill ſhe diſcommended,
That ſhe with him mote be the more offended.
Thus he long while in Thraldom there remain'd,
Of both beloved well, but little friended;
Until his own true Love his Freedom gain'd,
Which in another Canto will be beſt contain'd.

CAN

CANTO VI.

Talus *brings News to* Britomart,
Of Arthegal's *Miſhap:*
She goes to ſeek him, Dolon *meets,*
Who ſeeks her to entrap.

I.

SOME Men, I wote, will deem in *Arthegal*
Great Weakneſs, and report of him much Ill,
For yielding ſo himſelf a wretched Thrall,
To th' inſolent Command of Womens Will;
That all his former Praiſe doth foully ſpill.
But he the Man, that ſay or do ſo dare,
Be well adviſ'd, that he ſtand ſtedfaſt ſtill:
For never yet was Wight ſo well aware,
It he at firſt or laſt was trapt in Womens Snare.

II.

Yet in the Straightneſs of that captive State,
This gentle Knight himſelf ſo well behav'd,
That notwithſtanding all the ſubtil Bait,
With which thoſe *Amazons* his Love ſtill crav'd,
To his own Love his Loyalty he ſav'd:
Whoſe Character in th' Adamantine Mould
Of his true Heart ſo firmly was engrav'd,
That no new Love's Impreſſion ever could
reave it thence: ſuch Blot his Honour blemiſh ſhould.

III.

Yet his own Love, the noble *Britomart*,
Scarce ſo conceived in her jealous Thought,
What time ſad Tidings of his baleful Smart
In Woman's Bondage, *Talus* to her brought;
Brought in untimely Hour, e'er it was ſought.
For after that the utmoſt Date, aſſign'd
For his Return, ſhe waited had for nought,
She 'gan to caſt in her miſdoubtful Mind
thouſand *Fears*, that *Love*-ſick Fancies feign to find.

IV.

Sometime ſhe feared, leſt ſome hard Miſhap
Had him misfal'n in his adventrous Queſt;
Sometimes leſt his falſe Foe did him entrap
In trait'rous Train, or had unwares oppreſs'd:
But moſt ſhe did her troubled Mind moleſt,
And ſecretly afflict with jealous Fear,
Leſt ſome new Love had him for her poſſeſs'd;
Yet loth ſhe was, ſince ſhe no Ill did hear,
To think of him ſo ill: yet could ſhe not forbear.

V.

One while ſhe blam'd her ſelf; another while
She him condemn'd, as truſtleſs and untrue:
And then, her Grief with Error to beguile,
She feign'd to count the Time again anew,
As if before ſhe had not counted true.
For Hours, but Days; for Weeks that paſſed were,
She told but Months, to make them ſeem more fe
Yet when ſhe reckon'd them, ſtill drawing near,
Each Hour did ſeem a Month, and every Month a Ye

VI.

But when as yet ſhe ſaw him not return,
She thought to ſend ſome one to ſeek him out;
But none ſhe found ſo fit to ſerve that turn,
As her own ſelf, to eaſe her ſelf of Doubt.
Now ſhe deviz'd amongſt the warlike Rout
Of errant Knights, to ſeek her errant Knight;
And then again reſolv'd to hunt him out
Amongſt looſe Ladies, lapped in Delight:
And then both Knights envy'd, and Ladies eke did ſ

VII.

One Day, when-as ſhe long had ſought for Eaſe
In every place, and every place thought beſt,
Yet found no place, that could her Liking pleaſe,
She to a Window came, that open'd Weſt,
Towards which Coaſt her Love his way addreſs'd.
There looking forth, ſhe in her Heart did find
Many vain Fancies, working her Unreſt;
And ſent her winged Thoughts, more ſwift than
To bear unto her Love the Meſſage of her Mind.

VIII.

ıere as ſhe looked long, at laſt ſhe ſpy'd
ıe coming towards her with haſty Speed:
'ell ween'd ſhe then, e'er him ſhe plain deſcry'd,
hat it was one ſent from her Love indeed.
'ho when he nigh approach'd, ſhe mote aread
'hat it was *Talus*, *Artbegal* his Groom;
Vhereat her Heart was fill'd with Hope and Dread;
le would ſhe ſtay, till he in place could come,
: ran to meet him forth, to know his Tidings ſome.

IX.

'en in the Door him meeting, ſhe begun;
ınd where is he thy Lord, and how far hence?
Declare at once; and hath he loſt or won?
The yron Man, albe he wanted Senſe
ınd Sorrows feeling, yet with Conſcience
Of his ill News, did inly chill and quake,
ınd ſtood ſtill mute, as one in great Suſpence,
ıs if that by his Silence he would make
rather read his Meaning, than himſelf it ſpake.

X.

'ill ſhe again thus ſaid; *Talus* be bold,
ınd tell whatever it be, good or bad,
hat from thy Tongue thy Heart's Intent doth hold.
o whom he thus at length; The Tidings ſad,
hat I would hide, will needs I ſee be rad.
ſy Lord (your Love) by hard miſhap doth lie
ı wretched Bondage, wofully beſtad.
y me, quoth ſhe, what wicked Deſtiny?
is he vanquiſh'd by his Tyrant Enemy?

XI.

ot by that Tyrant, his intended Foe;
ıt by a Tyranneſs, he then reply'd,
hat him captived hath in hapleſs Woe.
:aſe thou, bad News-man: badly doſt thou hide
hy Maſter's Shame, in Harlot's Bondage ty'd:
he reſt my ſelf too readily can ſpell.
'ith that, in Rage ſhe turn'd from him aſide
'orcing in vain the reſt to her to tell)
to her Chamber went like ſolitary Cell.

XII.

There ſhe began to make her moanful Plaint
Againſt her Knight, for being ſo untrue;
And him to touch with Falſhood's foul Attaint,
That all his other Honours overthrew.
Oft did ſhe blame her ſelf, and often rue,
For yielding to a Stranger's Love ſo light,
Whoſe Life and Manners ſtrange ſhe never knew;
And evermore ſhe did him ſharply twight
For Breach of Faith to her, which he had firmly plight

XIII.

And then ſhe in her wrathful Will did caſt,
How to revenge that Blot of Honour blent;
To fight with him, and goodly die her laſt:
And then again ſhe did her ſelf torment,
Inflicting on her ſelf his Puniſhment.
Awhile ſhe walk'd and chauf'd; awhile ſhe threw
Her ſelf upon her Bed, and did lament:
Yet did ſhe not lament with loud Alew,
As Women wont, but with deep Sighs and Singults f

XIV.

Like as a wayward Child, whoſe ſounder Sleep
Is broken with ſome fearful Dream's Affright,
With froward Will doth ſet himſelf to weep;
Ne can be ſtill'd for all his Nurſe's Might,
But kicks, and ſqualls, and ſhrieks for fell Deſpigh
Now ſcratching her, and her looſe Locks miſuſing
Now ſeeking Darkneſs, and now ſeeking Light;
Then craving Suck, and then the Suck refuſing:
Such was this Lady's Fit, in her Love's fond accuſing

XV.

But when ſhe had with ſuch unquiet Fits
Her ſelf there cloſe afflicted long in vain,
Yet found no Eaſement in her troubled Wits,
She unto *Talus* forth return'd again,
By change of Place ſeeking to eaſe her Pain:
And 'gan enquire of him, with milder Mood,
The certain Cauſe of *Artbegal*'s Detain;
And what he did, and in what State he ſtood,
d whether he did woo, or whether he were w

XVI.

ay! ſaid then the iron Man,
not the while in ſtate to woo;
retched Thraldom, weak and wan,
ig Hand compelled thereunto,
Doom, that none can now undo.
ien, quoth ſhe, e'er-while aright,
things compact betwixt you two,
ve of Faith unto me plight,
vas not forc'd, nor overcome in Fight?

XVII.

he 'gan at large to her dilate
Diſcourſe of his Captivance ſad,
have heard the ſame of late.
when ſhe with hard Endurance had
ie end, ſhe was right ſore beſtad,
n Stounds of Wrath and Grief attone:
ide, till ſhe had Aunſwer made;
her ſelf did dight, and Armour donne;
to her Steed, bad *Talus* guide her on.

XVIII.

rode upon her ready way,
r Knight, as *Talus* her did guide:
de, and never Word did ſay,
or bad, ne ever look'd aſide,
ht down, and in her Thought did hide
of her Heart, right fully bent
vengement of that Woman's Pride,
her Lord in her baſe Priſon pent,
Honour with ſo foul Reproach had blent.

XIX.

us melancholick did ride,
ie Cud of Grief and inward Pain,
'd to meet, toward the Even-tide
that ſoftly paced on the Plain,
elf to ſolace he were faine.
in Years he ſeem'd, and rather bent
than needleſs Trouble to conſtrain,
view of that his Veſtiment,
deſt Semblant, that no Evil ment.

XX.

He, coming near, 'gan gently her ſalute
With courteous Words, in the moſt comely wiſe;
Who though deſirous rather to reſt mute,
Than Terms to entertain of common Guiſe,
Yet rather than ſhe Kindneſs would deſpiſe,
She would her ſelf diſpleaſe, ſo him requite.
Then 'gan the other further to deviſe
Of things abroad, as next to hand did light,
And many things demand, to which ſhe anſwer'd light.

XXI.

For little Luſt had ſhe to talk of ought,
Or ought to hear, that mote delightful be;
Her Mind was whole poſſeſſed of one Thought,
That gave none other place. Which when-as he
By outward Signs (as well he might) did ſee,
He liſt no lenger to uſe loathful Speech,
But her beſought, to take it well in gree,
Sith ſhady Damp had dim'd the Heaven's Reach,
To lodge with him that Night, unleſs good Cauſe impeach.

XXII.

The Championeſs, now ſeeing Night at door,
Was glad to yield unto his good Requeſt:
And with him went without gainſaying more.
Not far away, but little wide by Weſt,
His Dwelling was, to which he him addreſs'd;
Where ſoon arriving, they received were
In ſeemly wiſe, as them beſeemed beſt:
For he their Hoſt them goodly well did ehear,
And talk'd of pleaſant things, the Night away to wear.

XXIII.

Thus paſſing th' Evening well, till time of Reſt,
Then *Britomart* unto a Bow'r was brought;
Where Grooms awaited her to have undreſs'd.
But ſhe ne would undreſſed be for ought,
Ne doff her Arms, though he her much beſought.
For ſhe had vow'd, ſhe ſaid, not to forgo
Thoſe warlike Weeds, till ſhe Revenge had wrought
Of a late Wrong upon a mortal Foe;
Which ſhe would ſure perform, betide her Weal o

XXIV.

*w*hen her Hoſt perceiv'd, right diſcontent
. he grew, for fear left by that Art
ld his Purpoſe miſs, which cloſe he ment:
ing leave of her, he did depart.
ll that Night remained *Britomart*,
recomfortleſs, with Heart deep griev'd,
'ring the leaſt twinkling Sleep to ſtart
Eye, which th' Heart mote have reliev'd;
leaſt appear'd, her Eyes ſhe ſtraight repriev'd.

XXV.

y Eyes, ſaid ſhe, the which with Guile
rt at firſt betray'd, will ye betray
now too, for which a little while
not watch? falſe Watches, weal-away!
*w*hen ye did watch both night and day
ur Loſs: and now needs will ye ſleep?
have made my Heart to wake alway,
ll ye ſleep? ah! wake, and rather weep,
f your Night's Want, that ſhould ye waking keep.

XXVI.

l ſhe watch, and wear the weary Night
ıl Plaints, that none was to appeaſe;
lking ſoft, now ſitting ſtill upright,
ry Change her ſeemed beſt to eaſe.
did *Talus* ſuffer Sleep to ſeize
lids ſad, but watch'd continually,
ithout her door in great Diſeaſe;
a Spaniel waiting carefully,
ıould betray his Lady treacherouſly.

XXVII.

me the native Bell-man of the Night,
d that warned *Peter* of his Fall,
gs his Silver Bell t' each ſleepy Wight,
ɔuld their Minds up to Devotion call,
rd a wondrous Noiſe below the Hall.
:nly the Bed, where ſhe ſhould lie,
: *Trap* was let adown to fall
er Room, and by and by
ı rais'd again, that no Man could it

XXVIII.

With ſight whereof ſhe was diſmay'd right ſore,
Perceiving well the Treaſon which was meant:
Yet ſtirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her Place with Courage confident,
Waiting what would enſue of that Event.
It was not long, before ſhe heard the Sound
Of armed Men, coming with cloſe Intent
Towards her Chamber; at which dreadful Stound
She quickly caught her Sword, and Shield about her bound.

XXIX.

With that, there came unto her Chamber-Door
Two Knights, all armed ready for to fight;
And after them full many other more,
A raſcal Rout, with Weapons rudely dight.
Whom ſoon as *Talus* ſpy'd by Glimpſe of Night,
He ſtarted up, there where on ground he lay,
And in his Hand his Threſher ready keight.
They, ſeeing that, let drive at him ſtraightway,
And round about him preſs in riotous Array.

XXX.

But ſoon as he began to lay about
With his rude iron Flail, they 'gan to fly,
Both armed Knights, and eke unarmed Rout:
Yet *Talus* after them apace did ply,
Wherever in the Dark he could them ſpy;
That here and there like ſcatter'd Sheep they lay.
Then back returning, where his Dame did lie,
He to her told the Story of that Fray,
And all that Treaſon there intended did bewray.

XXXI.

Wherewith, though wondrous wroth, and inly burnt
To be avenged for ſo foul a Deed,
Yet being forc'd t' abide the Day's returning,
She there remain'd, but with right wary Heed,
Leſt any more ſuch Practice ſhould proceed.
Now mote ye know (that which to Britomart
Unknowen was) whence all this did proceed;
And for what Cauſe ſo great miſchievous Smart
Was meant to her, that never Evil meant in Heart

XXXII.

goodman of this Houſe was *Dolon* hight,
ſan of ſubtil Wit and wicked Mind,
at whilom in his Youth had been a Knight,
d Arms had borne, but little Good could find,
d much leſs Honour by that warlike kind
Life: for he was nothing valorous,
at with ſly Shifts and Wiles did undermine
ll noble Knights, which were adventurous,
many brought to Shame by Treaſon treacherous.

XXXIII.

e had three Sons, all three like Father's Sons,
ike treacherous, like full of Fraud and Guile,
Of all that on this earthly Compaſs wonnes;
The eldeſt of the which was ſlain e'erwhile
By *Arthegal*, through his own guilty Wile;
His Name was *Guizor*: whoſe untimely Fate
For to avenge, full many Treaſons vile
His Father *Dolon* had deviz'd of late
With theſe his wicked Sons, and ſhew'd his canker'd Hate.

XXXIV.

For ſure he ween'd, that this his preſent Gueſt
Was *Arthegal*, by many Tokens plain;
But chiefly by that yron Page he gueſs'd,
Which ſtill was wont with *Arthegal* remain;
And therefore meant him ſurely to have ſlain.
But by God's Grace, and her good heedineſs,
She was preſerved from that trait'rous Train.
Thus ſhe all night wore out in Watchfulneſs,
Ne ſuffer'd ſlothful Sleep her Eyelids to oppreſs.

XXXV.

The morrow next, ſo ſoon as dawning Hour
Diſcover'd had the Light to living Eye,
She forth iſſu'd out of her loathed Bow'r,
With full Intent t' avenge that Villany
On that vile Man, and all his Family.
And coming down to ſeek them, where they wonn'
Nor Sire, nor Sons, nor any could ſhe ſpy:
Each Room ſhe ſought, but them all empty fo
They all were fled for Fear, but whither, neithe

XXXVI.

She ſaw it vain to make there longer Stay,
But took her Steed; and thereon mounting light,
'Gan her addreſs unto her former way.
She had not rid the Mount'nance of a Flight,
But that ſhe ſaw there preſent in her ſight
Thoſe two falſe Brethren, on that per'lous Bridg
On which *Pollente* with *Arthegal* did fight.
Straight was the Paſſage like a ploughed Ridge,
That if two met, the one mote needs fall o'er the

XXXVII.

There they did think themſelves on her to wreal
Who as ſhe nigh unto them drew, the one
Theſe vile Reproaches 'gan unto her ſpeak;
Thou recreant falſe Traitor, that with lone
Of Arms haſt Knighthood ſtol'n, yet Knight a
No more ſhall now the Darkneſs of the Night
Defend thee from the Vengeance of thy Fone;
But with thy Blood thou ſhalt appeaſe the Sprigl
Of *Guizor*, by thee ſlain, and murder'd by thy Sli

XXXVIII.

Strange were the Words in *Britomartis*' Ear;
Yet ſtay'd ſhe not for them, but forward far'd,
Till to the per'lous Bridge ſhe came: and there
Talus deſir'd, that he might have prepar'd
The way to her, and thoſe two Loſels ſcar'd.
But ſhe thereat was wroth, that for Deſpight
The glauncing Sparkles through her Bever glar'd
And from her Eyes did flaſh out fiery Light,
Like Coals, that through a ſilver Cenſer ſparkle bri

XXXIX.

She ſtay'd not to advize which way to take;
But putting Spurs unto her fiery Beaſt,
Thorough the midſt of them ſhe way did make.
The one of them, which moſt her Wrath increa
Upon her Spear ſhe bore before her Breaſt,
Till to the Bridge's further end ſhe paſt;
Where falling down, his Challenge he releas'd:
The other over ſide the Bridge ſhe caſt
into the River, where he drunk his deadly laſt.

XL.

the flashing Levin haps to light
o stubborn Oaks, which stand so near,
y betwixt them none appears in sight;
in, fiercely flying forth, doth tear
from the Earth, and through the Air doth bear;
r it with Force doth overthrow,
e side, and from his Roots doth rear:
e Championess those two there strow,
r Sire their Carcasses left to bestow.

CANTO VII.

omart *comes to* Isis' *Church*,
here she strange Visions sees:
fights with Radigund, *her slays,*
nd Arthegal *thence frees.*

I.

ght is on Earth more Sacred or Divine,
hat Gods and Men do equally adore,
is same Vertue, that doth Right define:
Heavens themselves, whence mortal Men implore
their Wrongs, are rul'd by righteous Lore
st *Jove*, who doth true Justice deal
nferior Gods, and evermore
th contains his heavenly Commonweal:
whereof to Princes Hearts he doth reveal.

II.

refore did the antique World invent,
stice was a God of sovereign Grace,
ars unto him, and Temples lent,
venly Honours in the highest Place;
im great *Osyris*, of the Race
ld *Egyptian* Kings, that whilom were;
igned Colours shading a true Case:
Osyris, whilst he lived here,
Man alive, and truest did appear.

III.

His Wife was *Iſis*, whom they like
A Goddeſs of great Pow'r and Sov'
And in her Perſon cunningly did ſh
That part of Juſtice, which is Equi
Whereof I have to treat here preſen
Unto whoſe Temple when-as *Brite*
Arrived, ſhe with great Humility
Did enter in, ne would that Night
But *Talus* mote not be admitted to he

IV.

There ſhe received was in goodly w
Of many Prieſts, which duely did
Upon the Rites and daily Sacrific
All clad in linnen Robes with Silve
And on their Heads, with long Locl
They wore rich Mitres ſhaped like
To ſhew that *Iſis* doth the Moon p
Like as *Oſyris* ſignifies the Sun,
For that they both like Race in equal

V.

The Championeſs them greeting, a
Was thence by them into the Tem
Whoſe goodly building, when ſhe d
Borne upon ſtately Pillars, all diſſp
With ſhining Gold, and arched ove
She wonder'd at the Workman's
Whoſe like before ſhe never ſaw nc
And thereupon long while ſtood gaz
But thought that ſhe thereon could ne

VI.

Thenceforth unto the Idol they her
The which was framed all of Silver
So well as could with cunning Hanc
And clothed all in Garments made
Hem'd all about with Fringe of Sil
Upon her Head ſhe wore a Crown
To ſhow that ſhe had Pow'r in t
And at her Feet a Crocodile
ith her wreathed Tail her

VII.

One Foot was ſet upon the Crocodile,
And on the Ground the other faſt did ſtand,
So meaning to ſuppreſs both forged Guile,
And open Force: and in her other Hand
She ſtretched forth a long white ſlender Wand.
Such was the Goddeſs; whom when *Britomart*
Had long beheld, her ſelf upon the Land
She did proſtrate, and with right humble Heart
Unto her ſelf her ſilent Prayers did impart.

VIII.

To which the Idol as it were inclining,
Her Wand did move, with amiable Look,
By outward Shew her inward Senſe defining:
Who well perceiving how her Wand ſhe ſhook,
It as a Token of Good Fortune took.
By this, the Day with Damp was overcaſt,
And joyous Light the Houſe of *Jove* forſook:
Which when ſhe ſaw, her Helmet ſhe unlac'd,
And by the Altar's ſide her ſelf to Slumber plac'd.

IX.

For other Beds the Prieſts there uſed none,
But on their Mother Earth's dear Lap did lie,
And bake their Sides upon the cold hard Stone,
T'enure themſelves to Sufferance thereby;
And proud rebellious Fleſh to mortify.
For by the Vow of their Religion,
They tied were to ſtedfaſt Chaſtity,
And Continence of Life; that all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their Devotion.

X.

Therefore they mote not taſte of fleſhly Food,
Ne feed on ought the which doth Blood contain,
Ne drink of Wine; for Wine they ſay is Blood,
Even the Blood of Giants, which were ſlain
By thundring *Jove* in the *Phlegrean* Plain.
For which the Earth (as they the Story tell)
Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetual Pain
Has damn'd her Sons, which 'gainſt them did rebel,
With inward Grief and Malice did againſt them ſwell.

XI.

XI.

And of their vital Blood, the which was ſhed
Into her pregnant Boſom, forth ſhe brought
The fruitful Vine; whoſe Liquor bloody red,
Having the Minds of Men with Fury fraught,
Mote in them ſtir up old rebellious Thought,
To make new War againſt the Gods again:
Such is the Pow'r of that ſame Fruit, that nought
The fell Contagion may thereof reſtrain;
Ne, within Reaſon's Rule, her madding Mood contain

XII.

There did the warlike Maid her ſelf repoſe,
Under the Wings of *Iſis* all that Night;
And with ſweet Reſt her heavy Eyes did cloſe,
After that long Day's Toil and weary Plight.
Where, whilſt her earthly Parts with ſoft Delight
Of ſenſleſs Sleep did deeply drowned lie,
There did appear unto her heavenly Spright
A wondrous Viſion, which did cloſe imply
The Courſe of all her Fortune and Poſterity.

XIII.

Her ſeem'd, as ſhe was doing Sacrifice
To *Iſis*, deck'd with Mitre on her Head,
And Linnen Stole, after thoſe Prieſtes Guize,
All ſuddenly ſhe ſaw transfigured
Her Linnen Stole to robe of Scarlet red,
And Moon-like Mitre to a Crown of Gold;
That even ſhe her ſelf much wondered
At ſuch a Change, and joyed to behold
Her ſelf, adorn'd with Gems and Jewels manifold.

XIV.

And in the midſt of her Felicity,
An hideous Tempeſt ſeemed from below,
To riſe through all the Temple ſuddenly,
That from the Altar all about did blow
The holy Fire, and all the Embers ſtrow
Upon the Ground: which kindled privily
Into outrageous Flames unwares did grow,
That all the Temple put in Jeopardy
Of flaming, and her ſelf in great Perplexity.

XV.

the Crocodile, which ſleeping lay
Idol's Feet in fearleſs Bow'r,
wake in horrible diſmay,
oubled with that ſtormy Stow'r;
greedy wide, did ſtraight devour
s and Tempeſt: with which growen great,
with Pride of his own peerleſs Pow'r,
threaten her likewiſe to eat;
Goddeſs with her Rod him back did beat.

XVI.

ng all his Pride to Humbleſs meek,
ore her Feet he lowly threw,
r Grace and Love of her to ſeek:
accepting, he ſo near her drew,
Game ſhe ſoon enwombed grew,
did bring a Lion of great Might,
y did all other Beaſts ſubdue.
ſhe waked, full of fearful Fright,
y diſmay'd through that ſo uncouth Sight.

XVII.

oon long while ſhe muſing lay,
ſand Thoughts feeding her Fantaſy,
y'd the Lamp of lightſom Day,
the Porch of Heaven high.
e roſe fraught with Melancholy,
into the lower Parts did paſs:
e Prieſts ſhe found full buſily
r holy Things for morrow Maſs:
luting fair, fair reſaluted was.

XVIII.

Change of her unchearful Look,
t perceive ſhe was not well in plight;
ne Penſiveneſs to heart ſhe took.
thus one of them (who ſeem'd in ſight
greateſt, and the graveſt Wight)
pake; Sir Knight, it ſeems to me,
ough evil Reſt of this laſt Night,
d, or much diſmay'd ye be,
r Change of Chear is eaſy for to ſee.

XIX.

XIX.

Certes, ſaid ſhe, ſith ye ſo well have ſpy'd
The troublous Paſſion of my penſive Mind,
I will not ſeek the ſame from you to hide,
But will my Cares unfold, in hope to find
Your Aid to guide me out of Error blind.
Say on, quoth he, the Secret of your Heart:
For, by the holy Vow which me doth bind,
I am adjur'd, beſt Counſel to impart
To all, that ſhall require my Comfort in their Smar

XX.

Then 'gan ſhe to declare the whole Diſcourſe
Of all that Viſion which to her appear'd,
As well as to her Mind it had recourſe.
All which when he unto the end had heard,
Like to a weak faint-hearted Man he far'd,
Through great Aſtoniſhment of that ſtrange Sigh
And with long Locks up-ſtanding, ſtiffly ſtar'd,
Like one adawed with ſome dreadful Spright:
So, fill'd with heavenly Fury, thus he her behigh

XXI.

Magnifick Virgin, that in quaint Diſguiſe
Of *Britiſh* Arms doſt maſk thy royal Blood,
So to purſue a perillous Emprize,
How could'ſt thou ween, through that diſguiſe
To hide thy State from being underſtood?
Can from th' immortal Gods ought hidden be?
They do thy Linage, and thy Lordly Brood;
They do thy Sire, lamenting ſore for thee;
They do thy Love, forlorne in Womens Thraldom

XXII.

The End whereof, and all the long Event,
They do to thee in this ſame Dream diſcover:
For, that ſame Crocodile doth repreſent
The righteous Knight, that is thy faithful Lo
Like to *Oſyris* in all juſt endeavour.
For, that ſame Crocodile *Oſyris* is,
That under *Iſis'* Feet doth ſleep for ever:
To ſhew that Clemence oft, in things amiſs,
ſtrains thoſe ſtern Beheſts, and cruel Doom

XXIII.

That Knight ſhall all the troubious Storme aſſuage,
And raging Flames, that many Foes ſhall fear,
To hinder thee from the juſt Heritage
Of thy Sire's Crown, and from thy Country dear,
Then ſhalt thou take him to thy lovèd Fere,
And join in equal Portion of thy Realm:
And afterwards, a Son to him ſhalt bear,
That Lion-like ſhall ſhew his Power extreme:
O bleſs thee God, and give thee Joyance of thy Dreame.

XXIV.

All which when ſhe unto the end had heare,
She much was eaſed in her troubled Thought,
And on thoſe Prieſts beſtowed rich Reward:
And royal Gifts, of Gold and Silver wrought,
She for a Preſent to their Goddeſs brought.
Then taking leave of them, ſhe forward went,
To ſeek her Love, where he was to be ſought;
Ne reſted till ſhe came without relent
Into the Land of *Amazons*, as ſhe was bent.

XXV.

Whereof when news to *Radigund* was brought,
Not with amaze, as Women wonted be,
She was confuſed in her troublous Thought,
But fill'd with Courage and with joyous Glee,
As glad to hear of Arms, the which now ſhe
Had long forceas'd, ſhe bade to open bold,
That ſhe the Face of her new Foe might ſee.
But when they of that iron Man had told,
Which late her Folk had ſlain, ſhe bade them forth to hold.

XXVI.

So, there without the Gate (as ſeemed beſt)
She cauſed her Pavilion to be pight;
In which, ſtout *Britomart* her ſelf did reſt.
Whiles *Talus* watched at the door all night:
All night likewiſe, they of the Town in fright,
Upon their Wall good Watch and Ward did keep.
The morrow next, ſo ſoon as dawning Light
Bade do away the Damp of drouzy Sleep,
The war-like *Amazon* out of her Bow'r did peep.

XXVII.

And cauſed ſtraight a Trumpet loud to ſhrill,
To warn her Foe to Battel ſoon be preſt:
Who, long before awoke (for ſhe full ill
Could ſleep all night, that in unquiet Breaſt
Did cloſely harbour ſuch a jealous Gueſt)
Was to the Battel whilome ready dight.
Eftſoones that Warrioureſs with haughty Creſt
Did forth iſſue all ready for the Fight:
On th' other ſide her Foe appeared ſoon in ſight.

XXVIII.

But e'er they reared hand, the *Amazone*
Began the ſtraight Conditions to propound,
With which ſhe uſed ſtill to tie her Fone;
To ſerve her ſo, as ſhe the reſt had bound.
Which when the other heard, ſhe ſternly frown'd
For high Diſdain of ſuch Indignity,
And would no longer treat, but bade them ſound:
For, her no other Terms ſhould ever tie
Than what preſcribed were by Laws of Chevalry.

XXIX.

The Trumpets ſound, and they together run
With greedy Rage, and with their Faulchins ſmot
Ne either ſought the other's Strokes to ſhun,
But through great Fury both their Skill forgot,
And practick Uſe in Arms: ne ſpared not
Their dainty Parts which Nature had created
So fair and tender without Stain or Spot,
For other Uſes than they them tranſlated;
Which they now hack'd and hew'd, as if ſuch Uſe they

XXX.

As when a Tyger and a Lioneſs
Are met at ſpoyling of ſome hungry Prey,
Both challenge it with equal Greedineſs:
But firſt the Tyger Claws thereon did lay;
And therefore loth to looſe her Right away,
Doth in defence thereof full ſtoutly ſtond:
To which the Lion ſtrongly doth gainſay,
That ſhe to hunt the Beaſt firſt took in hond:
And therefore ought it have, wherever ſhe it fo

XXXI.

laid the *Amazon* about,
er Blows unmercifully ſore:
omart withſtood with Courage ſtout,
epaid again with double more.
fought, that all the graſſy Floor
ith Blood, which from their ſides did flow,
through their Arms, that all in Gore
and on the Ground their Lives did ſtrow,
Seed, of which untimely Death ſhould grow.

XXXII.

ud *Radigund* with fell Deſpight,
haunce eſpy'd Advantage near,
her with all her dreadful Might,
braiding, ſaid; This Token bear
an whom thou doeſt love ſo dear;
n for his ſake thy Life thou gaveſt.
ful Words ſhe, ſore engriev'd to hear,
r'd; Leudly thou my Love depraveſt,
nuſt repent that now ſo vainly braveſt.

XXXIII.

hat Stroke ſo cruel Paſſage found,
ing on her Shoulder-plate, it bit
one, and made a grieſly Wound,
r Shield through raging Smart of it
uphold; yet ſoon ſhe it requit.
Force increas'd through furious Pain,
udely on the Helmet ſmit,
pierced to the very Brain,
l Perſon low proſtrated on the Plain.

XXXIV.

g laid, the wrathful Britoneſs
ill ſhe came to her ſelf again,
ge both of her Love's Diſtreſs,
e vile Reproach, though vaunted vain,
her Wound, which ſore did pain,
ne Stroke both Head and Helmet cleft.
dful Sight, when all her warlike Train
nt ſaw, each one (of Senſe bereft)
he Town, and her ſole Victor left.

XXXV.

XXXV.

But yet, ſo faſt they could not
But that ſwift *Talus* did the fo
And preſſing through the Preac
Pelmel with them at once did e
There then a piteous Slaughter
For, all that ever came within
He with his iron Flail did threſ
That he no Work at all left
Like to an hideous Storm, which

XXXVI.

And now by this, the noble Co
Herſelf came in, her Glory to p
Where though revengeful Vow
Yet when ſhe ſaw the Heaps wh
Of ſlaughtred Carcaſſes, her He
For very Ruth, which did it alr
That ſhe his Fury willed him to
For, elſe he ſure had left not o
But all, in his Revenge, of Spirit

XXXVII.

Tho, when ſhe had his Executic
She for that iron Priſon did enqu
In which her wretched Love was
Which breaking open with indig
She enter'd into all the Parts
Where when ſhe ſaw that loathly
Of Men diſguiz'd in womaniſh A
Her Heart 'gan grudge, for very
Of ſo unmanly Maſk, in Miſery mi

XXXVIII.

At laſt, when-as to her own Lov
Whom like Diſguize no leſs def
At ſight thereof abaſh'd with ſecr
She turn'd her Head aſide, as not
To have beheld a Spectacle ſo fa
And then too well believ'd, that
Jealous Suſpect as true untruely
Which vain Conceit now nouriſhi
ſought with Ruth to ſalve his ſ

XXXIX.

So great Wonder and Aſtoniſhment,
The moſt chaſte *Penelope* poſſeſs,
See her Lord, that was reported drent,
And dead long ſince in dolorous Diſtreſs,
Come home to her in piteous Wretchedneſs,
After long Travel of full twenty Years,
That ſhe knew not his Favour's Likelineſs,
For many Scars, and many hoary Hairs:
But ſtood long ſtaring on him, 'mongſt uncertain Fears.

XL.

Ah! my dear Lord, what Sight is this, quoth ſhe,
What May-game hath Misfortune made of you?
Where is that dreadful manly Look? where be
Thoſe mighty Palms, the which ye wont t'embrue
In Blood of Kings, and great Hoſts to ſubdue?
Could ought on Earth ſo wondrous Change have wrought,
As to have robb'd you of that manly Hue?
Could ſo great Courage ſtooped have to ought?
Then farewell fleſhly Force; I ſee thy Pride is nought.

XLI.

Thence forth ſhe ſtrait into a Bow'r him brought,
And caus'd him thoſe uncomely Weeds undight;
And in their ſtead for other Rayment ſought,
Whereof there was great ſtore, and Amours bright,
Which had been reft from many a noble Knight;
Whom that proud *Amazon* ſubdued had,
Whilſt Fortune favour'd her Succeſs in Fight:
In which when as ſhe him anew had clad,
She was reviv'd, and joy'd much in his Semblance glad.

XLII.

So, there awhile they afterwards remain'd
Him to refreſh, and her late Wounds to heal:
During which ſpace ſhe there as Princeſs reign'd,
And changing all that Form of Commonweal,
The Liberty of Women did repeal,
Which they had long uſurp'd; and them reſtoring
To Mens Subjection, did true Juſtice deal:
That all they, as a Goddeſs her adoring,
Her Wildom did admire, and harkned to her Lore

XLIII.

For, all thoſe Knights, which lon
Had ſhrouded been, ſhe did from
And Magiſtrates of all that City n
And gave to them great Living an
And that they ſhould for ever faith
Made them ſwear Fealty to *Arth*
Who when himſelf now well recu
He purpos'd to proceed, what-ſo b
Upon his firſt Adventure, which him

XLIV.

Full ſad and ſorrowful was *Britoma*
For his Departure, her new Cauſe
Yet wiſely moderated her own Sm
Seeing his Honour, which ſhe ten
Conſiſted much in that Adventure
The Care whereof and Hope of hi
Gave unto her great Comfort and
That womaniſh Complaints ſhe did
And tempred for the time her preſent

XLV.

There ſhe continu'd for a certain ſp
Till through his want her Woe did
Then hoping that the Change of Ai
Would change her Pain, and Sorro
She parted thence, her Anguiſh to
Me n while, her noble Lord Sir
Went on his way, ne ever hour did
Till he redeemed had that Lady th
That for another Canto will more fitl

CANTO VIII.

ce Arthur, *and Sir* Arthegal
ee Samient *from Fear*:
ſlay the Souldan, drive his Wife,
dicia, *to Deſpair.*

I.

ght under Heaven ſo ſtrongly doth allure
he Senſe of Man, and all his Mind poſſeſs,
y's lovely Bait, that doth procure
arriors oft their Rigour to repreſs;
hty Hands forget their Manlineſs,
ith the Pow'r of an heart-robbing Eye,
pt in Fetters of a golden Treſs,
with melting Pleaſance mollify
en'd Hearts, enur'd to Blood and Cruelty.

II.

n learn'd that mighty *Jewiſh* Swain,
whoſe Locks did match a Man in Might,
is Spoils before his Leman's Train:
d that great *Oetean* Knight
ove's ſake his Lion's Skin undight:
id warlike *Anthony* neglect
rld's whole Rule, for *Cleopatra*'s ſight.
ndrous Pow'r hath Womens fair Aſpect
Men, and make them all the World reject.

III.

d it not ſtern *Arthegal* retain,
from Suit of his avowed Queſt,
e had underta'en to *Gloriane*;
his Love (albe her ſtrong Requeſt)
omart, in Languor and Unreſt,
himſelf upon his firſt Intent:
r night did ever idly reſt;
but only Talus with him went,
le of his Way, and vertuous Gove[illegible]

IV.

So travelling, he chaunc'd far off to heed
A Damſel, flying on a Palfry faſt
Before two Knights, that after her did ſpeed
With all their pow'r, and her full fiercely chac'd,
In hope to have her overhent at laſt:
Yet fled ſhe faſt, and both them far out-went,
Carry'd with Wings of Fear, like Fowl aghaſt,
With Locks all looſe, and Rayment all too rent;
And ever as ſhe rode, her Eye was backward bent.

V.

Soon after theſe, he ſaw another Knight,
That after thoſe two former rode apace,
With Spear in Reſt, and prick'd with all his Might:
So ran they all, as they had been at Baſe,
They being chaſed, that did others chace.
At length, he ſaw the hindmoſt overtake
One of thoſe two, and force him turn his Face;
However loth he were his way to ſlake,
Yet mote he algates now abide, and Anſwer make.

VI.

But th' other ſtill purſu'd the fearful Maid;
Who ſtill from him as faſt away did fly,
Ne once for ought her ſpeedy Paſſage ſtaid,
Till that at length ſhe did before her ſpy
Sir *Artbegal*, to whom ſhe ſtraight did hie
With gladful Haſte, in hope of him to get
Succour againſt her greedy Enemy:
Who, ſeeing her approach, 'gan forward ſet
To ſave her from her Fear, and him from Force to let.

VII.

But he, like Hound full greedy of his Prey,
Being impatient of Impediment,
Continu'd ſtill his Courſe, and by the way
Thought with his Spear him quite have over-went:
So both together ylike felly bent,
Like fiercely met. But *Artbegal* was ſtronger,
And better ſkill'd in Tilt and Turnament,
And bore him quite out of his Saddle, longer
Than two Spear's length; ſo Miſchief overmatch
Wrong.

VIII.

his Fall, Misfortuné him miſtook;
his Head unhappily he pight,
iis own Weight his Neck aſunder broke,
ft there dead. Mean while, the other Knight
:d had the other Faytour quite,
l his Bowels in his Body braſt:
leaving there in that deſpiteous Plight,
ſtill on, thinking to follow faſt
fellow Pagan, which before him paſt.

IX.

of whom, finding there ready preſt
begal, without Diſcretion
iim ran, with ready Spear in Reſt:
ſeeing him come ſtill ſo fiercely on,
: him made again. So both anon
er met, and ſtrongly either ſtrook
oke their Spears; yet neither has forgon
rſe's Back, yet to and fro long ſhook, (quook.
r'd like two Tow'rs, which through a Tempeſt

X.

en again they had recover'd Senſe,
rew their Swords, in mind to make amends
at their Spears had fail'd of their Pretence.
when the Damſel, who thoſe deadly Ends
her Foes had ſeen, and now her Friends
beginning a more fearful Fray;
:hem runs in haſte, and her Hair rends,
:o them their cruel Hands to ſtay,
both do hear what ſhe to them will ſay.

XI.

ay'd their Hands, when ſhe thus 'gan to ſpeak;
ntle Knights, what mean ye thus unwiſe
our ſelves another's Wrong to wreak?
: wrong'd, whom ye did enterpriſe
redreſs, and both redreſs'd likewiſe:
the Paynims both, whom ye may ſee
ad on ground. What do ye then deviſe
Revenge? if more, then I am ſhe,
he Root of all: end your Revenge on

XII.

Whom when they heard ſo ſay, they look'd about,
To weet if it were true as ſhe had told;
Where, when they ſaw their Foes dead out of doubt,
Eftſoons they 'gan their wrathful Hands to hold,
And Ventails rear, each other to behold.
Tho, when-as *Arthegal* did *Arthur* view,
So fair a Creature, and ſo wondrous bold,
He much admired both his Heart and Hue,
And touched with intire Affection, nigh him drew:

XIII.

Saying, Sir Knight, of Pardon I you pray,
That all unweeting have you wrong'd thus ſore;
Suff'ring my Hand againſt my Heart to ſtray:
Which if ye pleaſe forgive, I will therefore
Yield for amends my ſelf yours evermore,
Or what-ſo Penance ſhall by you be read.
To whom the Prince; Certes, me needeth more
To crave the ſame, whom Error ſo miſled,
As that I did miſtake the Living for the Dead.

XIV.

But ſith ye pleaſe, that both our Blames ſhall die,
Amends may for the Treſpaſs ſoon be made,
Sith neither is endamag'd much thereby.
So 'gan they both themſelves full eath perſuade
To fair Accordance, and both Faults to ſhade,
Either embracing other lovingly,
And ſwearing Faith to either on his Blade,
Never thenceforth to nouriſh Enmity,
But either other's Cauſe to maintain mutually.

XV.

Then *Arthegal* 'gan of the Prince enquire,
What were thoſe Knights which there on ground were
And had receiv'd their Folly's worthy Hire,
And for what cauſe they chaced ſo that Maid.
Certes, I wote not well, the Prince then ſaid;
But by Adventure found them faring ſo,
As by the way unweetingly I ſtray'd:
And lo! the Damſel ſelf, whence all did grow
whom we may at will the whole Occaſion k

XVI.

hey that Damſel called to them nigh,
ked her, what were thoſe two her Foes,
whom ſhe earſt ſo faſt away did fly;
hat was ſhe her ſelf ſo woe begon,
r what Cauſe purſu'd of them attone.
om ſhe thus; Then wote ye well, that I
ve a Queen, that not far hence doth wonne,
iceſs of great Pow'r and Majeſty,
hrough all the World, and honour'd far and nigh.

XVII.

ame *Mercilla* moſt Men uſe to call;
s a Maiden Queen of high Renown,
r great Bounty knowen over all,
vereign Grace, with which her Royal Crown
th ſupport, and ſtrongly beateth down
ſalice of her Foes, which her envy,
: her Happineſs do fret and frown:
e her ſelf the more doth magnify,
to her Foes her Mercies multiply.

XVIII.

ſt many, which malign her happy State,
is a mighty Man, which wonnes hereby,
with moſt fell Deſpight and deadly Hate,
to ſubvert her Crown and Dignity;
l his Pow'r doth thereunto apply:
er good Knights (of which ſo brave a Band
her, as any Princeſs under Sky)
ier ſpoils, if they againſt him ſtand,
Part allures, and bribeth under-hand.

XIX.

n ſufficeth all the Wrong and Ill
i he unto her People does each day,
at he ſeeks by traitrous Trains to ſpill
:rſon, and her ſacred ſelf to ſlay:
) ye Heavens defend, and turn away
ier, *unto the Miſcreant* himſelf,
either hath Religion nor Fay,
tes his God of his ungodly Pelf,
erves; ſo let his Idols ſerve the Elf.

XX.

To all which cruel Tyranny, they ſay,
He is provok'd, and ſtir'd up day and night
By his bad Wife, that hight *Adicia*,
Who counſels him (through Confidence of Might
To break all Bonds of Law, and Rules of Right:
For ſhe her ſelf profeſſeth mortal Foe
To Juſtice, and againſt her ſtill doth fight,
Working to all that love her, deadly Woe,
And making all her Knights and People to do ſo.

XXI.

Which my Liege Lady ſeeing, thought it beſt,
With that his Wife in friendly wiſe to deal,
For ſtint of Strife, and ſtabliſhment of Reſt
Both to her ſelf, and to her Commonweal,
And all fore-paſt Diſpleaſures to repeal.
So me in Meſſage unto her ſhe ſent,
To treat with her by way of Enterdeal,
Of final Peace and fair Attonement,
Which might concluded be by mutual Conſent.

XXII.

All times have wont ſafe Paſſage to afford
To Meſſengers, that come for Cauſes juſt:
But this proud Dame, diſdaining all Accord,
Not only into bitter Terms forth burſt,
Reviling me, and railing as ſhe luſt;
But laſtly, to make proof of utmoſt Shame,
Me like a Dog ſhe out of doors did thruſt,
Miſcalling me by many a bitter Name,
That never did her Ill, ne once deſerved Blame.

XXIII.

And laſtly, that no Shame might wanting be,
When I was gone, ſoon after me ſhe ſent
Theſe two falſe Knights, whom there ye lying ſee
To be by them diſhonoured and ſhent:
But thank'd be God, and your good Hardiment,
They have the Price of their own Folly paid.
So ſaid this Damſel, that hight Samient:
And to thoſe Knights, for their ſo noble Aid,
Her ſelf moſt grateful ſhew'd, and heaped Thanks

XXIV.

they, now having throughly heard and ſeen
hoſe great Wrongs, the which that Maid complain'd
ave been done againſt her Lady Queen,
hat proud Dame, which her ſo much diſdain'd,
e moved much thereat, and 'twixt them feign'd,
h all their Force to work Avengement ſtrong
n the *Souldan* ſelf, which it maintain'd;
on his Lady, th'Author of that Wrong,
on all thoſe Knights that did to her belong.

XXV.

thinking beſt, by counterfeit Diſguiſe,
their Deſign to make the eaſier way,
y did this Complot 'twixt themſelves deviſe;
t, that Sir *Arthegal* ſhould him array,
e one of thoſe two Knights which dead there lay:
l then that Damſel, the ſad *Samient*,
uld as his purchas'd Prize with him convey
o the *Souldan*'s Court, her to preſent
is ſcornful Lady, that for her had ſent.

XXVI.

s they had deviſ'd, Sir *Arthegal*
n clad in th' Armour of a Pagan Knight,
l taking with him, as his vanquiſh'd Thrall,
at Damſel, led her to the *Souldan*'s Right.
ere, ſoon as his proud Wife of her had ſight
rth of her Window as ſhe looking lay)
weened ſtraight it was her Paynim Knight,
ich brought that Damſel, as his purchas'd Prey;
ent to him a Page, that mote direct his way.

XXVII.

o, bringing them to their appointed Place,
er'd his Service to diſarm the Knight;
: he, refuſing him to let unlace,
doubt to be diſcover'd by his Sight.
pt himſelf ſtill in his ſtrange Armour dight.
n *after whom, the* Prince arrived there;
l ſending to the Souldan in deſpight
old Defiance, did of him requere
amſel, whom he held as wrongful Priſoner

XXVIII.

Wherewith, the *Souldan* all with Fury fraught,
Swearing and banning moſt blaſphemouſly,
Commanded ſtraight his Armour to be brought;
And mounted ſtraight upon a Charet high,
With iron Wheels and Hooks arm'd dreadfully,
And drawn of cruel Steeds, which he had fed
With Fleſh of Men, whom through fell Tyranny
He ſlaughter'd had, and e'er they were half dead
Their Bodies to his Beaſts for Provender did ſpread.

XXIX.

So forth he came all in a Coat of Plate,
Burniſh'd with bloody Ruſt; whiles on the Green
The *Briton* Prince him ready did await,
In gliſtring Arms right goodly well beſeen,
That ſhone as bright as doth the Heaven ſheen;
And by his Stirrup *Talus* did attend,
Playing his Page's Part, as he had been
Before directed by his Lord; to th' end
He ſhould his Flail to final Execution bend.

XXX.

Thus go they both together to their Gear,
With like fierce Minds, but Meanings different:
For the proud *Souldan* with preſumptuous Chear,
And Countenance ſublime and inſolent,
Sought only Slaughter and Avengement:
But the brave Prince for Honour and for Right,
'Gainſt tortious Pow'r and lawleſs Regiment,
In the Behalf of wronged Weak did fight:
More in his Cauſe's Truth he truſted than in Might.

XXXI.

Like to the *Thracian* Tyrant, who they ſay
Unto his Horſes gave his Gueſts for Meat,
Till he himſelf was made their greedy Prey,
And torn in pieces by *Alcides* great:
So thought the *Souldan* in his Folly's Threat,
Either the Prince in pieces to have torn
With his ſharp Wheels, in his firſt Rage's Heat,
Or under his fierce Horſe's Feet have borne,
And trampled down in Duſt his Thoughts diſdain

XXXII.

ıe bold Child that Peril well eſpying,
too raſhly to his Charet drew,
way unto his Horſe's ſpeedy flying,
heir refiſtleſs Rigour did eſchew.
ı he paſſed by, the Pagan threw
'ering Dart with ſo impetuous Force,
ıad he not it ſhun'd with heedful View,
himſelf transfixed, or his Horſe,
them both one Maſs withouten more remorſe.

XXXIII.

ew the Prince unto his Charet nigh,
pe ſome Stroke to faſten on him near;
:e was mounted in his Seat ſo high,
is wing-footed Courſers him did bear
: away, that e'er his ready Spear
uld advance, he far was gone and paſt.
ill he him did follow every where,
ollow'd was of him likewiſe full faſt;
as in his Steeds the flaming Breath did laſt.

XXXIV.

, the Pagan threw another Dart,
ıich he had with him abundant Store,
'ery ſide of his embattled Cart,
)f all other Weapons leſs or more,
h warlike Uſes had deviz'd of yore.
vicked Shaft guided through th' airy Wide,
me bad Spirit, that it to Miſchief bore,
ı not, till through his Curaſs it did glide,
de a grieſly Wound in his enriven Side.

XXXV.

ı was he grieved with that hapleſs Throw,
open'd had the Well-ſpring of his Blood;
nuch the more that to his hateful Foe
ıote not come, to wreak his wrathful Mood:
made him rave, like to a Lion wood,
:h *being wounded of* the Huntſman's Hand
t *come near him* in the covert Wood,
: *he with* Boughs hath built his ſhady Stand,
'd *himſelf* about with many a flaming Brand.

XXXVI.

Still when he ſought t' approach unto him nigh
His Charet Wheels about him whirled round,
And made him back again as faſt to fly;
And eke his Steeds, like to an hungry Hound,
That hunting after Game hath Carrion found,
So cruelly did him purſue and chace,
That his good Steed, all were he much renown
For noble Courage, and for hardy Race,
Durſt not endure their Sight, but fled from place

XXXVII.

Thus long they trac'd, and traverſt to and fro,
Seeking by every way to make ſome Breach:
Yet could the Prince not nigh unto him go,
That one ſure Stroke he might unto him reach
Whereby his Strength's Aſſay he might him te
At laſt, from his victorious Shield he drew
The Veil, which did his pow'rful Light empe
And coming full before his Horſe's View,
As they upon him preſs'd, it plain to them did ſl

XXXVIII.

Like Lightning Flaſh, that hath the Gazer bu
So did the Sight thereof their Senſe diſmay,
That back again upon themſelves they turn'd,
And with their Rider ran perforce away:
Ne could the *Souldan* them from flying ſtay
With Reins, or wonted Rule, as well he knew
Nought feared they what he could do or ſay,
But th' only Fear that was before their View;
From which, like mazed Deer, diſmayfully they

XXXIX.

Faſt did they fly, as them their Feet could bea
High over Hills, and lowly over Dales,
As they were follow'd of their former Fear.
In vain the Pagan bans, and ſwears, and rails,
And back with both his Hands unto him hails
The reſty Reins, regarded now no more:
He to them calls and ſpeaks, yet nought avai
They hear him not, they have forgot his L
But go which way they lift, their Guide the

XL.

As when the fiery-mouthed Steeds, which drew
The Sun's bright Wain to *Phaeton*'s Decay,
Soon as they did the monſtrous Scorpion view,
With ugly Craples crawling in their way,
The dreadful Sight did them ſo ſore affray,
That their well-knowen Courſes they forwent;
And leading th' ever-burning Lamp aſtray,
This lower World nigh all to Aſhes brent,
nd left their ſcorched Path yet in the Firmament.

XLI.

Such was the Fury of theſe head-ſtrong Steeds,
Soon as the Infant's Sun-like Shield they ſaw,
That all Obedience both to Words and Deeds
They quite forgot, and ſcorn'd all former Law;
Through Woods, and Rocks, and Mountains they did draw
The iron Charet, and the Wheels did tear,
And toſs'd the Paynim without Fear or Awe;
From ſide to ſide they toſs'd him here and there,
rying to them in vain, that n'ould his Crying hear.

XLII.

Yet ſtill the Prince purſu'd him cloſe behind,
Oft making offer him to ſmite, but found
No eaſy Means according to his Mind.
At laſt, they have all overthrown to ground
Quite topſide-turvey, and the Pagan Hound
Amongſt the iron Hooks and Grapples keen,
Torn all to rags, and rent with many a Wound;
That no whole piece of him was to be ſeen,
ut ſcatter'd all about, and ſtrow'd upon the Green.

XLIII.

Like as the curſed Son of *Theſeus*,
That following his Chace in dewy Morn,
To fly his Stepdame's Love outrageous,
Of his own Steeds was all to pieces torn,
And his *fair Limbs* left in the Woods forlorn:
That for his ſake Diana did lament,
And all the woody Nymphs did wail and mourn:
So was this *Souldan* rapt and all to rent,
t of his Shape appear'd no little Monument.

XLIV.

Only his Shield and Armour, which there lay,
Though nothing whole, but all to bruis'd and brok
He up did take, and with him brought away,
That mote remain for an eternal Token
To all, 'mongſt whom this Story ſhould be ſpoken,
How worthily, by Heaven's high Decree,
Juſtice that Day of Wrong her ſelf had wroken;
That all Men which that Spectacle did ſee,
By like Enſample mote for ever warned be.

XLV.

So on a Tree, before the Tyrant's Door,
He cauſed them be hung in all Men's ſight;
To be a Monument for evermore.
Which when his Lady from the Caſtle's Height
Beheld, it much appall'd her troubled Spright:
Yet not as Women wont in doleful Fit,
She was diſmay'd, or fainted through Affright,
But gather'd unto her her troubled Wit,
And 'gan eftſoons deviſe to be aveng'd for it.

XLVI.

Straight down ſhe ran, like an enraged Cow
That is berobbed of her Youngling dear,
With Knife in hand, and fatally did vow,
To wreak her on that Maiden Meſſenger,
Whom ſhe had caus'd be kept as Priſoner
By *Arthegal*, miſween'd for her own Knight,
That brought her back. And coming preſent there
She at her ran with all her Force and Might.
All flaming with Revenge and furious Deſpight,

XLVII.

Like raging *Ino*, when with Knife in hand
She threw her Huſband's murder'd Infant out;
Or fell *Medea*, when on *Colchick* Strand
Her Brother's Bones ſhe ſcatter'd all about;
Or as that madding Mother, 'mongſt the Rout
Of *Bacchus'* Prieſts her own dear Fleſh did tear.
Yet neither *Ino*, nor *Medea* ſtout,
For all the *Mænades* ſo furious were,
Could match this bold Woman, when ſhe ſaw that Damſel

XLVIII.

But *Arthegal*, being thereof aware,
Did ſtay her cruel Hand, e'er ſhe her raught;
And as ſhe did her ſelf to ſtrike prepare,
Out of her Fiſt the wicked Weapon caught:
With that, like one enfelon'd or diſtraught,
She forth did roam, whither her Rage her bore.
With frantick Paſſion, and with Fury fraught;
And breaking forth out at a Poſtern Door,
Unto the wild Wood ran, her Dolours to deplore.

XLIX.

As a mad Bitch, when-as the frantick Fit
Her burning Tongue with Rage enflamed hath,
Doth run at random, and with furious Bit
Snatching at every thing, doth wreak her Wrath
On Man and Beaſt that cometh in her Path.
There they do ſay, that ſhe transformed was
Into a Tyger, and that Tyger's Scath
In Cruelty and Outrage ſhe did paſs,
To prove her Sirname true, that ſhe impoſed has.

L.

Then *Arthegal*, himſelf diſcovering plain,
Did iſſue forth 'gainſt all that warlike Rout
Of Knights and armed Men, which did maintain
That Lady's Part, and to the *Souldan* lout:
All which he did aſſault with Courage ſtout,
All were they nigh an hundred Knights of Name,
And like wild Goats them chaced all about,
Flying from place to place with coward Shame;
So that with final Force them all he overcame.

LI.

Then cauſed he the Gates be open'd wide;
And there the Prince, as Victor of that Day,
With Triumph entertain'd and glorify'd,
Preſenting him with all the rich Array,
And Royal Pomp, which there long hidden lay,
Purchas'd through lawleſs Pow'r and tortious Wrong
Of that proud *Souldan*, whom he earſt did ſlay.
So both, for Reſt there having ſtaid not long,
Attack'd with that Maid, fit Matter for another Song.

CANTO

CANTO

Arthur *and* Arthegal *ca*
Whom Talus *doth di*
They to Mercilla's *Pala*
And ſee her rich Arra

I.

WHAT Tyger, or what oth
Is ſo exceeding furious an
As Wrong, when it hath arm'd i
Not fit 'mongſt Men, that do wit
But 'mongſt wild Beaſts and ſalva
Where ſtill the Stronger doth the
And they that moſt in Boldneſs d
Are dreaded moſt, and feared for
Fit for *Adicia*, there to build her wi

II.

There let her wonne far from Re
Where righteous *Arthegal* her lat
There let her ever keep her damn
Where none may be with her leu
Nor none but Beaſts may be of he
And turn we to the noble Prince,
We did him leave, after that he
The cruel *Souldan*, and with drea
Had utterly ſubverted his unrighteo

III.

Where having with Sir *Arthegal*
Well ſolac'd in that *Souldan*'s lat
They both reſolving now to leave
Both it and all the Wealth therei
Unto that Damſel in her Lady's
And ſo would have departed on
But ſhe them woo'd by all the
And earneſtly beſought to wen
with her, to ſee her Lady then

IV.

By whose Entreaty both they overcomen,
Agree to go with her, and by the way
(As often falls of sundry things did commen)
'Mongst which that Damsel did to them bewray
A strange Adventure, which not far thence lay;
To weet, a wicked Villain, bold and sheet,
Which wonned in a Rock not far away,
That robbed all the Country thereabout,
And brought the Pillage home, whence none could get it out.

V.

Thereto both his own wily Wit, she said,
And eke the Fastness of his Dwelling-place,
Both unassailable, gave him great aid:
For he so crafty was to forge and face,
So light of Hand, and nimble of his Pace,
So smooth of Tongue, and subtle in his Tale,
That could deceive one looking in his Face.
Therefore by Name *Malengin* they him call,
Well knowen by his Feats, and famous over all.

VI.

Through these his Slights he many doth confound,
And eke the Rock in which he wonts to dwell,
Is wondrous strong, and hewn far under ground
A dreadful Depth, how deep no Man can tell;
But some do say, it goeth down to Hell:
And all within, it full of Windings is,
And hidden ways, that scarce an Hound by Smell
Can follow out those false Footsteps of his,
Ne none can back return, that once are gone amiss.

VII.

Which when those Knights had heard, their Hearts 'gan (yearn,
To understand that Villain's Dwelling-place,
And greatly it desir'd of her to learn,
And by which way they towards it should trace.
Were not, said she, that it should lett your Pace
Towards my Lady's Presence by you meant,
I would you guide directly to the Place.
Then let not that, said they, stay your Intent;
For neither will one foot, till we that Carle have

VIII.

So, forth they paſt, till they approached nigh
Unto the Rock where was the Villain's Wonne.
Which when the Damſel near at hand did ſpy,
She warn'd the Knights thereof: who thereupon
'Gan to adviſe, what beſt were to be done.
So both agreed to ſend that Maid afore,
Where ſhe might ſit nigh to the Den alone,
Wailing, and raiſing pitiful Uproar,
As if ſhe did ſome great Calamity deplore.

IX.

With Noiſe whereof, when as the caitive Carle
Should iſſue forth, in hope to find ſome Spoil,
They in await would cloſely him enſnarle,
E'er to his Den he backward could recoil,
And ſo would hope him eaſily to foil.
The Damſel ſtraight went, as ſhe was directed,
Unto the Rock; and there, upon the Soil
Having her ſelf in wretched wiſe abjected,
'Gan weep and wail, as if great Grief had her affect

X.

The cry whereof, entring the hollow Cave,
Eftſoons brought forth the Villain, as they ment
With hope of her ſome wiſhful boot to have:
Full dreadful Wight he was, as ever went
Upon the Earth, with hollow Eyes deep pent,
And long curl'd Locks, that down his Shoulders l
And on his Back an uncouth Veſtiment,
Made of ſtrange Stuff, but all to worn and ragge
And underneath, his Breech was all to torn and ja

XI.

And in his Hand an huge long Staff he held,
Whoſe top was arm'd with many an iron Hook,
Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
Or in the compaſs of his Clouches took;
And ever round about he caſt his Look.
Als at his Back a great wide Net he bore,
With which he ſeldom fiſhed at the Brook,
But us'd to fiſh for Fooles on the dry Shore,
[illegible] he in fair Weather wont to take gr

XII.

Him when the Damſel ſaw faſt by her ſide,
So ugly Creature, ſhe was nigh diſmay'd;
And now for help aloud in earneſt cry'd.
But when the Villain ſaw her ſo affraid,
He 'gan with guileful Words her to perſuade
To baniſh Fear: and with *Sardonian* Smile
Laughing on her, his falſe intent to ſhade,
'Gan forth to lay his Bait her to beguile,
That from her ſelf unwares he might her ſteal the while.

XIII.

Like as the Fowler on his guileful Pipe
Charms to the Birds full many a pleaſant Lay,
That they the whiles may take leſs heedy keep,
How he his Nets doth for their Ruin lay:
So did the Villain to her prate and play,
And many pleaſant Tricks before her ſhow,
To turn her Eyes from his Intent away:
For, he in Sleights and juggling Feats did flow,
And of Legier-de-main the Myſteries did know.

XIV.

To which, whilſt ſhe lent her intentive Mind,
He ſuddenly his Net upon her threw,
That over-ſpread her like a Puff of Wind;
And ſnatching her ſoon up, e'er well ſhe knew,
Ran with her faſt away unto his Mew,
Crying for help aloud. But when as nigh
He came unto his Cave, and there did view
The armed Knights, ſtopping his paſſage by,
His threw his Burden down, and faſt away did fly.

XV.

But *Arthegal* him after did purſue,
The whiles the Prince there kept the Entrance ſtill;
Up to the Rock he ran, and thereon flew
Like a wild Goat, leaping from Hill to Hill,
And dancing on the craggy Cliffs at will;
That deadly Danger ſeem'd in all Men's ſight,
To tempt ſuch ſteps, where footing was ſo ill:
No ought availed for the armed Knight,
Him to think to follow him, that was ſo ſwift and light.

XVI.

XVI.

Which when he ſaw, his iron Man he ſent
To follow him; for, he was ſwift in Chace.
He him purſu'd wherever that he went,
Both over Rocks, and Hills, and every Place,
Where-ſo he fled, he follow'd him apace:
So that he ſhortly forc'd him to forſake
The Height, and down deſcend unto the Baſe.
There he him cours'd afreſh, and ſoon did make
To leave his proper Form, and other Shape to take.

XVII.

Into a Fox himſelf he firſt did turn;
But he him hunted like a Fox full faſt:
Then to a Buſh himſelf he did transform;
But he the Buſh did beat, till that at laſt
Into a Bird it chang'd, and from him paſt,
Flying from Tree to Tree, from Wand to Wand:
But he then Stones at it ſo long did caſt,
That like a Stone it fell upon the Land,
But he then took it up, and held faſt in his Hand.

XVIII.

So he it brought with him unto the Knights,
And to his Lord Sir *Arthegal* it lent,
Warning him hold it faſt, for fear of ſlights.
Who whilſt in Hand it griping hard he hent,
Into a Hedghog all unwares it went,
And prick'd him ſo, that he away it threw.
Then 'gan it run away incontinent.
Being returned to his former Hue;
But *Talus* ſoon him over-took, and backward drew.

XIX.

But, when-as he would to a Snake again
Have turn'd himſelf, he with his iron Flail
'Gan drive at him, with ſo huge Might and Main,
That all his Bones, as ſmall as ſandy Grail,
He broke, and did his Bowels diſentrail;
Crying in vain for help, when help was paſt.
So did Deceit the Self-deceiver fail:
There they him left a Carrion out-caſt,
For Beaſts and Fowls to feed upon for their Repaſt.

XX.

Thence forth they paſſed with that gentle Maid,
To ſee her Lady, as they did agree.
To which when ſhe approached, thus ſhe ſaid;
Lo now, right noble Knights, arriv'd ye be
Nigh to the Place which ye deſir'd to ſee:
There ſhall ye ſee my ſovereign Lady Queen,
Moſt ſacred Wight, moſt debonair and free,
That ever yet upon this Earth was ſeen,
Or that with *Diadem* hath ever crowned been.

XXI.

The gentle Knights rejoiced much to hear
The Praiſes of that Prince ſo manifold;
And paſſing little further, comen were,
Where they a ſtately Palace did behold,
Of pompous Show, much more than ſhe had told;
With many Towers, and Tarras mounted high,
And all their Tops bright gliſtering with Gold,
That ſeemed to out-ſhine the dimmed Sky,
And with their Brightneſs daz'd the ſtrange Beholder's Eye.

XXII.

There they alighting, by that Damſel were
Directed in, and ſhewed all the Sight:
Whoſe Porch, that moſt magnifick did appear,
Stood open wide to all Men Day and Night;
Yet warded well by one of mickle Might,
That ſate thereby, with Giant-like Reſemblance,
To keep out Guile, and Malice, and Deſpight,
That under ſhew oft-times of feigned Semblance,
Are wont in Princes Courts to work great Scath and Hin-(drance.

XXIII.

His Name was *Awe*; by whom they paſſing in,
Went up the Hall, that was a large wide Room,
All full of People, making troublous Din,
And wondrous Noiſe, as if that there were ſome
Which unto them were dealing righteous Doom.
By whom they paſſing through the thickeſt Preace,
The Marſhal of the Hall to them did come;
His Name hight *Order*, who commanding Peace, (ceaſe.
Them guided through the Throng, that did their Clamours

XXIV.

They ceaſt their Clamours, upon them to
Whom ſeeing all in Armour bright as Day,
Strange there to ſee, it did them much ama
And with unwonted Terror half affray:
For, never ſaw they there the like Array,
Ne ever was the Name of War there ſpoken,
But joyous Peace and Quietneſs alway,
Dealing juſt Judgments, that mote not be bro
For any Bribes, or Threats of any to be wroken.

XXV.

There as they entred at the Skriene, they ſaw
Some one, whoſe Tongue was for his Treſpaſs
Nail'd to a Poſt, adjudged ſo by Law:
For that therewith he falſely did revile,
And foul blaſpheme that Queen for forged Guile,
Both with bold Speeches, which he blazed had,
And with leud Poems, which he did compile;
For, the bold Title of a Poet bad
He on himſelf had ta'en, and railing Rhimes had ſprad

XXVI.

Thus, there he ſtood, whilſt high over his Head,
There written was the Purport of his Sin,
In Cyphers ſtrange, that few could rightly read,
BON FONS: but *Bon* that once had written his,
Was raſed out, and *Mal* was now put in.
So now *Malſons* was plainly to be read;
Either for th' evil, which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a Well-head
Of evil Words, and wicked Slanders by him ſhed.

XXVII.

They, paſſing by, were guided by degree
Unto the Preſence of that gracious Queen;
Who ſate on high, that ſhe might all Men ſee,
And might of all Men royally be ſeen,
Upon a Throne of Gold full bright and ſheen,
Adorned all with Gems of endleſs Price,
That might for Wealth have gotten been,
Could be fram'd by Workmans rare Device;
Supported with Lions, and with Flower-de-lice.

XXVIII.

All over her a Cloth of State was ſpread,
Not of rich Tiſſew, nor of Cloth of Gold,
Nor of ought elſe, that may be richeſt read,
But like a Cloud, as likeſt may be told,
That her broad ſpreading Wings did wide unfold;
Whoſe Skirts were bordred with bright ſunny Beams,
Gliſtring like Gold, amongſt the Plights enrol'd,
And here and there ſhooting forth ſilver Streams,
Mongſt which crept little Angels thro' the glittering Gleams.

XXIX.

Seemed thoſe little Angels did uphold
The Cloth of State, and on their purpled Wings
Did bear the Pendants, through their Nimbleſs bold:
Beſides a thouſand more of ſuch as ſings
Hymns to high God, and carols heavenly Things,
Encompaſſed the Throne on which ſhe ſate:
She Angel-like, the Heir of antient Kings
And mighty Conquerors, in royal State,
Whilſt Kings and Cæſars at her Feet did them proſtrate.

XXX.

Thus ſhe did ſit in Sovereign Majeſty,
Holding a Scepter in her royal Hand,
The ſacred Pledg of Peace and Clemency,
With which high God had bleſt her happy Land,
Maugre ſo many Foes, which did withſtand.
But at her feet her Sword was likewiſe laid,
Whoſe long Reſt raſted the bright ſteely Brand;
Yet when-as Foes enforc'd, or Friends ſought Aid,
She could it ſternly draw, that all the World diſmay'd.

XXXI.

And round about before her Feet there ſate
A Bevy of fair Virgins clad in white,
That goodly ſeem'd t' adorn her royal State,
All lovely Daughters of high *Jove*, that hight
Litæ, by him begot in Love's delight,
Upon the righteous *Themis*: thoſe they ſay,
Upon *Jove*'s Judgment-Seat wait Day and Night;
And when in Wrath he threats the World's Decay,
They do his Anger calm, and cruel Vengeance ſtay.

XXXII.

They alſo do by his divine Permiſſion
Upon the Thrones of mortal Princes tend,
And often treat for Pardon and Remiſſion
To Suppliants, through Frailty which offend.
Thoſe did upon *Mercilla*'s Throne attend:
Juſt *Dice*, wiſe *Eunomy*, mild *Eirene*;
And them emongſt, her Glory to commend,
Sate goodly *Temperance* in Garments clean,
And ſacred *Reverence*, yborn of heavenly Strene.

XXXIII.

Thus did ſhe ſit in royal rich Eſtate,
Admir'd of many, honoured of all;
Whilſt underneath her Feet, there as ſhe ſate,
A huge great Lion lay, that mote appall
An hardy Courage, like captived Thrall,
With a ſtrong iron Chain and Collar bound,
That once he could not move, nor quich at all;
Yet did he murmur with rebellious Sound,
And ſoftly royne, when ſalvage Choler 'gan redound

XXXIV.

So, ſitting high in dreadded Sovereignty,
Thoſe two ſtrange Knights were to her Preſence b
Who, bowing low before her Majeſty,
Did to her mild Obeyſance, as they ought,
And meekeſt Boon, that they imagine mought.
To whom ſhe eke inclining her withal,
As a fair Stoop of her high-ſoaring Thought,
A chearful Countenance on them let fall,
Yet tempred with ſome Majeſty Imperial.

XXXV.

As the bright Sun, what time his fiery Team
Towards the weſtern Brim begins to draw,
'Gins to abate the Brightneſs of his Beam,
And Fervour of his Flames ſomewhat adaw:
So did this mighty Lady, when ſhe ſaw
Thoſe two ſtrange Knights ſuch Homage to her
Rate ſomewhat of that Majeſty and Awe,
whylom wont to do ſo many quake,
more mild Aſpect thoſe two to enter

XL.

Firſt, 'gan he tell, how this that ſeem'd ſo fair
And royally array'd, *Dueſſa* hight,
That falſe *Dueſſa*, which had wrought great Care,
And mickle Miſchief unto many a Knight,
By her beguiled, and confounded quite:
But not for thoſe ſhe now in queſtion came,
Though alſo thoſe mote queſtion'd be aright,
But for vile Treaſons, and outrageous Shame,
Which ſhe againſt the dread *Mercilla* oft did frame.

XLI.

For, ſhe whylome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her Counſels falſe conſpir'd,
With faithleſs *Blandamour* and *Paridel*
(Both two her Paramours, both by her hir'd,
And both with hope of Shadows vain inſpir'd)
And with them practis'd, how for to deprive
Mercilla of her Crown, by her aſpir'd,
That ſhe might it unto herſelf derive,
And triumph in their Blood, whom ſhe to Death did drive.

XLII.

But through high Heaven's Grace (which favours all
The wicked Drifts of traiterous Deſigns
'Gainſt loyal Princes) all this curſed Plot,
E'er Proof it took, diſcover'd was betimes,
And th' Actors won the Meed meet for their Crimes.
Such be the Meed of all, that by ſuch Mean
Unto the Type of Kingdoms Title climbe.
But falſe *Dueſſa*, now untitled Queen,
Was brought to her ſad Doom, as here was to be ſeen.

XLIII.

Strongly did *Zeal* her heinous Fact enforce,
And many other Crimes of foul Defame
Againſt her brought, to baniſh all Remorſe,
And aggravate the Horror of her Blame.
And with him to make part againſt her, came
Many grave Perſons, that againſt her plead;
Firſt, was a ſage old Sire, that had to Name
[illegible]ingdom's Care, with a white ſilver Head,
[illegible]igh Regards and Reaſons 'gainſt her we

XLIV.

en, 'gan *Authority* her to oppoſe
th peremptory Power, that made all mute;
d then the Law of *Nations* 'gainſt her roſe,
d Reaſons brought, that no Man could refute;
ct, 'gan *Religion* 'gainſt her to impute
;h God's Beheaſt, and Power of holy Laws;
en 'gan the Peoples Cry, and Commons Sute,
portune care of their own publick Cauſe;
aſtly, *Juſtice* charged her with breach of Laws.

XLV.

: then for her, on the contrary part,
ſe many Advocates for her to plead:
ſt there came *Pity*, with full tender Heart,
d with her join'd *Regard* of Woman-head;
d then came *Danger* threatning hidden Dread,
d high Alliance unto foreign Power;
en came *Nobility* of Birth, that bred
eat Ruth through her Misfortunes tragick Stower;
aſtly *Grief* did plead, and many Tears forth pour.

XLVI.

th the near Touch whereof in tender Heart
e *Briton* Prince was ſore empaſſionate,
d wox inclined much unto her Part,
rough the ſad Terror of ſo dreadful Fate,
d wretched Ruin of ſo high Eſtate;
at for great Ruth his Courage 'gan relent.
hich when-as *Zeal* perceived to abate,
'gan his earneſt Fervour to augment,
many fearful Objects to them to preſent.

XLVII.

'gan t' efforce the Evidence anew,
d new Accuſements to produce in place:
brought forth that old Hag of helliſh Hue,
e curſed *Até*, brought her Face to Face,
ho privy was, and party in the Caſe:
, *glad of Spoil* and ruinous Decay,
her appeach, and to her more Diſgrace,
Plot of all her Practice did diſplay,
her Trains, and all her Treaſons ſort[illegible]

XLVIII.

Then brought he forth, with grieſly grim Aſpect,
Abhorred *Murder*, who with bloody Knife
Yet dropping freſh in hand did her detect,
And there with guilty Blood-ſhed charged rife:
Then brought he forth *Sedition*, breeding Strife
In troublous Wits, and mutinous Uproar:
Then brought he forth *Incontinence* of Life,
Even foul *Adultery* her Face before,
And leud *Impiety*, that her accuſed ſore.

XLIX.

All which when-as the Prince had heard and ſeen,
His former Fancy's Ruth he 'gan repent,
And from her Party eftſoons was drawn clean:
But *Arthegal* with conſtant firm Intent,
For Zeal of Juſtice was againſt her bent.
So was ſhe guilty deemed of them all.
Then *Zeal* began to urge her Puniſhment,
And to their Queen for Judgment loudly call,
Unto *Mercilla* mild for Juſtice 'gainſt the Thrall.

L.

But ſhe, whoſe Princely Breaſt was touched near
With piteous Ruth of her ſo wretched Plight,
Though plain ſhe ſaw by all that ſhe did hear,
That ſhe of Death was guilty found by Right,
Yet would not let juſt Vengeance on her light;
But rather let in ſtead thereof to fall
Few perling Drops from her fair Lamps of Light;
The which ſhe covering with her purple Pall,
Would have the Paſſion hid, and up aroſe withal.

CANTO X.

ince Arthur *takes the Enterprize,*
For Belge *for to fight:*
erioneo's Seneſchal
He ſlays in Belge's *Right.*

I.

OME Clarks do doubt in their deviceful Art,
Whether this heavenly Thing whereof I treat,
weten *Mercy*, be of Juſtice part,
drawn forth from her by divine Extreat.
iis well I wote, that ſure ſhe is as Great,
nd meriteth to have as high a Place,
th in th' Almighty's everlaſting Seat
he firſt was bred, and born of heavenly Race;
m thence pour'd down on Men, by Influence of Grace.

II.

For, if that Vertue be of ſo great Might,
Which from juſt Verdict will for nothing ſtart,
But to preſerve inviolated Right,
Oft ſpills the Principal to ſave the Part;
So much more then is that of Power and Art,
That ſeeks to ſave the Subject of her Skill,
Yet never doth from Doom of Right depart:
As it is greater Praiſe to ſave, than ſpill,
And better to reform, than to cut off the Ill.

III.

Who then can thee, *Mercilla*, throughly praiſe,
That herein doſt all earthly Princes paſs?
What heavenly Muſe ſhall thy great Honour raiſe
Up to the Skies, whence firſt deriv'd it was,
And now on Earth it ſelf enlarged has,
From the utmoſt brink of the *Armerick* Shore,
Unto the Margent of the *Molucas*?
Thoſe Nations far thy Juſtice do adore:
But thine own People do thy Mercy praiſe much

IV.

Much more it praiſed was of thoſe two K
The noble Prince, and righteous *Arthegal*,
When they had ſeen and heard her Doom
Againſt *Dueſſa*, damned by them all;
But by her tempred without Grief or Gall,
Till ſtrong Conſtraint did her thereto enforce
And yet even then ruing her wilful Fall,
With more than needful natural Remorſe,
And yielding the laſt Honour to her wretched Co

V.

During all which, thoſe Knights continu'd there,
Both doing and receiving Courteſies
Of that great Lady, who with goodly Chear,
Them entertain'd, fit for their Dignities,
Approving daily to their noble Eyes
Royal Examples of her Mercies rare,
And worthy Patterns of her Clemencies;
Which till this day 'mongſt many living are,
Who them to their Poſterities doſt ill declare.

VI.

Amongſt the reſt, which in that ſpace befel,
There came two Springals of full tender Years,
Far thence from foreign Land, where they did dwell,
To ſeek for Succour of her and her Peers,
With humble Prayers and intreatful Tears;
Sent by their Mother, who a Widow was,
Wrapt in great Dolours, and in deadly Fears,
By a ſtrong Tyrant, who invaded has
Her Land, and ſlain her Children ruefully, alas!

VII.

Her Name was *Belge*, who in former Age
A Lady of great Worth and Wealth had been,
And Mother of a fruitful Heritage,
Ev'n ſeventeen goodly Sons; which who had ſeen
n their firſt Flower, before this fatal Teen
'hem [illegible]ook, and their fair Bloſſoms blaſted,
[illegible]Mother would her ſurely ween'
[illegible]be, before ſhe taſted
Wrath, that all her Iſſue waſted.

VIII.

VIII.

is fell Tyrant, through his tortious Power
ft her now but five of all the Brood
welve of them he did by times devour,
) his Idols sacrifice their Blood,
: he of none was stopped, nor withstood.
oothly he was one of matchless Might,
rrible Aspect, and dreadful Mood,
ad three Bodies in one Waste empight,
Arms and Legs of three, to succour him in Fight.

IX.

oth they say, that he was born and bred
ants Race, the Son of *Geryon*,
at whylome in *Spain* so sore was dred
is huge Power and great Oppression,
h brought that Land to his Subjection,
igh his three Bodies power, in one combined;
ke all Strangers in that Region
ing, to his Kine for Food assigned,
eft Kine alive, but of the [illegible]

X.

they were all, they say, of purple hue,
by a Cow-herd, night *Eurytion*,
el Carle, the which all Strangers [illegible],
ay nor night did sleep; [illegible]
walkt about them ever and anon
his two-headed Dog, [illegible] night,
rus begotten by great *Typhoon*,
foul *Echidna*, in the Pouls of Night,
rcules them all did overcome in Fight.

XI.

Son was this *Geryones* night
, after that his monstrous Father fell
er *Alcides'* Club, [illegible] in Fight
n that sad Land, [illegible]
came to this, where [illegible]
flourish in all Wealth and Happiness,
g their new-made Widow [illegible]
her [illegible]
are beginning to her Woe and Wilderness.

XII.

Then this bold Tyrant, of her Widow-head
Taking advantage, and her yet freſh Woes,
Himſelf and Service to her offered,
Her to defend againſt all foreign Foes,
That ſhould their Power againſt her Right oppoſe.
Whereof ſhe glad, now needing ſtrong defence,
Him entertain'd, and did her Champion chuſe;
Which long he us'd with careful diligence,
The better to confirm her fearleſs Confidence.

XIII.

By means whereof ſhe did at laſt commit
All to his hands, and gave him ſovereign Power
To do whatever he thought good or fit.
Which having got, he 'gan forth from that hour
To ſtir up Strife, and many a tragick Stowre,
Giving her deareſt Children one by one
Unto a dreadful Monſter to devour,
And ſetting up an Idol of his own,
The Image of his monſtrous Parent *Geryone*.

XIV.

So tyrannizing, and oppreſſing all,
The woeful Widow had no means now left,
But unto gracious great *Mercilla* call
For aid, againſt that cruel Tyrant's Theft,
Ere all her Children he from her had reft.
Therefore theſe two, her eldeſt Sons, ſhe ſent
To ſeek for Succour of this Lady's Gieſt:
To whom their Suit they humbly did preſent,
In th' hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent.

XV.

Amongſt the which, then fortuned to be
The noble *Briton* Prince, with his brave Peer;
Who when he none of all thoſe Knights did ſee
Haſtily bent that Enterprize to hear,
Nor undertake the ſame, for coward Fear,
He ſtepped forth with Courage bold and great,
Admir'd of all the reſt in preſence there,
Humbly 'gan that mighty Queen entreat,
[illegible] that Adventure for his former Feat

XVI.

r granted it: then he ſtraightway
ınto his Journey 'gan prepare;
.is Armours ready dight that day,
ght the morrow next mote ſtay his Fare.
ow next appear'd with purple Hair
ing freſh out of th' *Indian* Fount,
ging Light into the Heavens fair,
was ready on his Steed to mount,
y, which now was all his Care and Count.

XVII.

ng humble leave of that great Queen,
: him royal Gifts and Riches rare,
s of her thankful Mind beſeen,
ng *Arthegal* to his own care;
Voyage forth he 'gan to fare,
'e two gentle Youths, which him did guide,
iis way before him ſtill prepare.
iim did *Arthegal* abide,
irſt Adventure forward forth did ride.

XVIII.

long till that the Prince arriv'd
e Land, where dwelt that Lady ſad,
that Tyrant had her now depriv'd,
Moors and Marſhes baniſh'd had,
: pleaſant Soil, and Cities glad,
ſhe wont to harbour happily:
iis Cruelty ſo ſore ſhe drad,
ioſe Fens for Faſtneſs ſhe did fly,
er ſelf did hide from his hard Tyranny.

XIX.

her found in Sorrow and Diſmay,
y without living Wight;
: other Children, through affray,
ıemſelves, or taken further flight:
ıer ſelf through ſudden ſtrange Affright,
in Arms ſhe ſaw, began to fly;
her own two Sons ſhe had in ſight,
ke heart, and look up joyfully:
vift this Knight came Succour to

XX.

And running unto them with greedy Joys,
Fell ſtraight about their Necks, as they did kneel:
And burſting forth in Tears; Ah my ſweet Boys,
Said ſhe, yet now I 'gin new Life to feel;
And feeble Spirits, that 'gan faint and reel,
Now riſe again at this your joyous ſight.
Already ſeems, that Fortune's headlong Wheel
Begins to turn, and Sun to ſhine more bright
Than it was wont, through Comfort of this noble Knight.

XXI.

Then turning unto him; And you, Sir Knight,
Said ſhe, that taken have this toilſome Pain
For wretched Woman, miſerable Wight,
May you in Heaven immortal Guerdon gain
For ſo great Travail, as you do ſuſtain:
For other Meed may hope for none of me,
To whom nought elſe, but bare Life doth remain;
And that ſo wretched one, as ye do ſee
Is liker lingring Death, than loathed Life to be.

XXII.

Much was he moved with her piteous Plight;
And low diſmounting from his lofty Steed,
'Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to drive away deep-rooted Dread,
With hope of help in that her greateſt Need.
So thence he wiſhed her with him to wend
Unto ſome place, where they mote reſt and feed,
And ſhe take comfort, which God now did ſend:
Good heart in Evils doth the Evils much amend.

XXIII.

Ah me! ſaid ſhe, and whither ſhall I go?
Are not all places full of foreign Pow'rs?
My Palaces poſſeſſed of my Foe,
My Cities ſack'd, and their ſky-threatning Tow'rs
Raſed, and made ſmooth Fields now full of Flow'rs?
Only theſe Mariſhes, and miry Bogs,
In which the fearful Ewftes do build their Bow'rs,
Yield me an Hoſtry 'mongſt the croking Frogs,
[illegible]bour here in Safety from thoſe ravenous Dogs

XXIV.

h'leſs, ſaid he, dear Lady with me go;
e place ſhall us receive, and Harbour yield:
ot, we will it force, maugre your Foe,
purchaſe it to us with Spear and Shield;
if all fail, yet fare well open Field:
Earth to all her Creatures Lodging lends.
h ſuch his chearful Speeches he doth wield
Mind ſo well, that to his Will ſhe bends;
nding up her Locks and Weeds, forth with him wends.

XXV.

y came unto a City far up land,
which whilom that Lady's own had been;
now by force extort out of her hand,
ıer ſtrong Foe, who had defaced clean
ſtately Tow'rs, and Buildings ſunny ſheen;
t up her Haven, mar'd her Merchant's Trade,
bed her People, that full rich had been,
in her Neck a Caſtle huge had made,
hich did her command, without needing perſuade.

XXVI.

t Caſtle was the Strength of all that State,
l that State by Strength was pulled down,
that ſame City, ſo now ruinate,
been the Key of all that Kingdom's Crown;
ı goodly Caſtle, and both goodly Town,
that th' offended Heavens liſt to lour
n their Bliſs, and baleful Fortune frown:
en thoſe 'gainſt States and Kingdoms do conjure,
hen can think their headlong Ruin to recure?

XXVII.

he had brought it now in ſervile Bond,
made it bear the Yoke of Inquiſition,
ring long time in vain it to withſtond;
glad at laſt to make moſt baſe Submiſſion,
Life enjoy for any Compoſition.
ow he hath new Laws and Orders new
s'd on it, with many a hard Condition,
orced it, the Honour that is due
to do unto his Idol moſt untrue.

XXVIII.

To him he hath, before this Caſtle-Green,
Built a fair Chappel, and an Altar fram'd
Of coſtly Ivory, full rich beſeen,
On which that curſed Idol far proclaim'd,
He hath ſet up, and him his God hath nam'd,
Off'ring to him in ſinful Sacrifice
The Fleſh of Men, to God's own Likeneſs fram'd,
And pouring forth their Blood in brutiſh wize,
That any iron Eyes to ſee it would agrize.

XXIX.

And for more Horrour and more Cruelty,
Under that curſed Idol's Altar-Stone,
An hideous Monſter doth in Darkneſs lie,
Whoſe dreadful Shape was never ſeen of none
That lives on Earth; but unto thoſe alone
The which unto him ſacrificed be.
Thoſe he devours, they ſay, both Fleſh and Bone:
What elſe they have is all the Tyrant's Fee;
So that no whit of them remaining one may ſee.

XXX.

There eke he placed a ſtrong Gariſon,
And ſet a Seneſchal of dreadded Might,
That by his Pow'r oppreſſed every one,
And vanquiſhed all ventrous Knights in Fight;
To whom he wont ſhew all the Shame he might,
After that them in Battel he had won.
To which, when now they 'gan approach in ſight,
The Lady counſel'd him the Place to ſhun,
Whereas ſo many Knights had foully been fordone.

XXXI.

Her fearful Speeches nought he did regard;
But riding ſtraight under the Caſtle-Wall,
Called aloud unto the watchful Ward,
Which there did wait, willing them forth to call
Into the Field their Tyrant's Seneſchal.
To whom when Tidings thereof came, he ſtraight
Calls for his Arms, and arming him withal,
Luſtfoons forth pricked proudly in his Might,
[illegible]n with Courage fierce addreſs him to the Fi[illegible]

XXXII.

They both encounter in the middle Plain,
And their ſharp Spears do both together ſmite,
Amid their Shields, with ſo huge might and main,
That ſeem'd their Souls they would have rent quite
Out of their Breaſts, with furious Deſpight.
Yet could the Seneſchals no Entrance find
Into the Prince's Shield, where it entire did ſtay;
So pure the Metal was, and well refin'd,
But ſhiver'd all about, and ſcatter'd in the Wind.

XXXIII.

Not ſo the Prince's; but with reſtleſs force
Into his Shield it ready Paſſage found,
Both through his Haberjeon, and eke his Corſe;
Which tumbling down upon the fertile Ground,
Gave leave unto his Ghoſt from Thraldom bound,
To wander in the grieſly Shades of Night.
There did the Prince him leave in deadly ſwound,
And thence unto the Caſtle marched right,
To ſee if Entrance there as yet obtain he might.

XXXIV.

But as he nigher drew, three Knights he ſpy'd,
All arm'd to point, iſſuing forth apace,
Which towards him with all their pow'r did ride;
And meeting him right in the middle Race,
Did all their Spears at once on him enchace.
As three great Culverings for Battery bent,
And level'd all againſt one certain Place,
Do all at once their Thunder's Rage forth-rent,
That makes the Walls to ſtagger with Aſtoniſhment.

XXXV.

So all at once they on the Prince did thunder;
Who from his Saddle ſwarved nought aſide,
Ne to their Force gave way, that was great wonder,
But like a Bulwark, firmly did abide;
Rebutting him, which in the midſt did ride,
With ſo huge Rigour, that his mortal Spear
Paſt through his Shield, and pierc'd through either ſide
That down he fell upon his Mother dear,
And poured forth his wretched Life in deadly Drear

XXXVI.

Whom when his other Fellows ſaw, they fled
As faſt as Feet could carry them away;
And after them the Prince as ſwiftly ſped,
To be aveng'd of their unknightly Play.
There whilſt they entring, th' one did th' other ſtay,
The hindmoſt in the Gate he over-hent,
And as he preſſed in, him there did ſlay;
His Carcaſs tumbling on the Threſhold, ſent
His groaning Soul unto her Place of Puniſhment.

XXXVII.

The other, which was enter'd, labour'd faſt
To ſperr the Gate; but that ſame Lump of Clay,
Whoſe grudging Ghoſt was thereout fled and paſt,
Right in the middeſt of the Threſhold lay,
That it the Poſtern did from cloſing ſtay:
The whiles the Prince had preſſed in between,
And Entrance won. Straight th' other fled away,
And ran into the Hall, where he did ween
Himſelf to ſave; but he there ſlew him at the Skreen.

XXXVIII.

Then all the reſt, which in that Caſtle were,
Seeing that ſad Enſample them before,
Durſt not abide, but fled away for fear,
And them convey'd out at a Poſtern Door.
Long ſought the Prince: but when he found no more
T' oppoſe againſt his Pow'r, he forth iſſu'd
Unto that Lady, where he her had lore,
And her 'gan chear, with what ſhe there had view'd,
And what ſhe had not ſeen, within unto her ſhew'd.

XXXIX.

Who with right humble Thanks him goodly greeting,
For ſo great Proweſs, as he there had prov'd,
Much greater than was ever in her weeting,
With great Admirance inwardly was mov'd,
And honour'd him, with all that her behov'd.
Thenceforth into that Caſtle he her led,
With her two Sons, right dear of her belov'd,
Where all that Night themſelves they cheriſhed,
From her baleful Mind all Care he baniſhed.

CANTO XI.

Prince Arthur overcomes the Great
Geryoneo in Fight:
Duessa, Love, the Monster, and restore
Belge unto her Right.

I.

IT when falls in Course of common Life,
That Right, long time, is overborne of Wrong,
Through Avarice, or Pow'r, or Guile, or Strife,
That weakens her, and makes her Party strong;
But Justice, though her Doom she do prolong,
Yet at the last she will her own Cause right.
As by that *Belge* seems, whose Wrongs, though long
She suffer'd, yet at length she did requite,
And sent Redress thereof by this brave *British* Knight.

II.

Whereof when News was to that Tyrant brought,
How that the Lady *Belge* now had found
A Champion, that had with his Champion fought,
And laid his Seneschal low on the Ground,
And else himself did threaten to confound;
He 'gan to burn in Rage, and freese in Fear,
Doubting sad end of Principle unsound:
Yet sith he heard but one, that did appear,
He did himself encourage, and take better Cheer.

III.

Nath'less himself he armed all in haste,
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne stayed step, till that he came at last
Unto the Castle, which they conquer'd had:
There with huge Terror, to be more ydrad,
He sternly march'd before the Castle-Gate;
And with bold Vaunts, and idle Threatning
Deliver him his own, e'er yet too late,
which they had no right, nor any

IV.

The Prince ſtay'd not his Anſwer to devize,
But opening ſtraight the Spar, forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize;
And aſked him, if that he were the ſame,
Who all that Wrong unto that woeful Dame
So long had done, and from her native Land
Exiled her, that all the World ſpake Shame.
He boldly anſwer'd him, he there did ſtand,
That would his Doings juſtify with his own Hand.

V.

With that, ſo furiouſly at him he flew,
As if he would have over-run him ſtraight;
And with his huge great iron Axe 'gan hew
So hideouſly upon his Armour bright,
As he to pieces would have chopt it quite:
That the bold Prince was forced foot to give
To his firſt Rage, and yield to his Deſpight;
The whilſt at him ſo dreadfully he drive,
That ſeem'd a Marble Rock aſunder he could rive.

VI.

Thereto a great Advantage eke he has
Through his three double Hands thrice multiply'd,
Beſides the double Strength, which in them was:
For ſtill when fit Occaſion did betide,
He could his Weapon ſhift from ſide to ſide,
From hand to hand, and with ſuch Nimbleſs ſly
Could wield about, that e'er it were eſpy'd,
The wicked Stroke did wound his Enemy,
Behind, beſide, before, as he it liſt apply.

VII.

Which uncouth Uſe when-as the Prince perceiv'd,
He 'gan to watch the wielding of his Hand,
Leſt by ſuch Sleight he were unwares deceiv'd;
And ever ere he ſaw the Stroke to land,
He would it meet, and warily withſtand.
One time, when he his Weapon ſaw'd to ſhift,
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,
He met him with a Counter-ſtroke ſo ſwift,
That quite ſmit off his Arm, as he it up did liſt.

VIII.

Therewith all fraught with Fury and Diſdain,
He bray'd aloud for very fell Deſpight;
And ſuddenly t' avenge himſelf again,
'Gan into one aſſemble all the Might
Of all his Hands, and heaved them on height,
Thinking to pay him with that one for all:
But the ſad Steel ſeiz'd not, where it was hight,
Upon the Child, but ſomewhat ſhort did fall;
And lighting on his Horſe's Head, him quite did mall.

IX.

Down ſtraight to ground fell his aſtoniſh'd Steed,
And eke to th' Earth his Burden with him bare:
But he himſelf full lightly from him freed,
And 'gan himſelf to fight on foot prepare.
Whereof when-as the Giant was aware,
He woxe right blithe, as he had got thereby,
And laugh'd ſo loud, that all his Teeth wide bare
One might have ſeen enraung'd diſorderly,
Like to a Rank of Piles, that pitched are awry.

X.

Eftſoons again his Axe he raught on high,
E'er he were throughly buckled to his Gear;
And 'gan let drive at him ſo dreadfully,
That had he chaunced not his Shield to rear,
E'er that huge Stroke arrived on him near,
He had him ſurely cloven quite in twain:
But th' Adamantine Shield, which he did bear,
So well was temper'd, that (for all his main)
It would no Paſſage yield unto his Purpoſe vain.

XI.

Yet was the Stroke ſo forcibly apply'd,
That made him ſtagger with uncertain Sway,
As if he would have totter'd to one ſide.
Wherewith full wroth, he fiercely 'gan aſſay,
That Court'ſy with like Kindneſs to repay;
And ſmote at him with ſo importune Might,
That two more of his Arms did fall away,
Like fruitleſs Branches, which the Hatchet's
hath pruned from the native Tree, and croppe

XII.

With that, all mad and furious he grew,
Like a fell Maſtiff thro enraging Heat,
And curs'd, and bann'd, and Blaſphemies forth threw
Againſt his Gods, and Fire to them did threat,
And Hell unto himſelf with Horror great.
Thenceforth he car'd no more, which way he ſtrook,
Nor where it light, but 'gan to chauf and ſweat,
And gnaſh'd his Teeth, and his Head at him ſhook,
And ſternly him beheld with grim and ghaſtly Look.

XIII.

Nought fear'd the Child his Looks, ne yet his Threa
But only wexed now the more aware,
To ſave himſelf from thoſe his furious Heats,
And watch Advantage, how to work his Care,
The which good Fortune to him offer'd fair.
For as he in his Rage him over-ſtrook,
He e'er he could his Weapon back repair,
His ſide all bare and naked overtook,
And with his mortal Steel quite through the Body ſtroo

XIV.

Through all three Bodies he him ſtrook at once;
That all the three at once fell on the Plain:
Elſe ſhould he thrice have needed, for the nonce,
Them to have ſtricken, and thrice to have ſlain.
So now all three one ſenſleſs Lump remain,
Enwallow'd in his own blac' bloody Gore,
And biting th' Earth for very Death's Diſdain;
Who with a Cloud of Night him covering, bore
Down to the Houſe of Dole, his Days there to deplore.

XV.

Which when the Lady from the Caſtle ſaw,
Where ſhe with her two Sons did looking ſtand,
She towards him in haſte her ſelf did draw,
To greet him the good Fortune of his Hand:
And all the People both of Town and Land,
Which there ſtood gazing from the City's Wall
Upon theſe Warriors, greedy t' underſtand
To whether ſhould the Victory befal,
When they ſaw it fal'n, they eke him greeted

Belge, with her Sons proſtrated low
ore his Feet, in all that People's Sight, W.
ngſt Joys mixing ſome Tears, 'mongſt W...
thus beſpake; O moſt redoubted Knight,
which haſt me, of all moſt wretched Wight,
t earſt was dead, reſtor'd to Life again,
l theſe weak Imps replanted by thy Might;
at Guerdon can I give thee for thy Pain,
'n that which thou ſavedſt, thine ſtill to remain

XVII.

ook her up forby the lilly Hand,
her recomforted the beſt he might,
ng; Dear Lady, Deeds ought not be ſcan'd
h' Author's Manhood, nor the Doer's Might,
by their Truth, and by the Cauſe's Right;
t ſame is it, which fought for you this day.
at other Meed then need me to requite,
that which yieldeth Vertue's Meed alway?
s the Vertue ſelf, which her Reward doth pay.

XVIII.

humbly thank'd him for that wondrous Grace,
l further ſaid; Ah Sir, but mote ye pleaſe,
ye thus far have tender'd my poor Caſe,
from my chiefeſt Foe me to releaſe,
t your victorious Arm will not yet ceaſe,
ye have rooted all the Relicks out
hat vile Race, and 'ſtabliſhed my Peace.
at is there elſe, ſaid he, left of their Rout?
e it boldly, Dame, and do not ſtand in doubt.

XIX.

n wote you, Sir, that in this Church hereby
re ſtands an Idol, of great Note and Name,
which this Giant reared firſt on high,
of his own vain Fancy's Thought did frame:
whom for endleſs Horrour of his Shame,
offer'd up for daily Sacrifice
Children and my People burnt in Fl...
all the Tortures that he could d...
re t' aggrate his God with ſuch...

XX.

And underneath this Idol there doth lie
An hideous Monſter, that doth it defend,
And feeds on all the Carcaſſes, that die
In Sacrifice unto that curſed Fiend:
Whoſe ugly Shape none ever ſaw, nor ken'd
That ever ſcap'd: for, of a Man they ſay
It has the Voice, that Speeches forth doth ſend,
Even blaſphemous Words, which ſhe doth bray
Out of her poiſnous Entrails, fraught with dire Decay.

XXI.

Which when the Prince heard tell, his Heart 'gan yearn
For great Deſire that Monſter to aſſay,
And pray'd the Place of her Abode to learn.
Which being ſhew'd, he 'gan himſelf ſtraightway
Thereto addreſs, and his bright Shield diſplay.
So to the Church he came, where it was told,
The Monſter underneath the Altar lay;
There he that Idol ſaw of maſſy Gold
Moſt richly made, but there no Monſter did behold.

XXII.

Upon the Image with his naked Blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he ſtrook;
And the third time, out of an hidden Shade,
There forth iſſu'd, from under th' Altar's Smook,
A dreadful Fiend, with foul deformed Look,
That ſtretch'd it ſelf, as it had long lien ſtill;
And her long Tail and Feathers ſtrongly ſhook,
That all the Temple did with Terror fill;
Yet him nought terrify'd, that feared nothing ill.

XXIII.

An huge great Beaſt it was, when it in Length
Was ſtretched forth, that nigh fill'd all the Place,
And ſeem'd to be of infinite great Strength;
Horrible, hideous, and of helliſh Race,
Born of the Brooding of *Echidna* baſe,
Or other like infernal Fury's kind;
For of a Maid ſhe had the outward Face,
To hide the Horror which did lurk behind,
More better to beguile, whom ſhe ſo fond did find.

XXIV.

ɔreto the Body of a Dog ſhe had,
l of fell Ravin and fierce Greedineſs;
ion's Claws, with Pow'r and Rigour clad,
rend and tear what-ſo ſhe can oppreſs;
Dragon's Tail, who e Sting without Redreſs
l deadly wounds, where-ſo it is empight;
Eagle's Wings for Scope and Speedineſs,
at nothing may eſcape her reaching Might,
ɔto ſhe ever liſt to make her hardy Flight.

XXV.

ch like in Foulneſs and Deformity,
o that Monſter, whom the *Theban* Knight,
ɔ Father of that fatal Progeny,
de kill her ſelf for very Heart's deſpight,
at he had read her Riddle, which no Wight
ıld ever looſe, but ſuffer'd deadly Dool:
alſo did this Monſter uſe like Slight
many a one, which came unto her School,
n ſhe did put to death, deceived like a Fool.

XXVI.

coming forth, when-as ſhe firſt beheld
e armed Prince, with Shield ſo blazing bright,
r ready to aſſail, was greatly quell'd,
d much diſmay'd with that diſmayful Sight,
at back ſhe would have turn'd for great Affright.
ɔ he 'gan her with Courage fierce aſſay,
at forc'd her turn again in her Deſpight,
ſave her ſelf, leſt that he did her ſlay:
ure he had her ſlain, had ſhe not turn'd her way.

XXVII.

o when ſhe ſaw, that ſhe was forc'd to fight,
ɔ flew at him, like to an helliſh Fiend,
d on his Shield took hold with all her Might,
if that it ſhe would in pieces rend,
reave out of the Hand that did it hend.
ongly *he ſtrove* out of her greedy Gripe
looſe his Shield, and long while did contend:
when he could not quite it, with one Stripe
ɔn's Claws he from her Feet away did wipe.

XXVIII.

With that, aloud she 'gan to bra
And foul blasphemous Speeches f
And bitter Curses, horrible to te
That e'en the Temple, wherein
Did quake to hear, and nigh asu
Tho with her huge long Tail she
That made him stagger, and stai
With trembling Joints, as he sor
Who nought was terrify'd, but gre

XXIX.

As when the Mast of some well-
Is with the Blast of some outrage
Blown down, it shakes the botto
And makes her Ribs to crack, a
Whilst still she stands astonish'd
So was he stunn'd with Stroke o
But e'er that she back again
He with his Sword it strook, tha
He jointed it, and mam'd the swin

XXX.

Then 'gan she cry much louder t
That all the People (there witho
And *Belge*' self was therewith sto
As if the only Sound thereof she
But then the Fiend herself more f
Upon her wide great Wings, and
With all her Body at his Head a
That had he not foreseen with h
And thrown his Shield atween, she

XXXI.

But as she press'd on him with h
Under her Womb his fatal Sword
And for her Entrails made an ope
To issue forth; the which, once
Like to a great Mill-dam forth
And poured out of her infernal
Most ugly Filth, and Poison tha
That him nigh choked with
Loathly Matter were small

XXXII.

Then down to ground fell that deformed Maſs,
Breathing out Clouds of Sulphur foul and black,
In which a Puddle of Contagion was,
More loath'd than *Lerna*, or than *Stygian* Lake,
That any Man would nigh awhaped make.
Whom when he ſaw on ground, he was full glad,
And ſtraight went forth his Gladneſs to partake
With *Belge*, who watch'd all this while full ſad,
Waiting what End would be of that ſame Danger drad.

XXXIII.

Whom when ſhe ſaw ſo joyouſly come forth,
She 'gan rejoice, and ſhew triumphant Chear,
Lauding and praiſing his renowned Worth,
By all the Names that honourable were.
Then in he brought her, and her ſhewed there
The Preſent of his Pains, that Monſter's Spoil,
And eke that Idol deem'd ſo coſtly dear;
Whom he did all to pieces break and foil
In filthy Dirt, and left ſo in the loathly Soil.

XXXIV.

Then all the People, which beheld that Day,
'Gan ſhout aloud, that unto Heav'n it rong;
And all the Damſels of that Town in ray,
Came dauncing forth, and joyous Caroles ſong:
So him they led through all their Streets along,
Crowned with Girlonds of immortal Bays;
And all the Vulgar did about them throng,
To ſee the Man, whoſe everlaſting Praiſe
They all were bound to all Poſterities to raiſe.

XXXV.

There he with *Belge* did awhile remain,
Making great Feaſt and joyous Merriment,
Until he had her ſettled in her Reign,
With ſafe Aſſurance and Eſtabliſhment.
Then to his firſt Empriſe his Mind he lent,
Full loath to Belge, and to all the reſt:
Of whom yet taking leave, thenceforth he went,
And to his former Journey him addreſs'd,
Which long way he rode, ne ever day

XXXVI.

But turn we now to noble *Arthegal*;
Who, having left *Mercilla*, ſtraightway went
On his firſt Queſt, the which him forth did call,
To weet, to work *Irena*'s Franchiſement,
And eke *Grantorto*'s worthy Puniſhment.
So forth he fared, as his manner was,
With only *Talus* waiting diligent,
Through many Perils, and much way did paſs,
Till nigh unto the Place at length approach'd he has.

XXXVII.

There as he travel'd by the way, he met
An aged Wight, wayfaring all alone,
Who through his Years long ſince aſide had ſet
The Uſe of Arms, and Battel quite forgone:
To whom as he approach'd, he knew anon,
That it was he which whilom did attend
On fair *Irene* in her Affliction,
When firſt to Fairy Court he ſaw her wend,
Unto his ſovereign Queen her Suit for to commend.

XXXVIII.

Whom by his Name ſaluting, thus he 'gan;
Hail good Sir *Sergis*, trueſt Knight alive,
Well try'd in all thy Lady's Troubles than,
When her that Tyrant did of Crown deprive;
What new Occaſion doth thee hither drive,
Whiles ſhe alone is left, and thou here found?
Or is ſhe thrall, or doth ſhe not ſurvive?
To whom he thus; She liveth ſure and ſound;
But by that Tyrant is in wretched Thraldom bound.

XXXIX.

For ſhe preſuming on th' appointed Tide,
In which ye promis'd, as ye were a Knight,
To meet her at the Salvage Iſland's ſide,
(And then and there, for Trial of her Right,
With her unrighteous Enemy to fight)
Did thither come, where ſhe (affraid of nought)
By guileful Treaſon, and by ſubtil Slight,
Surpriſed was, and to *Grantorto* brought,
Impriſon'd hath, and her Life often ſought.

XL.

And now he hath to her prefix'd a Day,
By which, if that no Champion do appear,
Which will her Cauſe in battailous Array
Againſt him juſtify, and prove her clear
Of all thoſe Crimes, that he 'gainſt her doth rear,
She Death ſhall ſure aby. Thoſe Tidings ſad
Did much abaſh Sir *Artbegal* to hear,
And grieved ſore, that through his Fault ſhe had
Fallen into that Tyrant's Hand and Uſage bad.

XLI.

Then thus reply'd; Now ſure and by my Life,
Too much am I to blame for that fair Maid,
That have her drawn to all this troublous Strife,
Through Promiſe to afford her timely Aid,
Which by default I have not yet defray'd.
But witneſs unto me, ye Heavens, that know
How clear I am from Blame of this Upbraid:
For ye into like Thraldom me did throw,
And kept from compliſhing the Faith, which I did owe.

XLII.

But now aread, Sir *Sergis*, how long ſpace
Hath he her lent a Champion to provide:
Ten Days, quoth he, he granted hath of Grace,
For that he weeneth well, before that Tide
None can have Tidings to aſſiſt her ſide.
For all the Shores, which to the Sea accoſt,
He Day and Night doth ward both far and wide,
That none can there arrive without an Hoſt:
So her he deems already but a damned Ghoſt.

XLIII.

Now turn again, Sir *Artbegal* then ſaid:
For if I live till thoſe ten Days have end,
Aſſure your ſelf, Sir Knight, ſhe ſhall have Aid,
Though I this deareſt Life for her do ſpend;
So backward he attone with him did wend.
Tho, as they rode together on their way,
A Rout of People they before them kept
Flocking together in confus'd Array,
As if that there were ſome tumultu[illegible]

XLIV.

To which as they approach'd, the Cauſe to know,
They ſaw a Knight in dangerous Diſtreſs,
Of a rude Rout, him chaſing to and fro,
That ſought with lawleſs Pow'r him to oppreſs,
And bring in Bondage of their Brutiſhneſs:
And far away, amid their rake-hell Bands,
They ſpy'd a Lady left all ſuccourleſs,
Crying, and holding up her wretched Hands
To him for Aid, who long in vain their Rage withſtands.

XLV.

Yet ſtill he ſtrives, ne any Peril ſpares,
To reſcue her from their rude Violence,
And like a Lion wood, amongſt them fares,
Dealing his dreadful Blows with large diſpence,
'Gainſt which the pallid Death finds no Defence
But all in vain; their Numbers are ſo great,
That nought may boot to baniſh them from thence:
For ſoon as he their Outrage back doth beat,
They turn afreſh, and oft renew their former Threat.

XLVI.

And now they do ſo ſharply him aſſay,
That they his Shield in pieces batter'd have,
And forced him to throw it quite away,
From Danger's Dread his doubtful Life to ſave;
Albe that it moſt Safety to him gave,
And much did magnify his noble Name.
For from the Day that he thus did it leave,
Amongſt all Knights he blotted was with Blame,
And counted but a recreant Knight, with endleſs Shame.

XLVII.

Whom when they thus diſtreſſed did behold,
They drew unto his Aid; but that rude Rout
Them alſo 'gan aſſail with Outrage bold,
And forced them, however ſtrong and ſtout
They were, as well approv'd in many a Doubt,
Back to recule; until that yron Man
With his huge Flail began to lay about;
[illegible] whoſe ſtern Preſence they diffuſed ran,
[illegible]r'd Chaff, the which the Wind away doth

XL

XLVIII.

So when that Knight from Peril clear was freed,
He drawing near, began to greet them fair,
And yield great Thanks for their ſo goodly Deed,
In ſaving him from dangerous Deſpair
Of thoſe, which fought his Life for to empair.
Of whom Sir *Artbegal* 'gan then enquere
The whole Occaſion of his late Miſfare,
And who he was, and what thoſe Villains were,
The which with mortal Malice him purſu'd ſo near.

XLIX.

To whom he thus; My Name is *Burbon* hight,
Well known, and far renowned heretofore,
Until late Miſchief did upon me light,
That all my former Praiſe hath blemiſh'd ſore;
And that fair Lady, which in that Uproar
Ye with thoſe Caitives ſaw, *Flourdelis* hight,
Is mine own Love, though me ſhe have forlore,
Whether withheld from me by wrongful Might,
Or with her own Good-will, I cannot read aright.

L.

But ſure to me her Faith ſhe firſt did plight,
To be my Love, and take me for her Lord;
Till that a Tyrant, which *Grantorto* hight,
With golden Gifts, and many a guileful Word
Enticed her, to him for to accord.
(O! who may not with Gifts and Words be tempted!)
Sith which, ſhe hath me ever ſince abhor'd,
And to my Foe hath guilefully conſented:
me! that ever Guile in Women was invented!

LI.

nd now he hath this Troop of Villains ſent,
r open Force to fetch her quite away:
ainſt whom my ſelf I long in vain have bent
reſcue her, and daily Means aſſay,
reſcue her thence by no means I may;
they do me with Multitude oppreſs,
with unequal Might do over-lay,
oft I driven am to great Diſtreſs,
d to forgo th' Attempt remedi

LII.

But why have ye, ſaid *Arthegal* forborn
Your own good Shield in dangerous Diſmay?
That is the greateſt Shame and fouleſt Scorn,
Which unto any Knight behappen may,
To loſe the Badge, that ſhould his Deeds diſplay.
To whom Sir *Burbon*, bluſhing half for Shame,
That ſhall I unto you, quoth he, bewray;
Leſt ye therefore mote happily me blame,
And deem it done of Will, that through Enforcement c

LIII.

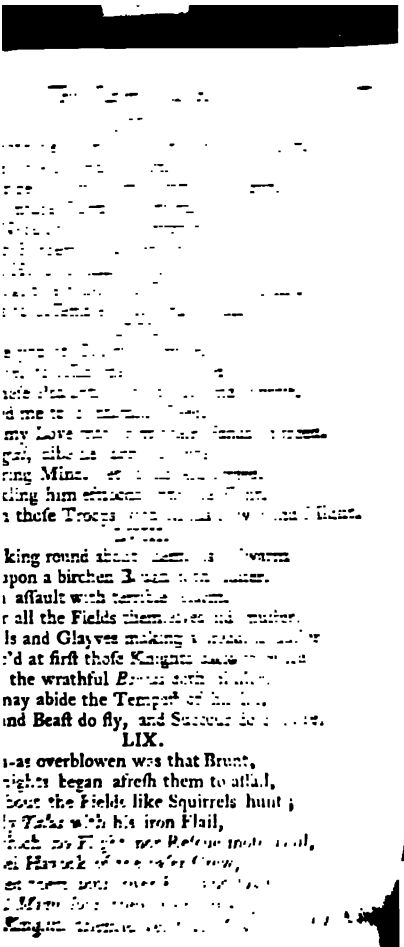
True is, that I at firſt was dubbed Knight
By a good Knight, the Knight of the *Redcroſs*,
Who, when he gave me Arms, in Field to fight,
Gave me a Shield, in which he did endoſs
His dear Redeemer's Badge upon the Boſs:
The ſame long while I bore, and therewithal
Fought many Battels without Wound or Loſs;
Therewith *Grantorto*' ſelf I did appall,
And made him oftentimes in Field before me fall.

LIV.

But for that many did that Shield envy,
And cruel Enemies encreaſed more;
To ſtint all Strife and troublous Enmity,
That bloody Scutchin being batter'd ſore,
I laid aſide, and have of late forbore,
Hoping thereby to have my Love obtain'd:
Yet can I not my Love have nathemore;
For ſhe by Force is ſtill from me detain'd,
And with corruptful Bribes is to Untruth miſ-trai

LV.

To whom thus *Arthegal*; Certes, Sir Knight;
Hard is the Caſe, the which ye do complain;
Yet not ſo hard (for nought ſo hard may light,
That it to ſuch a Straight mote you conſtrain)
As to abandon that which doth contain
Your Honour's Stile, that is your warlike Shield.
All Peril ought be leſs, and leſs all Pain
Than Loſs of Fame in diſadventrous Field:
Lie rather, than do ought that mote Diſhonour y



LX.

At laſt, they came whereas that Lady bode,
Whom now her Keepers have forſaken quite,
To ſave themſelves, and ſcatter'd were abroad:
Her half diſmay'd they found in doubtful Plight,
As neither glad nor ſorry for their Sight;
Yet wondrous fair ſhe was, and richly clad
In Royal Robes, and many Jewels dight,
But that thoſe Villains, through their Uſage bad,
Them foully rent, and ſhamefully defaced had.

LXI.

But *Bourbon*, ſtraight diſmounting from his Steed,
Unto her ran with greedy great Deſire,
And catching her faſt by her ragged Weed,
Would have embraced her with Heart entire.
But ſhe, back-ſtarting with diſdainful Ire,
Bade him avaunt, ne would unto his Lore
Allured be, for Prayer nor for Meed:
Whom when thoſe Knights ſo froward and forlore
Beheld, they her rebuked, and upbraided ſore.

LXII.

Said *Artegal*; What foul Diſgrace is this
To ſo fair Lady, as ye ſeem in ſight,
To blot your Beauty, that unblemiſh'd is,
With ſo foul Blame, as Breach of Faith once plight,
Or Change of Love for any World's Delight?
Is ought on Earth ſo precious or dear,
As Praiſe and Honour? Or is ought ſo bright
And beautiful, as Glory's Beams appear?
Whoſe goodly Light than *Phœbus'* Lamp doth ſhine more clear.

LXIII.

Why then will ye, fond Dame, attempted be
Unto a Stranger's Love, ſo lightly plac'd,
For Gifts of Gold, or any worldly Glee,
To leave the Love, that ye before embrac'd,
And let your Fame with Falſhood be defac'd?
Fie on the Pelf, for which good Name is ſold,
And Honour with Indignity debas'd:
Dearer is Love than Life, and Fame than Gold;
But [illegible] them both, your Faith once plighted hold.

LXIV

LXIV.

Much was the Lady in her gentle Mind
Abaſh'd at his Rebuke, that bit her near,
Ne ought to anſwer thereunto did find;
But hanging down her Head with heavy Chear,
Stood long amaz'd, as ſhe amated were,
Which *Burbon* ſeeing, her again aſſay'd,
And claſping 'twixt his Arms, her up did rear
Upon his Steed, while ſhe no whit gain-ſaid;
So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apaid.

LXV.

Nath'eſs the yron Man did ſtill purſue
That raſcal Many with unpity'd Spoil;
Ne ceaſed not, till all their ſcatter'd Crew
Into the Sea he drove quite from that Soil,
The which they troubled had with great Turmoil.
But *Arthegal*, ſeeing his cruel Deed,
Commanded him from Slaughter to recoil,
And to his Voyage 'gan again proceed,
For that the Term approaching faſt, required Speed.

****

CANTO XII.

Arthegal *doth Sir* Burbon *aid,*
And blames for changing Shield:
He with the Great Grantorto *fights,*
And ſlayeth him in Field.

I.

O Sacred Hunger of ambitious Minds,
And impotent Deſire of Men to reign!
Whom neither Dread of God, that Devils binds,
Nor Laws of Men, that Commonweals contain,
Nor Bands of Nature, that wild Beaſts reſtrain,
Can keep from Outrage, and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a Kingdom to obtain.
No Faith ſo firm, no Truſt can [illegible]
No Love ſo laſting then, that [illegible]

II.

Witneſs may *Burbon* be, whom all the Bands,
Which may a Knight aſſure, had ſurely bound,
Until the Love of Lordſhip and of Lands
Made him become moſt faithleſs and unſound:
And witneſs be *Gerioneo* found,
Who for like cauſe fair *Belge* did oppreſs,
And Right and Wrong moſt cruelly confound;
And ſo be now *Grantorto*, who no leſs
Than all the reſt burſt out to all Outrageouſneſs.

III.

'Gainſt whom Sir *Arthegal*, long having ſince
Taken in hand th' Exploit, being thereto
Appointed by that mighty Fairy Prince,
Great *Gloriane*, that Tyrant to fordo,
Through other great Adventures hitherto
Had it forſlack'd. But now time drawing nigh,
To him aſſign'd, her high Beheaſt to do,
To the Sea-ſhore he 'gan his way apply,
To weet, if Shipping ready he mote there deſcry.

IV.

Tho when they came to the Sea-coaſt, they foun
A Ship all ready (as good Fortune fell)
To put to Sea, with whom they did compound,
To paſs them over, where them liſt to tell:
The Wind and Weather ſerved them ſo well,
That in one Day they with the Coaſt did fall;
Whereas they ready found, them to repel,
Great Hoſts of Men in order martial,
Which them forbad to land, and Footing did forſta

V.

But nathemore would they from Land refrain:
But when-as nigh unto the Shore they drew,
That Foot of Man might ſound the Bottom plain
Talus into the Sea did forth iſſue,
Though Darts from Shore, and Stones they at him t
And wading through the Waves with ſtedfaſt Swa
Maugre the Might of all thoſe Troops in view,
Did [illegible] the Shore, whence he them chas'd awa
[illegible] fly, like Doves, whom the Eagle doth

VI.

e whiles, Sir *Arthegal*, with that old Knight
. forth deſcend, there being none them near,
d forward marched to a Town in ſight.
this, came Tidings to the Tyrant's Ear,
thoſe, which earſt did fly away for fear
their Arrival: wherewith troubled ſore,
all his Forces ſtreight to him did rear,
l forth iſſuing with his Scouts afore,
: them to have encountred, e'er they left the Shore.

VII.

e'er he marched far, he with them met,
l fiercely charged them with all his Force;
: *Talus* ſternly did upon them ſet,
l bruſh'd and batter'd them without Remorſe,
it on the Ground he left full many a Corſe:
any able was him to withſtand,
he them overthrew both Man and Horſe,
it they lay ſcatter'd over all the Land,
ck as doth the Seed after the Sower's Hand;

VIII.

. *Arthegal* him ſeeing ſo to rage,
l'd him to ſtay, and ſign of Truce did make:
which all hearkning, did awhile aſſuage
ir Force's Fury, and their Terror ſlake;
he an Herauld call'd, and to him ſpake,
ling him wend unto the Tyrant ſtraight,
l tell him that not for ſuch Slaughter's ſake
thither came, but for to try the Right
Irena's Cauſe with him in ſingle Fight.

IX.

l willed him for to reclaim with ſpeed
ſcattered People, e'er they all were ſlain,
l Time and Place convenient to areed,
which, they two the Combat might darrain.
ich Meſſage when *Grantorto* heard, full fain
l glad he was the Slaughter ſo to ſtay,
l pointed for the Combat 'twixt them [redacted]
: morrow next, ne gave him [redacted]
ded the Retrate, and drew [redacted]

X.

That Night, Sir *Arthegal* did cauſe his Tent
There to be pitched on the open Plain;
For, he had given ſtreight Commandement,
That none ſhould dare him once to entertain:
Which none durſt break, though many would right fi
For fair *Irena*, whom they loved dear.
But yet old *Sergis* did ſo well him pain,
That from cloſe Friends, that dar'd not to appear,
He all things did purvay, which for them needful wer

XI.

The Morrow next, that was the diſmal Day,
Appointed for *Irena*'s Death before,
So ſoon as it did to the World diſplay
His chearful Face, and Light to Men reſtore,
The heavy Maid, to whom none Tidings bore
Of *Arthegal*'s Arrival, her to free,
Look'd up with Eyes full ſad, and Heart full ſore;
Weening her Life's laſt Hour then near to be,
Sith no Redemption nigh ſhe did nor hear nor ſee.

XII.

Then up ſhe roſe, and on her ſelf did dight
Moſt ſqualid Garments, fit for ſuch a Day;
And with dull Count'nance, and with doleful Spri
She forth was brought in ſorrowful Diſmay,
For to receive the Doom of her Decay.
But coming to the place, and finding there
Sir *Arthegal*, in battailous Array
Waiting his Foe, it did her dead Heart chear,
And new Life to her lent, in midſt of deadly Fear.

XIII.

Like as a tender Roſe in open Plain,
That with untimely Drought nigh wither'd was,
And hung the Head, ſoon as few Drops of Rain
Thereon diſtil and dew her dainty Face,
'Gins to look up, and with freſh wonted Grace
Diſſpreads the Glory of her Leaves gay;
Such was *Irena*'s Count'nance, ſuch her Caſe,
When *Arthegal* ſhe ſaw in that Array,
[redacted]ing for the Tyrant, till it was far day

XIV.

Who came at length with pr[illegible]
Into the Field, as if he fe[illegible],
All armed in a Coat of Iron Plate,
Of great Defence toward the [illegible],
And on his Head a Steel-Cap [illegible]
Of Colour rusty brown, but [illegible],
And in his Hand an huge Polaxe [illegible],
Whose Steel was Iron studded, [illegible],
With which he wont to fight, to [illegible].

XV.

Of Stature huge, and hideous [illegible],
Like to a Giant for his monstr[illegible],
And did in Strength most [illegible],
Ne ever any found his match [illegible],
Thereto he had great Skill [illegible]
His Face was ugly, and his Coun[illegible],
That could have fray'd one [illegible],
And gaped like a Gulf, when he [illegible],
That whether Man or Monster one [illegible] discern.

XVI.

Soon as he did within the Lists appear,
With dreadful Look he *Arthegal* beheld,
As if he would have daunted him with Fear,
And grinning griefly, did against him weld
His deadly Weapon, which in Hand he held.
But th'Elfin Swain, that oft had seen like Sight,
Was with his ghastly Count'nance nothing queld,
But 'gan him streight to buckle to the Fight,
And cast his Shield about, to be in ready plight.

XVII.

The Trumpets sound, and they together go,
With dreadful Terror, and with fell Intent;
And their huge Strokes full dangerously bestow,
To do most Damage, whereas most th[illegible].
But with sure Force and Fury viol[illegible]
The Tyrant thunder'd his thick [illegible]
That through the iron Walls [illegible]
And even to the vital Parts [illegible]
Ne ought could them endure, [illegible]

XVIII.

Which cruel Outrage, when as *Arthegal*
Did well avize, thencefoorth with wary heed
He ſhun'd his Strokes, wherever they did fall,
And way did give unto their graceleſs Speed:
As when a ſkilful Mariner doth read
A Storm approaching, that doth Peril threat,
He will not bide the Danger of ſuch Dread,
But ſtrikes his Sails, and veereth his Main-ſheet,
And lends unto it leave the empty Air to beat.

XIX.

So did the Fairy Knight himſelf abear,
And ſtouped oft, his Head from Shame to ſhield:
No Shame to ſtoup, one's Head more high to rear,
And much to gain, a little for to yield;
So ſtouteſt Knights doen oftentimes in Field.
But ſtill the Tyrant fiercely at him laid,
And did his iron Axe ſo nimbly wield,
That many Wounds into his Fleſh it made,
And with his burdenous Blows him ſore did over-lade.

XX.

Yet, when as fit Advantage he did ſpy,
The whiles the curſed Felon high did rear
His cruel Hand, to ſmite him mortally,
Under his Stroke he to him ſtepping near,
Right in the Flank him ſtrook with deadly Dreer,
That the Gore-blood, thence guſhing grievouſly,
Did underneath him like a Pond appear,
And all his Armour did with Purple dye;
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

XXI.

Yet the huge Stroke, which he before intended,
Kept on his Courſe, as he did it direct,
And with ſuch monſtrous Poiſe adown deſcended,
That ſeemed nought could him from Death protect:
But he it well did ward with wiſe Reſpect,
And 'twixt him and the Blow his Shield did caſt,
Which thereon ſeizing, took no great effect;
[illegible] deep therein, did ſtick ſo faſt,
[illegible]ang it back again he forth could wraſt.

XXII.

ile he tug'd and ſtrove, to get it out,
his Power applyed thereunto,
therewith the Knight drew all about;
, for all that ever he could do,
he could not from his Shield undo.
Arthegal perceiving, ſtrook no more,
ng ſoon his Shield, did it forgo,
les he combred was therewith ſo ſore,
him let drive more fiercely than afore.

XXIII.

ne him purſu'd, that at the laſt,
t him with *Chryſaor* on the Head,
h the Souſe thereof full ſore aghaſt,
er'd to and fro in doubtful ſtead.
vhiles he him ſaw ſo ill beſted,
im ſmite with all his Might and Main,
ing on his Mother Earth he fed:
vhen he ſaw proſtrated on the Plain,
reft his Head, to eaſe him of his Pain.

XXIV.

vhen the People round about him ſaw,
uted all for Joy of his Succeſs,
e quit from that proud Tyrant's Awe,
ith ſtrong Power did them long time oppreſs;
ning all with greedy Joyfulneſs
rena, at her Feet did fall,
adored with due Humbleneſs,
true Liege and Princeſs natural;
r Champion's Glory ſounded over all.

XXV.

ight her leading with meet Majeſty
Palace where their Kings did reign,
herein eſtabliſh peaceably,
er Kingdom's Seat reſtore again;
uch Perſons as did late maintain
ant's part, with cloſe or open Aid,
puniſhed with heavy Pain;
ort ſpace, whiles there with her he [illegible]
left, that durſt her once have diſobey[illegible]

XXVI.

During which time that he did there remain,
His Study was true Juſtice how to deal,
And Day and Night employ'd his buſy Pain
How to reform that ragged Commonweal:
And that ſame iron Man which could reveal
All hidden Crimes, through all that Realm he ſet,
To ſearch out thoſe that us'd to rob and ſteal,
Or did rebel 'gainſt lawful Government:
On whom he did inflict moſt grievous Puniſhment.

XXVII.

But e'er he could reform it thoroughly,
He through occaſion called was away
To Fairy-Court, that of Neceſſity
His Courſe of Juſtice he was forc'd to ſtay,
And *Talus* to revoke from the right way,
In which he was that Realm for to redreſs.
But Envy's Cloud ſtill dimmeth Vertue's Ray.
So having freed *Irena* from Diſtreſs,
He took his leave of her, there left in Heavineſs.

XXVIII.

Tho, as he back returned from that Land,
And there arriv'd again whenceforth he ſet
He had not paſſed far upon the Strand,
When as two old ill-favour'd Hags he met,
By the way-ſide being together ſet,
Two grieſly Creatures; and, to that their Faces
Moſt foul and filthy were, their Garments yet
Being all ragg'd and tatter'd, their Diſgraces
Did much the more augment, and made moſt ugly Caſes

XXIX.

The one of them, that elder did appear,
With her dull Eyes did ſeem to look aſkew,
That her Miſ-ſhape much help'd; and her ſoul Hair
Hung looſe and loathſomely: thereto her Hue
Was wan and lean, that all her Teeth arew,
And all her Bones, might through her Cheeks be ſ
Her Lips were like raw Leather, pale and blue:
[illegible] ſpake, therewith ſhe ſlavered;
[illegible] ſeldom, but thought more, the leſs

XXX.

s were foul and dirty, never waſh'd
Life, with long Nails over-raught,
ock's Claws: with th'one of which ſhe ſcrat. h'd
d Head, although it itched raught;
r held a Snake with Venom fraught,
s ſhe fed, and gnawed hungerly,
t long ſhe had not eaten ought;
d about her Jaws one might deſcry
Gore and Poiſon dropping loathſomly.

XXXI.

e was *Envy*, knowen well thereby:
'ature is to grieve, and grudge at all
r ſhe ſees done praiſe-worthily:
ight to her is greateſt Croſs may fall,
eth ſo, that makes her eat her Gall.
en ſhe wanteth other thing to eat,
s on her own Maw unnatural,
ier own foul Entrails makes her Meat;
r ſuch a Monſter's monſterous Diet.

XXXII.

he hapt of any good to hear,
d to any happily betid,
ould ſhe inly fret, and grieve, and tear
ſh for Felneſs, which ſhe inward hid:
ie heard of ill that any did,
n that any had, then would ſhe make
Chear, like one unto a Banquet bid;
another's Loſs great Pleaſure take,
had got thereby, and gained a great Stake.

XXXIII.

her, nothing better was than ſhe;
ng in bad Will and cancred Kind,
bad Manner they did diſagree:
hatſo *Envy* good or bad did find,
l *conceal*, and murder her own Mind:
s, whatever evil ſhe conceiv'd,
ad abroad, and throw in th' open Wind,
in all her Words might be perceiv[illegible]
e ſought, was Mens good [illegible]

XXXIV.

For, whatſoever good by any ſaid,
Or done ſhe heard, ſhe would ſtraightways invent
How to deprave, or ſlanderouſly upbraid,
Or to miſconſtrue of a Man's Intent,
And turn to ill the thing that well was ment.
Therefore ſhe uſed often to reſort
To common Haunts, and Companies frequent,
To harke what any one did good report,
To blot the ſame with Blame, or wreſt in wicked ſort.

XXXV.

And if that any ill ſhe heard of any,
She would it eke, and make much worſe by telling,
And take great Joy to publiſh it to many,
That every Matter worſe was for her melling.
Her Name was hight *Detraction*, and her Dwelling
Was near to *Envy*, even her Neighbour next;
A wicked Hag, and *Envy* ſelf excelling
In Miſchief: for, her ſelf ſhe only vext;
It this ſame, both her ſelf, and others eke perplext.

XXXVI.

Her Face was ugly, and her Mouth diſtort,
Foaming with Poiſon round about her Gills,
In which her curſed Tongue (full ſharp and ſhort)
Appear'd like Aſpis Sting, that cloſely kills,
Or cruelly does wound whomſo ſhe wills.
A Diſtaff in her other Hand ſhe had,
Upon the which ſhe little ſpins, but ſpills,
And fains to weave falſe Tales, and Leaſings bad,
To throw among the good, which others had diſſprad.

XXXVII.

Theſe two now had themſelves combin'd in one,
And link'd together 'gainſt Sir *Arthegal*,
For whom they waited as his mortal Fone,
How they might make him into Miſchief fall,
For freeing from their Snares Irena thrall;
Beſides, unto themſelves they gotten had
[redacted]er, which the *Blatant Beaſt* Men call;
[redacted] Fiend, of Gods and Men ydrad,
Slights allur'd, and to their purpoſe lad.

XXXVI

XXXVIII.

Such were theſe Hags, and ſo unhandſome dreſt:
Who when they nigh approaching had eſpy'd
Sir *Arthegal* return'd from his late Queſt,
They both aroſe, and at him loudly cry'd,
As it had been two Shepherds Curs had 'ſcry'd
A ravenous Wolfe amongſt the ſcatter'd Flocks.
And *Envy* firſt, as ſhe that firſt him ey'd,
Towards him runs, and with rude flaring Locks
About her Ears, does beat her Breaſt, and Forhead knocks.

XXXIX.

Then from her Mouth the Gobbet ſhe does take,
The which whylear ſhe was ſo greedily
Devouring; even that half-gnawen Snake,
And at him throws it moſt deſpightfully.
The curſed Serpent, tho' ſhe hungrily
Earſt chaw'd thereon, yet was not all ſo dead,
But that ſome Life remained ſecretly;
And, as he paſt afore withouten Dread,
Bit him behind, that long the Mark was to be read.

XL.

Then th' other coming near, 'gan him revile,
And foully rail, with all ſhe could invent;
Saying, that he had with unmanly Guile,
And foul Abuſion both his Honour blent,
And that bright Sword, the Sword of Juſtice lent,
Had ſtained with reproachful Cruelty,
In guiltleſs Blood of many an Innocent:
As for *Grantorto*, him with Treachery
And Trains having ſurpriz'd, he foully did to die.

XLI.

Thereto the *Blatant Beaſt*, by them ſet on,
At him began aloud to bark and bay,
With bitter Rage and fell Contention,
That all the Woods and Rocks, nigh to that way,
Began to quake and tremble with Diſmay;
And all the Air rebellowed again,
So dreadfully his hundred Tongues did bray:
And evermore thoſe Hags themſelves did pain,
To ſharpen him, and their own curſed Tongues ſtrain.

XLI

And ſtill among, moſt bitter
Moſt ſhameful, moſt unright
That they the mildeſt Man al
Forget his Patience, and yield
To her, that ſo falſe Slanders
And more, to make them piere
She with the Sting which in he
Did ſharpen them, and in freſh
Yet he paſt on, and ſeem'd of the

XLIII.

But *Talus*, hearing her ſo leudly
And ſpeak ſo ill of him that well
Would her have chaſtiz'd with hi
If her Sir *Arthegal* had not preſer
And him forbidden, who his Heaſ
So much the more at him ſtill did
And Stones did caſt, yet he for nou
From his right Courſe, but ſtill the
To Fairy-Court, where what him fell

The End of the Fifth